★ Oct. 12, 1957

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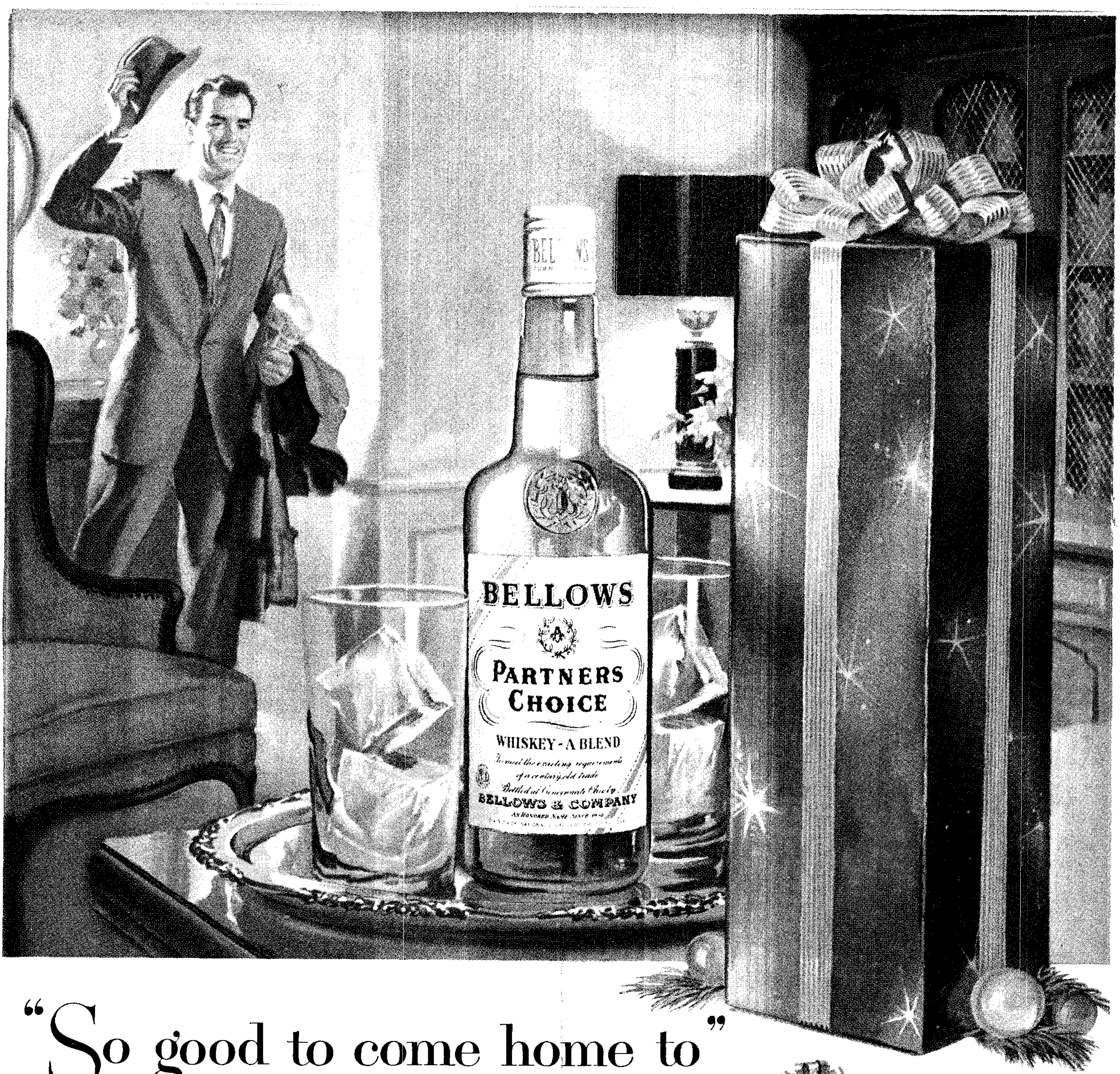
THE NEW YORKER

Roger Duvoisin



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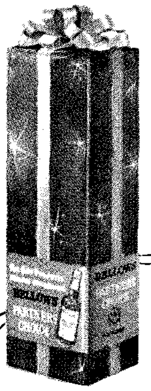

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Four Winds—A play concerning an unhappy heiress and all her wicked hangers-on. It's just about as tedious as it sounds. Guthrie McClintic directed a cast that includes Ann Todd, Peter Cookson, Robert Hardy, Conrad Nagel, Luella Gear, and James Rennie. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 12.)

I Knock at the Door—Aline MacMahon and Staats Cotsworth head the cast in a reading of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical work. Paul Shyre did the adaptation, and Stuart Vaughan is the director. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 9.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and brilliantly performed. The cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Lonelyhearts—Howard Teichmann's adaptation of the late Nathanael West's novel about a newspaper columnist fatally turned messiah has lost almost all the quality and intention of the original. Alan Schneider directed a cast headed by Pat O'Brien and Fritz Weaver, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, Oct. 12.)

Simply Heavenly—A Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with incidental music by David Martin and with Melvin Stewart and Claudia McNeil figuring in the cast. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level, and Tom Ewell is first-rate as the hero, a badgered cartoonist. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

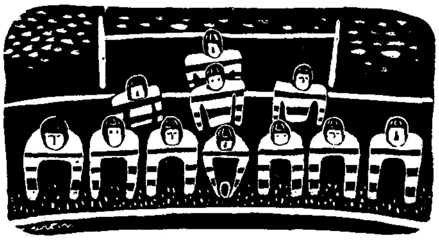
A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard is superlative in the leading role. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** Rosalind Russell is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **long day's journey into night:** Eugene O'Neill's study of his youth, with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Boy Growing Up—Emlyn Williams' one-man show, derived from the stories of Dylan Thomas, including "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Dog" and "Return Journey." (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

The Egghead—Karl Malden and Phyllis Love in a play by Molly Kazan. The producer is Hope Abelson, the director Hume Cronyn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

MUSICALS

Mask and Gown—A revue devised and directed by Leonard Sillman and starring T. C. Jones, a female impersonator. Ronny Graham and Sidney Carroll are responsible for the script, and Jim Russell staged the musical numbers. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Moves on Monday, Oct. 14, to the Cort, 48th St., E., CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Oct. 17, at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—This story of love and violence among Harlem teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and, if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The cast also includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." At present, Devra Korwin is the lady from Hell, Nathaniel Frey her sinister boss, and Ralph Lowe her reluctant mortal admirer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 12.) . . . **happy hunting:** Ethel Merman in a show that has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **li'l abner:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Edith Adams, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Romanoff and Juliet—A comedy imported from London, written by and starring Peter Ustinov. Staged by George S. Kaufman and presented by David Merrick. Opens Thursday, Oct. 10. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Dylan Thomas's play, another London import, in which Donald Houston, Diana Maddox, Francis Compton, and Powys Thomas head a company directed by Douglas Cleverdon. A presentation of Gilbert Miller, Henry Sherek, and Roger L. Stevens. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 15. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nature's Way—A comedy by Herman Wouk, with Orson Bean, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Audrey Christie. Produced and directed by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 16. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Copper and Brass—Nancy Walker and Benay Venuta in a musical with a book by Ellen Violett and David Craig, music by David Baker, and lyrics by Mr. Craig. Burt Shevelove is the director, and Lyn Austin and Thomas Noyes are the producers. Opens Thursday, Oct. 17. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Cave Dwellers—A new comedy by William Saroyan, with Barry Jones, Eugenie Leon-

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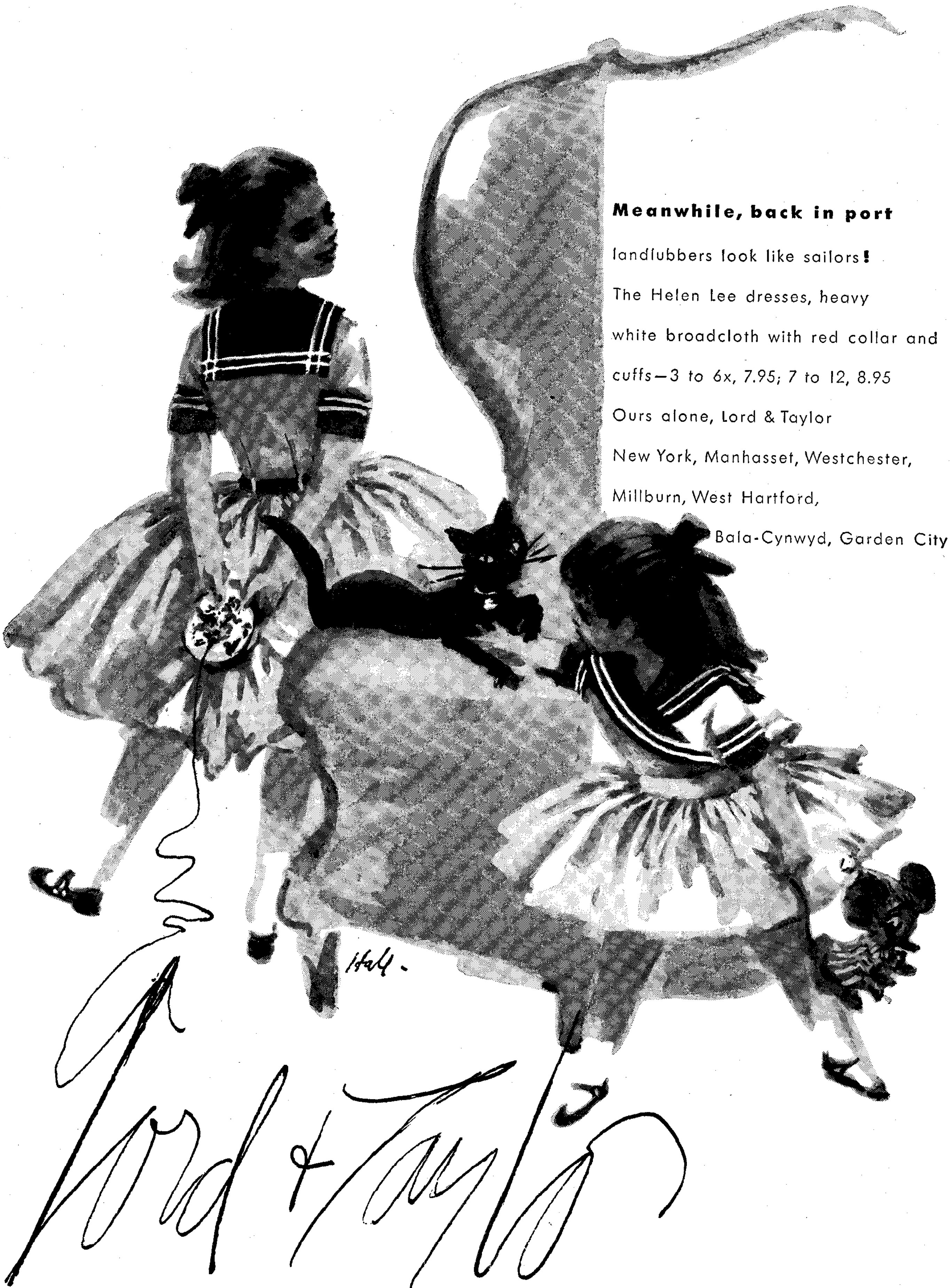

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tovich, and Wayne Morris. Produced by Carmen Capalbo and Stanley Chase, and staged by Mr. Capalbo. Opens Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—"Tevya and His Daughters," a play by Arnold Perl, based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5 and 8:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Eva Le Gallienne, Irene Worth, and Max Adrian in Schiller's "Mary Stuart," adapted by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich, and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12-13; Wednesday, Oct. 16; and Saturday, Oct. 19, all at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Dancers of India—Shanta Rao and the Kathakali dancers and musicians in a two-week engagement. Presented by Roger L. Stevens, with the approval of the government of India and in coöperation with the American National Theatre and Academy. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 12.)

Les Ballets Janine Charrat de France—The French ballerina, with her company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The annual spectacle of broncobusting, calf-roping, and steer-wrestling, plus the Lone Ranger, Lassie, and other recruits from television. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 10, 2, and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Oct. 13.)

The Best of Burlesque—A nostalgic reconstruction of famous skits, songs, and strip routines, narrated by Sherry Britton and featuring Tom Poston. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

Cilli Wang—The début here of a Viennese pantomimist, in a one-woman show. The first in this season's series of Phoenix Theatre "Sideshow" programs. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a cityscape of dazzle without razzle, murmurs sedate dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award night, which may or may not be the end of a perfect day. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never say die.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Things get a bit table-d'hote when the Cotillion Room's choir of violinists, overcome by the beauty of the music they're making, break into song; things get a lot better when the fiddlers turn out waltzes and a band led by Joseph Sudy lets loose its bouncy fox trots. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The presiding officer of the Persian Room is again Ted Straeter, owner of the world's noblest dinner jacket, a richly engraved piano, an offhand tenor, and a virtuoso dance band. Mark Monte's quintet plays, too. At dinner and supper, there are visitations by Lilo, one of those ooh-la-la French sopranos. She will leave after Tuesday, Oct. 15. The next evening, Katyna Ranieri, an import with a fair amount of carbonation, will become the singer. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a perfect setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's dance group, sometimes county fair and sometimes Dixie, is on duty at dinner and supper in the big old Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where Ona Ainsley, a brand-new canary, appears at dinner and supper, and Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's little dance bands tinkle away the livelong night. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Plenty of room for dancing in the Café Rouge, where Buddy Morrow's band, a sound-alike for quite a few other bands, plays for dinner and supper dancing. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—There's a bit of chocolate frost on some of the pumpkins that Los Chavales de España, Barcelona's finest, trot forth in the course of their song-and-prance stint in the Empire Room; mostly, though, the boys are a fine collection of buckaroos. Trini Reyes is their perky ballerina. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's and Bernie Leighton's trios from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

Note—Pie in the sky, to say nothing of canapés and cocktails—all in the Rainbow Room, a quarter of a mile straight up from Fifth Avenue. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is on point duty at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday handyman. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The only race-track clubhouse that's open all year. At one end of it, Kurt Maier plays piano the evening long. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Music, music everywhere, now that there are three pairs of hands at the family piano—Goldie Hawkins', Ralph Strain's, and Wayne Sanders'. The music begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. The room is a matey sort of place. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of an entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in a fashionable watering place from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty or so. He is off Mondays, when Joel Forbes sits in. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds forth from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, a diva of vast aplomb, sets forth in the best of songs her rueful conviction that, for better or worse, love conquers all. She's a supper-hour delight, but there's piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, some of it by Don Evans, a true architect who works in ivory. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Flibbertigibbet piano from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two in one of our best uptown parlors. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Neither the Cloisters nor Solomon is arrayed in such unrestrained style as this small inn, in which Fred

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Thick, thirsty terry, marked with his or her initials and kimono-cut for after-bath, beach or lounge wear. White striped with blue or red, 17.50 each. Also, solid white piped with navy or red, 15.00 each. Hers: 10-18 sizes. His: S, M, L, XL. 2-initial monogram, 3.00; 3-initial, 5.00. Mail, but no phone or C.O.D. orders. Also Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Witmer plays piano at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henri IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): After the dinner hour, the gathering place of those for whom every night is their night out. The permanent objet d'art is the floor-to-ceiling gallery of oils; the transient one is the sparkling trio of Lee Evans, which has Denzil Best at the drums. On Monday, Oct. 14, Donald Harvie, Canadian pianist and humorist, will be added to the cast. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of perambulating minstrels whose music is all valentines, and the after-dinner songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Hubbell Pierce, of the Main Line, London, and Rome Pierces, is playing recherché piano in the bar of this newly revived enterprise. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Don't be frightened by the green-haired goddesses of the chorus; pretty soon, Joe E. Lewis comes onstage with the damnedest assortment of bedtime stories and of drinking, betting, and wooing songs. He's there through Wednesday, Oct. 16.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Every night but Monday, Martha Davis and Spouse, grinning like Cheshire cats and laughing like hyenas, open a great big bundle of sheer foolishness. Nimble work at this crossroads is also dished up by Carol Burnett, a young lady with an aria that has made John Foster Dulles, hitherto an unknown toiler in foreign vineyards, a famous man, and by George Matson, a parodist who has worked both native and foreign vineyards. They're around seven nights a week. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard provide a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there is a session by the Lyonses and the Davises. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Fools rush in where sobersides fear to tread. The occasion is the third of Julius Monk's annual two-by-four revues, and the biggest fools are Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, and Gerry Matthews. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The only ivory tower on Sixth Avenue, inhabited, for the moment, by two sterling examples of San Francisco night life—the piano-and-song duet of Lovey Powell and Brooks Morton, whose songs and bon mots are always the unexpected ones; and Tom O'Horgan, who declaims out-of-the-way folk music while communing with a life-size harp. The *régisseur* is Julius Monk, the very spirit of mischievous amusement, and he is assisted in the music-making by Warren Vaughan (who is also a romantic tenor). Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Nonsense by Charlie Manna, a humorist who thinks before he speaks; parody by Tony and Eddie, whose roguishness knows no bounds; balladry, often rather beautiful, by the intense Felicia Sanders. And that isn't all; there's also Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics; and the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, other entertainment appears from time to time, such as Mickey Deems, who has the wit to make average husbands and their average broods seem remarkably funny, and Gloria Hamilton, piper of pretty tunes. Mr. Deems is off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss Hamilton is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Pee Wee Erwin, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, whose new-era voice is rarely heard in these parts, and Bob Brookmeyer's quintet, which is still breaking in its act. Sundays at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by the incumbents, followed by an evening seminar. The Brookmeyer group will give way on Tuesday, Oct. 15, to the Sonny Rollins quintet. The room is closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The powerhouse here is Dorothy Donegan, who plays piano with her fingers, feet, and elbows—often, it seems, just for laughs. She and her trio report at nine, along with the Johnny Costa trio, of the Pittsburgh School. Sundays, when the regular hired hands are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, eyewitnesses of the birth of the blues, are still being their steadfast American primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Mary Lou Williams, a far too modest primrose, has consented again to come to the river's brim. Her piano, the forerunner of a great deal of present-day thought, is the main event of her trio. The party of the second part (also a trio) is in charge of Billy Taylor. The Taylors are off duty on Sundays, the Williamses on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan does an involuted turn at the piano from six to nine in the evening, and all night Sundays and Mondays; Saturday is his holiday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Wednesday, Oct. 16, the restrained quartet of Johnny Smith, gentleman and scholar, and the sextet of Henry Coker. Next evening, the arrival of the quintets of Miles Davis and Stan Getz, which is just about as good news as one could want. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a light-fingered pianist if there ever was one, goes to work at the head of her refreshing trio. Absolute silence on Mondays. . . . **BOURBON STREET**, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The carefully organized work of Turk Murphy's thoroughgoing septet, prominent junior executives from San Francisco and ardent supporters of the most ancient and honorable school of jazz, is currently to be heard. They live, by the way, in the best-maintained block on Bourbon Street. Visiting blowhards take their place on Sundays; at the moment, the Red Onion Jazz Band has the assignment. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . .

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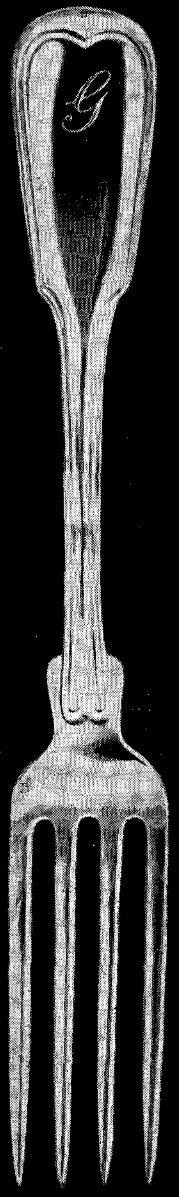

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MANNEQUIN, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The little old Byline Room in everything but name. The music comes from the trio of Barbara Carroll, a girl who brings to progressive pianism a rare felicity of phrase and a rare delicacy of thought. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point-blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Coleman Hawkins, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore. . . . **JAZZ CITY,** 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): The acoustics in this new venture are not what a doctor of music would have ordered, and neither is the ornamentation. Not altogether lost in its arcades is the diehard trio of Jimmy McPartland. It is off Mondays, when Billy Butterfield's All-Stars are there. Sundays, from one to six, there are jam sessions by visiting notables. One thing more—the noise starts at ten. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): In what was once the ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel, Bobby Hackett's horn hangs like a silver moon. In its beam are such old-line stalwarts as Buzzy Drootin, Ernie Caceres, and John Dengler. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Uproar that's a form of ancestor worship—or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, the mob scene should include the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are mostly conducted in a tongue that resembles modern American when it doesn't simply pass all understanding. As of latest reports, the principals are the quintet of Miles Davis and the fivesome of Frank Wess, an illustrious alumnus of Count Basie. The Wess group leaves on Sunday, Oct. 13, and next evening Roy Eldridge's quartet checks in. The Davis clan will be around through Wednesday, Oct. 16. The place is closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEO AMINO—New abstract sculptures, done in plastic and bronze; through Oct. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist canvases by a painter of the contemporary Paris school; through Oct. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MAX BECKMANN—Portraits by one of the leaders of German Expressionism; through Nov. 2. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

MARY CALLERY—Sculptures, mostly bronzes; through Oct. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

OLIVER CHAFFEE—A memorial exhibition of paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Barzansky, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—Figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Nov. 2. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—Paintings; through Nov. 2. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN—Paintings; through Oct. 26. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—A loan show of figure paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Brightly colored and boldly patterned large geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES MATHIEU—Abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at

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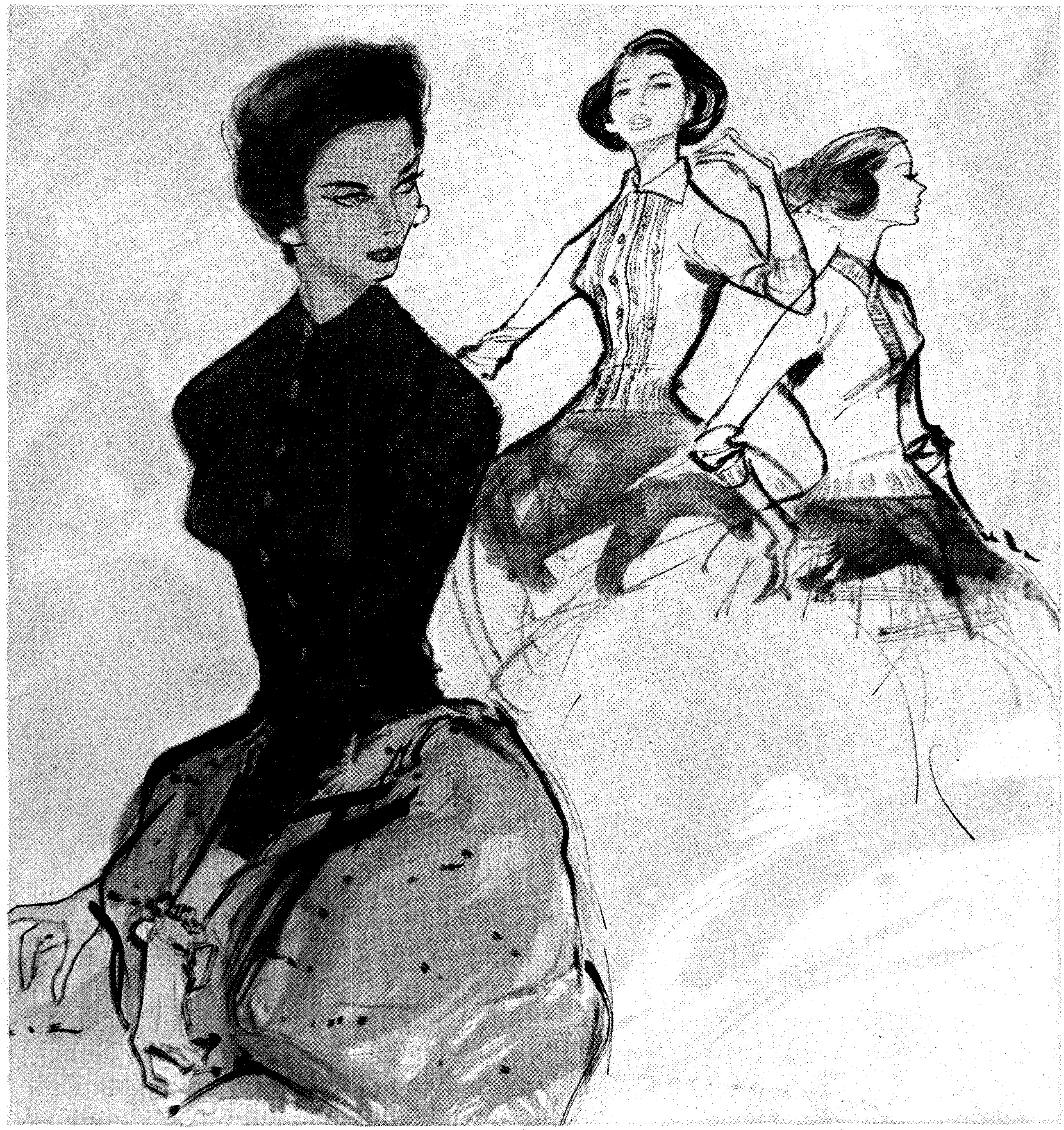

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy—Paintings and Plexiglas compositions; through Oct. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Piet Mondrian—A selection of the Dutch modernist's oils from the years 1900 to 1943; through Nov. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Emil Nolde—Oils, water colors, and lithographs by the early German Expressionist; through Oct. 26. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Picasso—Paintings, drawings, and ceramics, dated 1955-57; through Oct. 26. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Charles Seliger—Paintings and drawings, in his first exhibition for some time; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

David Smith—Smaller abstract sculptures, in an exhibit that is running simultaneously with his big show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Keith Vaughan—Contemporary British paintings; through Oct. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Wald—Oils; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Expressionism—At the **Borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: German paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Oskar Kokoschka, Christian Rohlfs, and Ernst Barlach; through Oct. 26. . . . **World House**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Richard L. Feigen collection, including works by Max Pechstein, Ludwig Meidner, and other lesser-known Germans in the movement; through Nov. 2.

Americans; Group Show—Paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, Max Weber, Stuart Davis, and others; through Nov. 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

French; Group Shows—At the **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Modern painters, including Chagall, Utrillo, and Pascin; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Early-nineteenth-century paintings by Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Ingres, and Monticelli; through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **Burr**, 108 W. 56th St.: Alice Vogel and Abbe Rose Cox; starting Sunday, Oct. 13. (Opening day 4 to 8; thereafter weekdays noon to 6.) . . . **Crespi**, 232 E. 58th St.: Charlot Serneaux-Gregori, starting Sunday, Oct. 13, and Walter Shelley White, starting Monday, Oct. 14. (Daily, 11 to 5.) . . . **Fine Arts Associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Hans Moller; starting Tuesday, Oct. 15. . . . **Grand Central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Orville Bulman; starting Monday, Oct. 14. . . . **National Academy of Design**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: Allied Artists of America; starting Thursday, Oct. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **National Arts Club**, 15 Gramercy Park S.: Group show; starting Sunday, Oct. 13. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alexander Archipenko; starting Monday, Oct. 14. . . . **Weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Doris Caesar; starting Monday, Oct. 14. . . . **Widdifield**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: David Smith; starting Tuesday, Oct. 15, and running simultaneously with the Smith showing at the Museum of Modern Art. . . . **Willard**, 23 W. 56th St.: Early American sculpture; starting Tuesday, Oct. 15.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit of photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two exhibitions in the "Artists in Mid-Career" series, one of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by the abstractionist David Smith, the other of paintings and drawings by the abstract-Surrealist Matta; through Oct.

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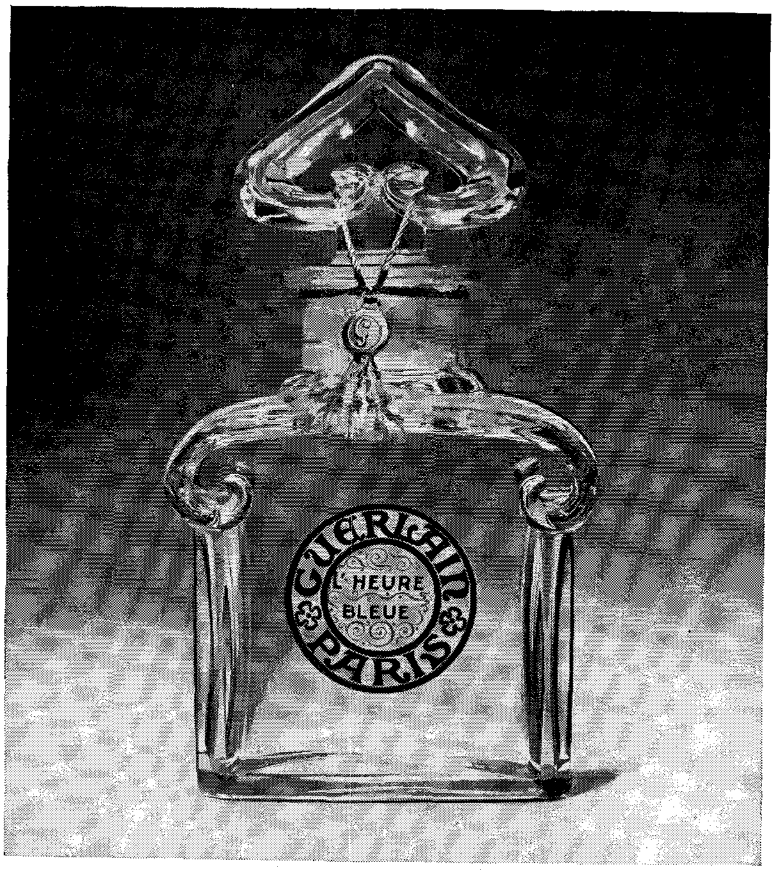

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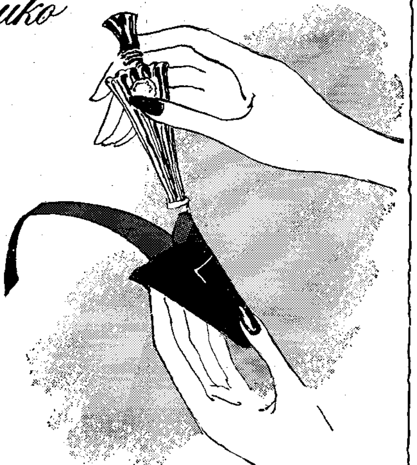

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

20. (Through Saturday, Oct. 12, a showing of smaller sculptures may be seen at the Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St. An exhibit of drawings and sculptures in silver by Smith will open at the Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St., on Tuesday, Oct. 15.)... ¶ A survey of twentieth-century German Art, comprising paintings, sculptures, and prints by Lehmbruck, Kirchner, Klee, and others; through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and other Europeans; through Oct. 27.... ¶ Primitive art of the South Pacific, including painted wooden figures, war clubs, and feathered masks, all probably done during the past hundred years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second section of a show of recent acquisitions and works on loan is composed of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty artists, among them Brancusi, Kandinsky, and Modigliani; through Oct. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings by Anna Walinska, depicting Biblical and religious themes, landscapes, and figures; through Oct. 20. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The fortieth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, a group of Brooklyn and Manhattan artists that includes Lily Ente and John von Wicht; starting Monday, Oct. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by the American painter Bradley Walker Tomlin, who died in 1953; through Nov. 12.... ¶ Paintings and a thirty-two-foot mural by Stuart Davis; through Nov. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

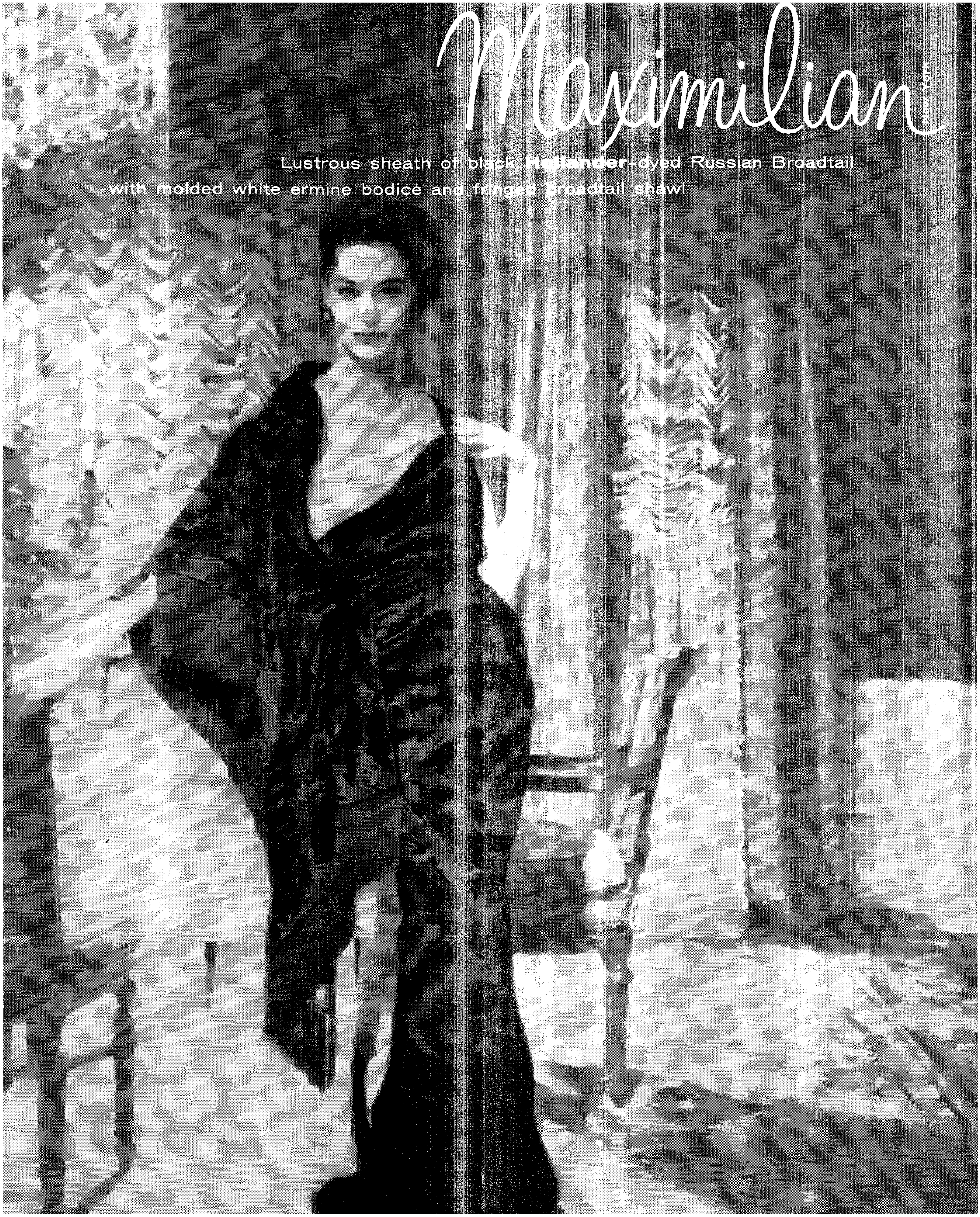
NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "Susannah."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "La Traviata."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "La Bohème."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:30: "Die Fledermaus," in English. ... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Carmen." (A benefit for the New York Chapter of Hadassah.)... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "La Vida Breve" and "El Amor Brujo." (A preview for the benefit of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club.)... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: The company's official premières of Manuel de Falla's "La Vida Breve" and "El Amor Brujo."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Faust."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 27—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 11, at 2:30 (both with André Tchaikowsky, piano); Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:45 (with Lilian Kallir, piano); and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3 (with André Tchaikowsky, piano).... ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 (both with Louis Kentner, piano); and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:45 (no soloists).

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Julia De Curtis, soprano, and other soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.... ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2.)

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE FLORENCE FESTIVAL—Carlo Zecchi conducting the orchestra in its



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SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—Izler Solomon conducting, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin. Proceeds of the concert will go to support the work of the America-Israel Society. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

RECITALS

FINE ARTS QUARTET—The last three in a series of four programs presenting a Beethoven-Bartók cycle. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 10; Monday, Oct. 14; and Thursday, Oct. 17, all at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The Kroll Quartet, with Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 3 to 7.)

CARLOS MONTOYA—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:40.)

FREDELL LACK—Violin. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

GILBERT REESE—Cello. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET—A program of German music, with Jan Ruetz, mezzo-soprano. The last in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. College All-Stars. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 7:15.)

BOXING—Rory Calhoun vs. Rocky Castellani, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 18. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 12: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Ohio University, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 19: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 2.

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 19.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3:15. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 14. The Champagne and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 12, and the Ladies Handicap, Monday, Oct. 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 15-16, at 1:15. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 16. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.). . . JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, Oct. 17, through Saturday, Nov. 30. The Interborough Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 17, and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 19. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Belmont Park.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Monday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 12, at 10 A.M.

TRAPSHOOTING—The annual Columbus Day Tournament. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 10 and 1.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Nightly at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The fall show, at which a hundred and twenty-five or so dealers will offer such diverse items as Italian and Spanish furniture, a portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart, and Chinese temple carvings. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 14-18, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 6.)

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE BICENTENNIAL—Two exhibitions in honor of the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth—At the **MORGAN LIBRARY:** Letters, maps, documents, prints, and paintings associated with the French hero during the American Revolution; through Nov. 30. (29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:** Charles Ingham's portrait of Lafayette, a collection of Staffordshire china commemorating his visit to the United States in 1824, and other memorabilia; through Dec. 31. (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

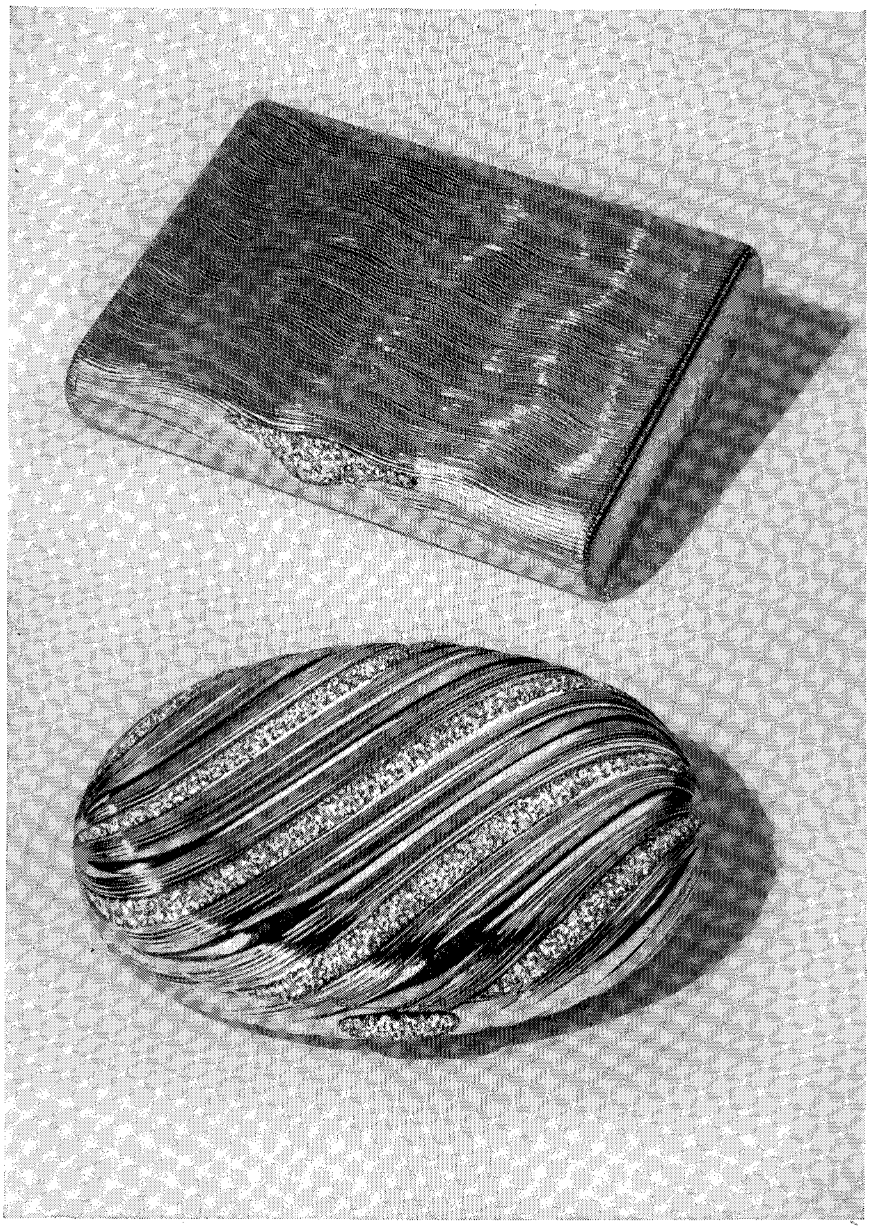
MAYFLOWER II—An exact copy of the Pilgrim ship, plus a model village and related exhibits. (Pier 81, W. 41st St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 10:30, and Sundays, noon to 10:30; through Nov. 15.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The solar system and its various planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors are described in the current show, "Captives of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 1:45: Chinese porcelains, jades, bronzes, pottery, furniture, and other objects of art; the property of Mrs. Allen J. Mercher and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 1:45: English and American furniture and decorations, belonging to Mrs. Arthur Drefs and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: Part I of a collection of water colors and paintings by Charles Demuth, from the estate of Richard W. C. Weyand. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 12.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The final days and hours of the registration period for the Nov. 5 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NOTE—Columbus Day is Saturday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 84th Street, starting at noon.



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Tiffany purse accessories in textured eighteen karat gold set with diamonds. Top: Cigarette case with shimmering, carved surface and diamond clasp. Nineteen hundred dollars. Below: Compact, swirled with winding paths of diamonds, and its own lipstick case concealed within. Forty nine hundred seventy five dollars. Prices include federal tax.

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AIRPORT
OBSERVATION
← DECK
GATES
5 TO 12 →

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a bit too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GREEN MAN—Alastair Sim having a high old time in an English film whose hero is a whimsical bomber crazy about blowing up people who get on his nerves. Between explosions, there are neat satiric expositions of some of the stranger English customs, and there is also plenty of boisterous slapstick comedy. George Cole, John Chandos, Jill Adams, Raymond Huntley, and Terry-Thomas are included in the expert cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 15, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 16.)

A HATFUL OF RAIN—Under Fred Zinnemann's forceful direction, this adaptation of the play about drug addiction that was presented hereabouts a couple of years ago proves to be a pretty exciting melodrama. In the cast are Don Murray, as a war hero who has taken to narcotics after being badly shot up in Korea; Eva Marie Saint, as his long-suffering wife; Anthony Franciosa, as his sympathetic brother; and Lloyd Nolan, as his selfish father. All of them give fine performances. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 15, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 13-15, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Oct. 16, tentative.)

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK—A great deal goes on in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, during the course of the five stirring vignettes, all of them concerned with *amore* of one sort or another, that make up this picture. Franca Valeri, Vittorio De Sica, Giulia Rubino, Anna Maria Ferrero, and many other distinguished actors are on hand, and all are splendid. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—Audrey Hepburn chases Gary Cooper through the confines of the Ritz, in Paris, with success and charm and grace, accompanied by a mad gypsy band of musicians. A delightful romp, produced and directed by Billy Wilder, who (with I.A.L. Diamond) also wrote the script. Maurice Chevalier, in top form, plays a French private detective. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. . . . ¶ Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; Oct. 10.)

MAN ON FIRE—Bing Crosby, as a divorced man who is devoted to his son and obstinate about giving custody to his ex-wife. An honest film, with honest writing. Malcolm Brodrick is superb as the son, and Anne Seymour is persuasive as a domestic-relations judge who takes her job seriously. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Oct. 16, tentative.)

THE RED BALLOON—The hero of this brief and pretty fantasy is a small French boy who is pursued all over Paris by a balloon that regards him as its master. Written, directed, and produced by Albert Lamorisse, the film has the valuable services of M. Lamorisse's son Pascal as its leading actor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 12.)

THE SUN ALSO RISES—Mr. Hemingway's novel has been made into an impressive film, if a somewhat attenuated one. Tyrone Power is a sympathetic Jake Barnes, Ava Gardner an enticing Lady Brett Ashley, Errol Flynn a convincing Mike Campbell, and there is more darn bullfighting than in "Death in the Afternoon." (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; Oct. 10.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious exegesis, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

THE THIRD KEY—Jack Hawkins interpreting a Scotland Yard inspector who is out to find a safe-cracker of almost incredible ingenuity. Everybody in the cast is O.K. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 13-15. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 16, tentative.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 16.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 11.)

CASQUE D'OR (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 12.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 12.)

MIRACLE IN MILAN (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 15.)

OKLAHOMA! (1955)—Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country. (Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Oct. 16.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 16.)

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC (1956)—The Kaufman-Teichmann comedy about the financial adventures of a flighty lady. With Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 15-16.)

WE ARE ALL MURDERERS (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 15.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series entitled "The Early Films of Charles Chaplin"—Through Oct. 12: "The Bank," "A Night at the Show," "Police," and an excerpt from "Carmen" (all 1915). . . . ¶ Oct. 13-16: "The Floorwalker," "The Fireman," "The Vagabond," and "One A.M." (all 1916). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Helen Morgan Story," Ann Blyth, Paul Newman.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Joker Is Wild," Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Les Girls," Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Jet Pilot," John Wayne, Janet Leigh.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Oct. 10: **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.**
From Oct. 11: "The Black Scorpion," Richard Denning, Mara Corday.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Oct. 10: **THE SUN ALSO RISES.**
From Oct. 11: "My Man Godfrey," June Allyson, David Niven.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Until They Sail," Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Paul Newman.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Three Faces of Eve," David Wayne, Joanne Woodward, Lee J. Cobb.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).

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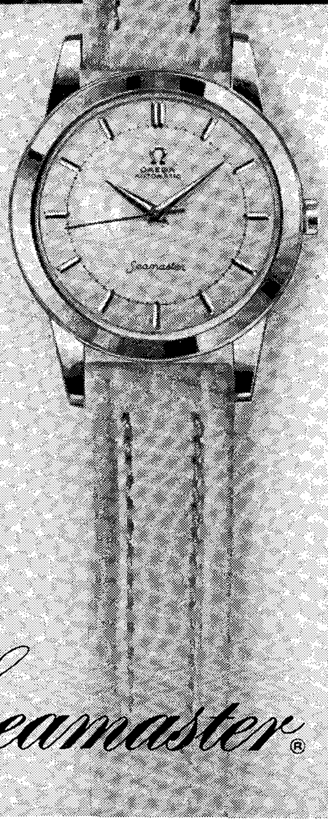

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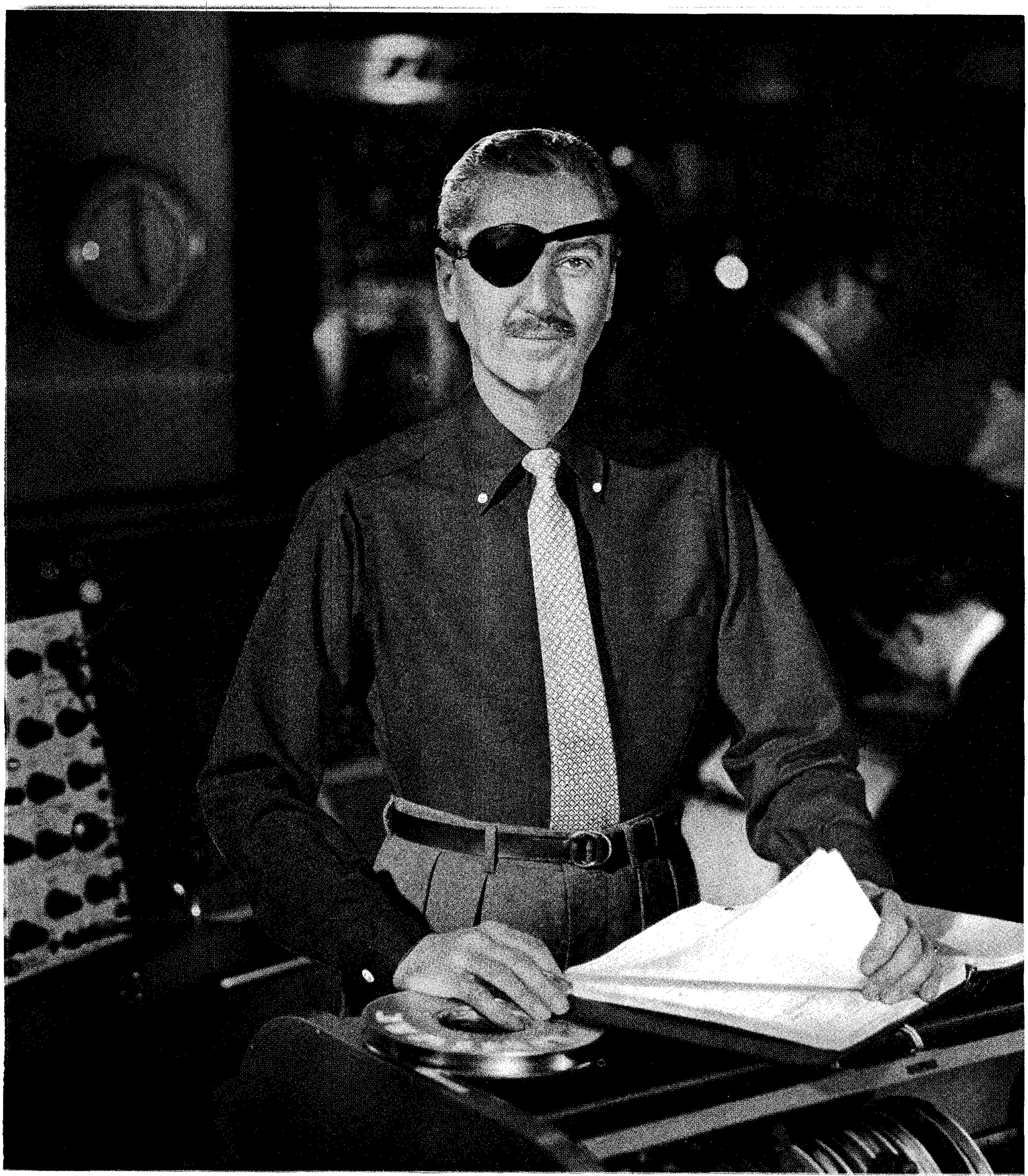

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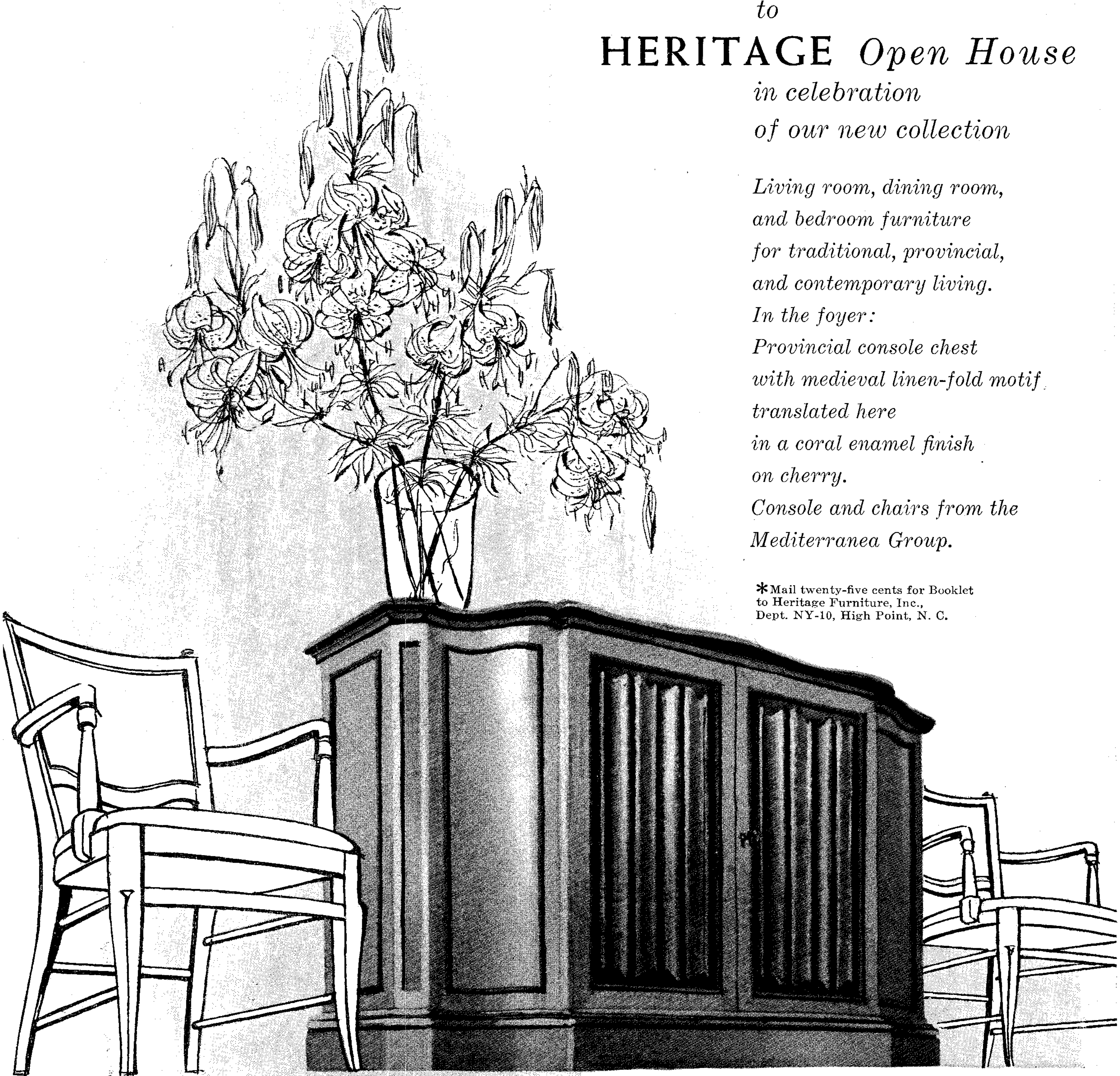

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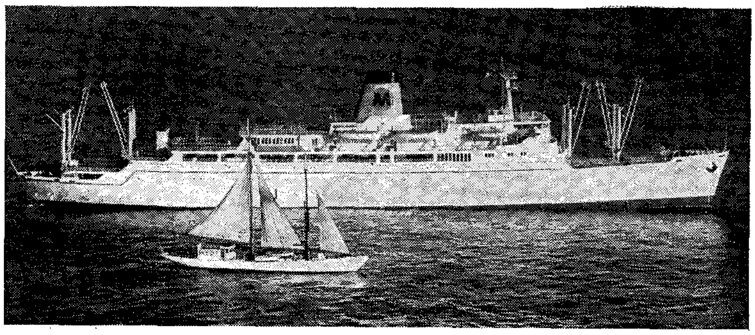

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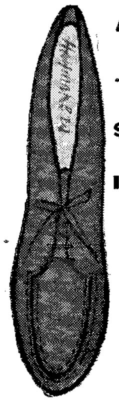

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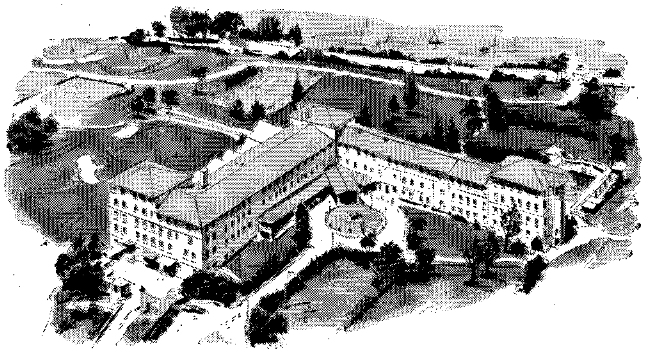

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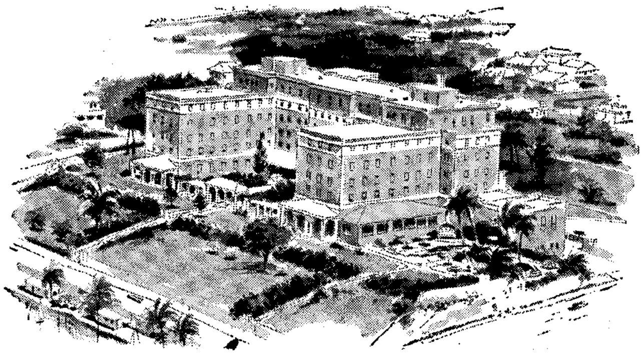
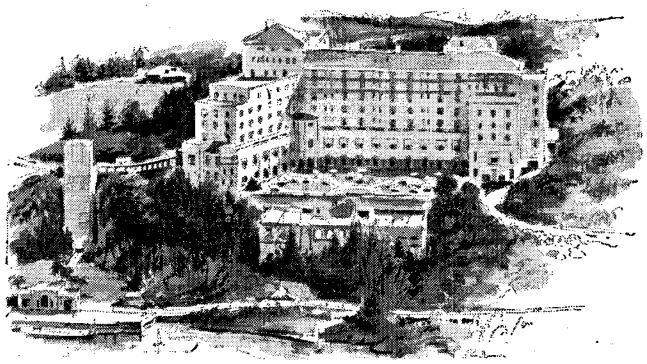
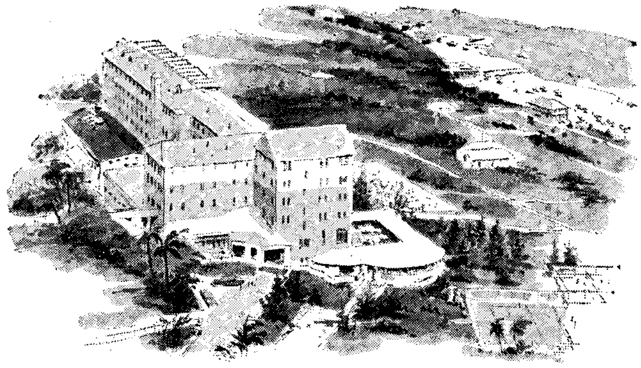


THE BERMUDIANA. Charming hotel in tropical garden estate, two minutes from shopping center of Hamilton. Swimming pool . . . South Shore beach club privileges with complimentary transportation. Dancing in the Sunken Garden or Moon Gate Garden. Attractive accommodations, gracious atmosphere. 280 guests.



CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL. Magnificent building high on a ridge overlooking Harrington Sound and Castle Harbour. Spacious rooms, most with sea view. Golf course, tennis courts . . . swimming pool, beautiful private beach . . . sailing, fishing. French chefs provide fine cuisine. Nightly dancing. 500 guests.



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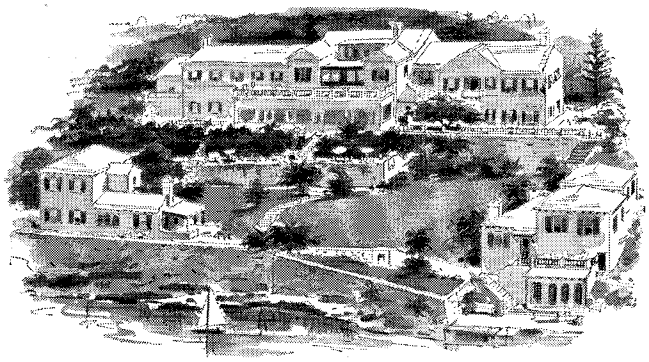
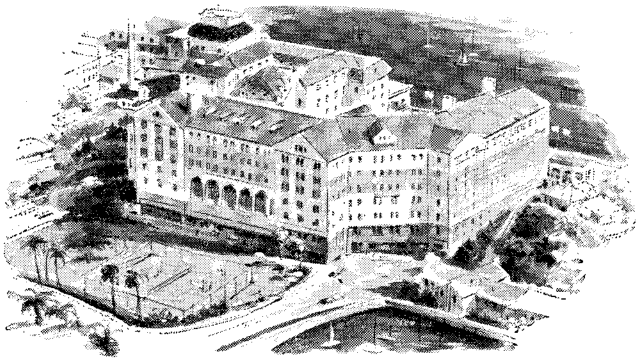
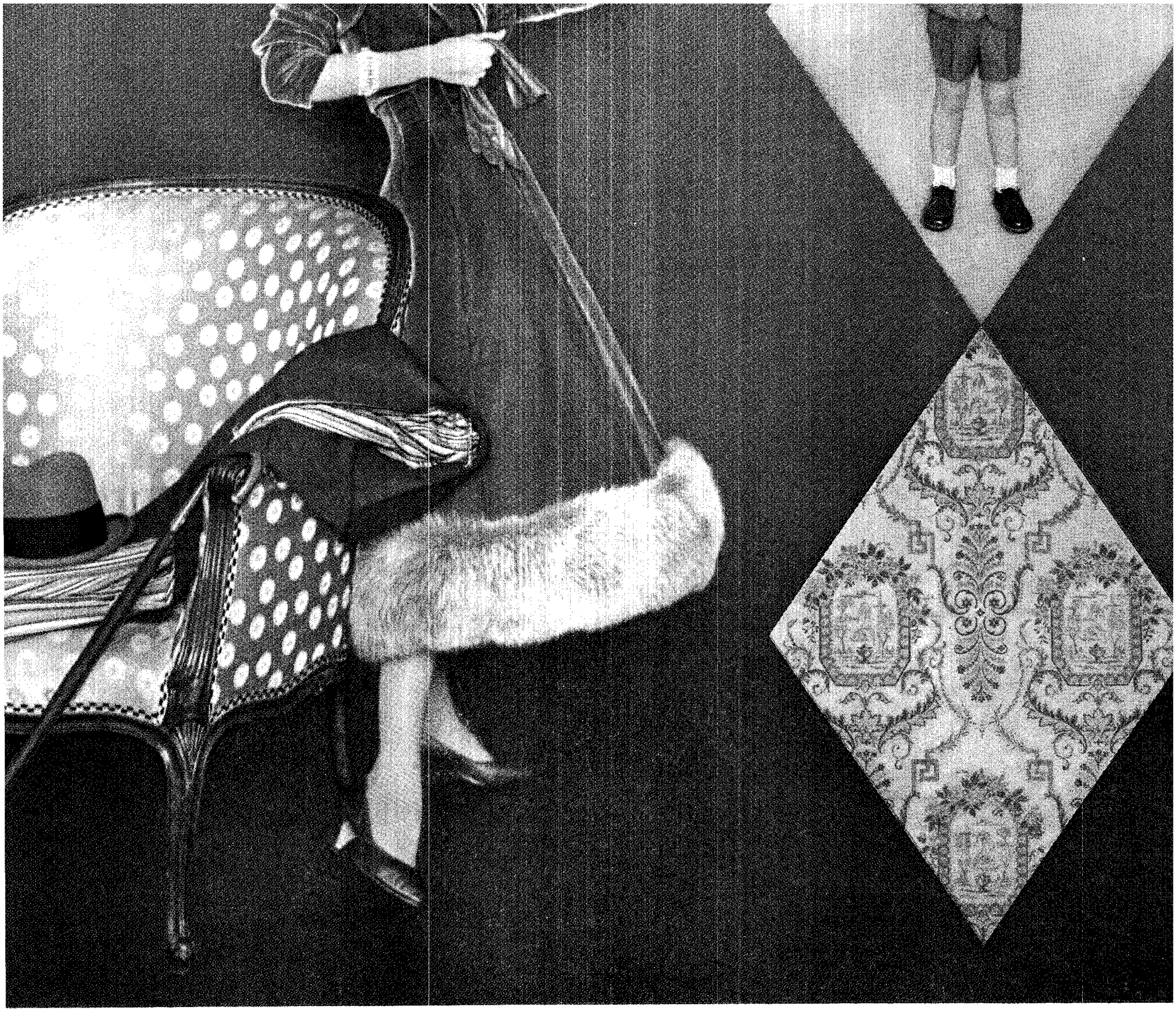
Bermuda is beautiful now for all the fun you want if you've missed your summer vacation. Coral beaches invite swimming and gay picnics. Go sailing and fishing . . . play golf, tennis. Explore quaint streets and lovely winding roads. Bring your gift list for duty-free shopping, enjoy dancing and friendly parties. For our Free Bermuda Brochure of 16 full-colour pages write now to The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.



NEWSTEAD, one of the most charming guest houses, has a lovely location on the shore opposite Hamilton. Beautifully furnished for restful living . . . a congenial social life in a garden setting. Private bathing dock, Coral Beach and Tennis Club privileges. Near beaches and golf courses . . . 5 minutes by ferry from Hamilton. 50 guests.



PRINCESS HOTEL and COTTAGE COLONY overlooks Hamilton Harbour . . . colourful Cabana Pool and romantic terrace for dancing at water's edge. Princess launch leaves from your door for sightseeing. Near Hamilton shops. En-tout-cas tennis courts. Entertainment and dancing nightly. 300 guests.



color comes to life in rayon

Color news: the city greys, misting from blue-tinged steel to brilliant silver. The grey tones come through clearly, truly in this season's Rayon fabrics, adding a quiet elegance to the fashions we wear and live with. The reason: Rayon responds beautifully to any color, gives a special depth to tint as well as texture. Expect new excitement in Rayon fashions for the home and for all the family. You'll find them at your favorite stores in a full gamut of living colors.

Jayson-Gibbs overcoat lined in all rayon by Folker Fabrics. Decorator Fabrics by Stroheim and Romann: pattern in Rayon; upholstery fabric in Rayon and cotton. Dinner-theatre costume by Estévez in Martin Rayon velvet. Merry Mites suit of Polyester fiber, Rayon and mohair from Rosewood Mills.

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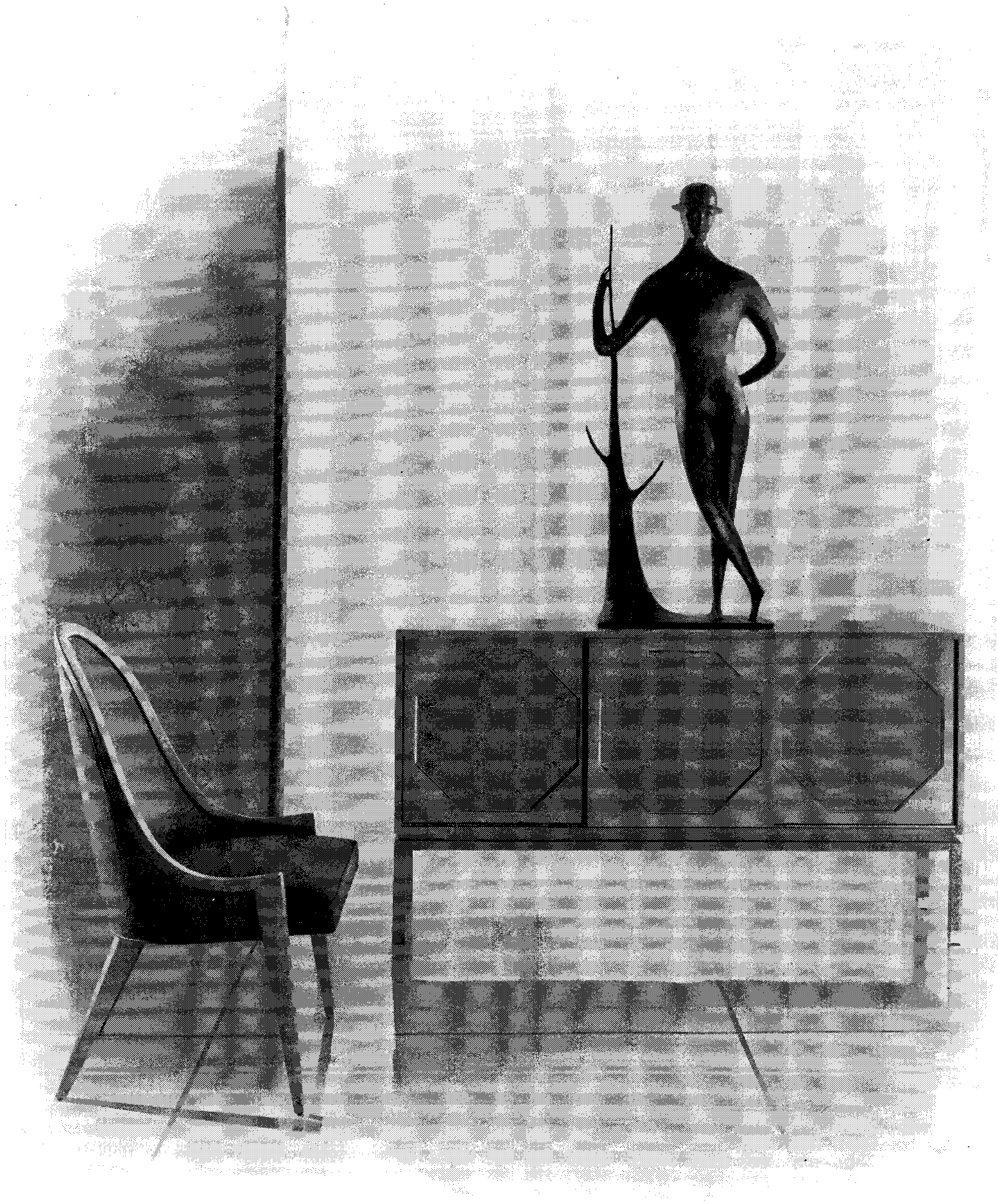

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOWADAYS, people like to talk about something they call the communications industry. Apparently, they intend the term to include TV, radio, the movies, newspapers, and magazines, which means that we, whether we like it or not, are a part of the whole. If this so-called industry exists, we think it reached its nadir last Thursday, when, according to a dispatch in the *Times*, a television crew in Little Rock "egged on" white students engaged in staging a walkout at the Central High School. Said the *Times:*

> At Central High School, an organized attempt by segregationists to stage a dramatic walkout in protest against the enrollment of nine Negro students was unsuccessful.
>
> Forty to sixty white students walked out. Most of them headed straight for television cameras set up across Park Avenue opposite the main entrance.
>
> Egged on by one television crew, two youths stood in the center of the street and hooted derisively at white students who remained in classrooms, their heads visible through the open windows.

We find it hard to identify ourself with an industry that attempts to manufacture news for the sake of a good camera shot. What did the television crew feel when the walkout failed? Disappointment? What did they feel when, a few minutes later, an effigy of a Negro was hanged from an oak tree on a nearby lawn? Professional satisfaction? The sense of having done a good day's work? Insofar as we belong, willy-nilly, to an industry that encourages children to make life unendurable for other children, black or white, let the minute book of that industry show that we are ashamed.

Barbaric, with a Theme

SIXTEEN patrolmen marching in antique uniform; a double-decker bus painted gold; three Sicard snow loaders; Elsa Maxwell; two hundred Boy Scouts, each carrying either a torch or an American flag; a mammoth layer cake surrounded by girls in colored gowns, who represent colored telephones; an old United Parcel Service truck with the oldest driver in the company's employ at the wheel; three mechanical brooms; a hundred marching firemen; and (in preference to a partridge in a pear tree) His Honor the Mayor of the City of New York—these are not to be seen proceeding together through our streets just any day of the week, but they were scheduled to be seen on Thursday of this week, at night, between Washington Arch and the Plaza, in a parade unique in that it has been designed by a professional designer. Mr. Tom Lee, of Tom Lee, Ltd.—the former a gracious gray-haired Greenwich resident and the latter two suave upper stories on West Fifty-fifth Street—is the designer in question, and in the course of a recent call we paid on both he told us, "We were delighted to do it. The parade is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Fifth Avenue Association, a kind of guild of merchants and tenants. We had previously designed things for many of the members—window displays, office interiors, fashion shows, even dances and balls."

The presence in his office of toy jeeps pulling models of things like the Trylon and Perisphere, the Statue of Liberty, and a Central Park pavilion—indeed, it looked as if the entire city, in miniature, were being trucked away—led us to ask where, in the designing of a parade, one begins. "The great problem in all parades is to create bulk," said Mr. Lee. "Who ever heard of a modest parade? It would be like a dainty colossus. Our parade will take about two hours to pass a given point. The city departments give us volume, and besides they like to polish their buttons once or twice a year and strut around. A parade! You know, when I hear drums beating and trumpets shrilling, I get terribly wrought up." He made excited fists. "A good parade should make you want to join it, to turn to the person next to you and bite him or kiss him or— You know. Well, we want that barbaric power, and coherence as well. A theme.

"The theme is city history over the last fifty years. The schedule we've drawn up calls for five sections. The introduction: motorcycles and dignitaries. Then a historical section: old buses, early fire fighting equipment, antique uniforms, and so on. The third section, New York City departments, is not irrelevant, since many departments will parade old equipment as well as new, and, of course, the growth of the departments is very much a part of the city's growth. The fourth section is called Contemporary, and the fifth looks to the future. One of our jobs has been to persuade the members of the Association who are sponsoring floats to place conformity with this scheme above self-advertisement. We wanted a minimum of lettering, and of commercial flavor. Naturally, a firm putting down five thousand dollars, or whatever it takes, for a float would like to get a huge soft-drink bottle or box of soap for its money. In the beginning, we had pictured the parade as even more historical than it has turned out to be. Elsa Maxwell and Jinx Falkenburg will be on the float of Society in 1907, sponsored by Lord & Taylor. Because of traffic, the parade is to be at night—the

late-shopping night, when people are in town—and Boy Scouts will march in various sections of it with torches. Each jeep carries a generator for the float it pulls. A few of the city departments have floats of their own, but we designed most of them. Here." We were shown a sheaf of fanciful sketches, with typewritten descriptions attached; e.g.:

> Department of Markets. Huge scale, on one side are models of produce, which are balanced on the other side by weights symbolizing "fair measure," research, regulation, etc.
>
> International Silk Association (U.S.A.) Gold canopy of silk with gold and emerald green butterflies coming out of its top. Each corner of the canopy is held by a model dressed in emerald green.
>
> Fifth Avenue Association. Great gold burst, which is the symbol of the Fifth Avenue Association; piercing through the center are buildings representing "Fifth Avenue of the Future." There is also a model in the center.

"How pleasant it is," we remarked, "that the parade for the fiftieth anniversary of the Fifth Avenue Association should be marching in five sections up Fifth Avenue."

"Isn't it?" said Mr. Lee, leaning back in his chair contentedly. "Fifth Avenue—fifty years ago it was the center of fashion, finance, and the Four Hundred. The great homes are no longer there, but the stores replacing them have kept up the tone of elegance. Right now, Fifth Avenue is much more than the shopping center of the town; it's the main stem. New York doesn't have, like many cities, a great central square, or a stadium, where civic events naturally happen. Fifth Avenue is the closest thing to it. I would like to see a parade every year, equal to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, the Shriners' in Philadelphia, or the fêtes of Nice and Venice. Each year a different theme. Prizes, perhaps, for the best floats. Excitement." He sighed. "The people of New York feed on minor, private stimulants—books, conversation, et cetera. They could do with something that envelops everyone in the aura it creates. Totalitarian governments understand the parade very well. We, of course, would use it not toward their purposes but toward a proud sense of civic unity."

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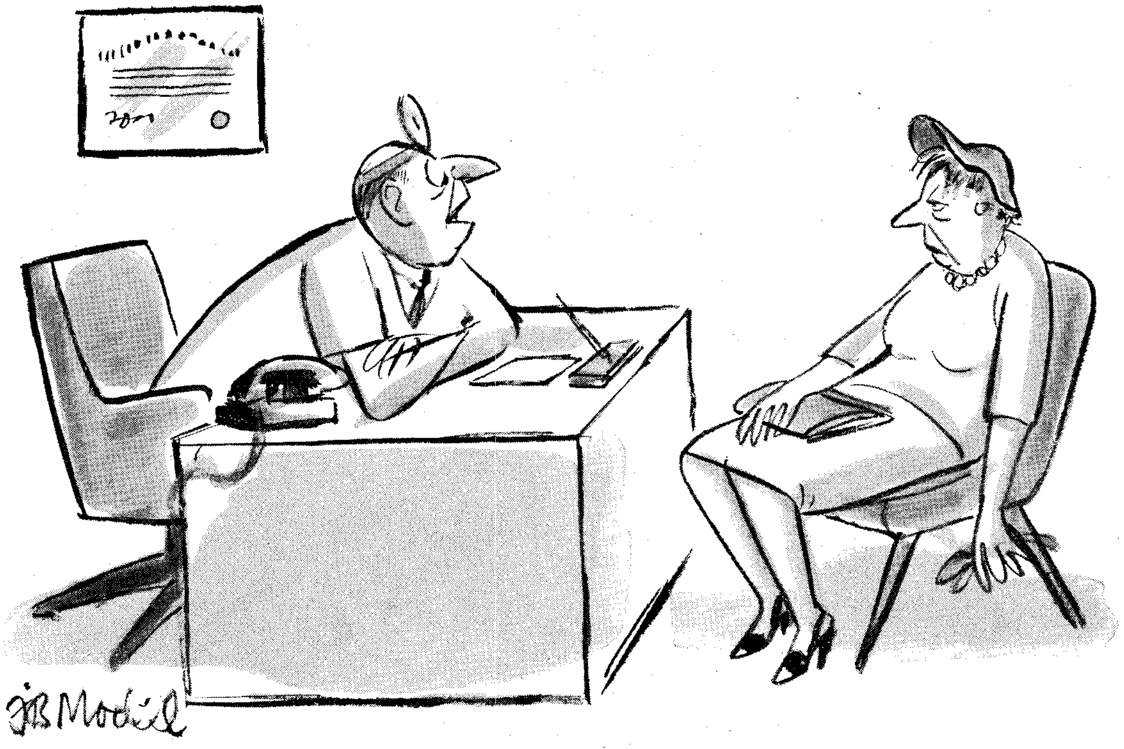
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Mission of California Soda is bottled by the Boston Beverage Company, of Brooklyn.

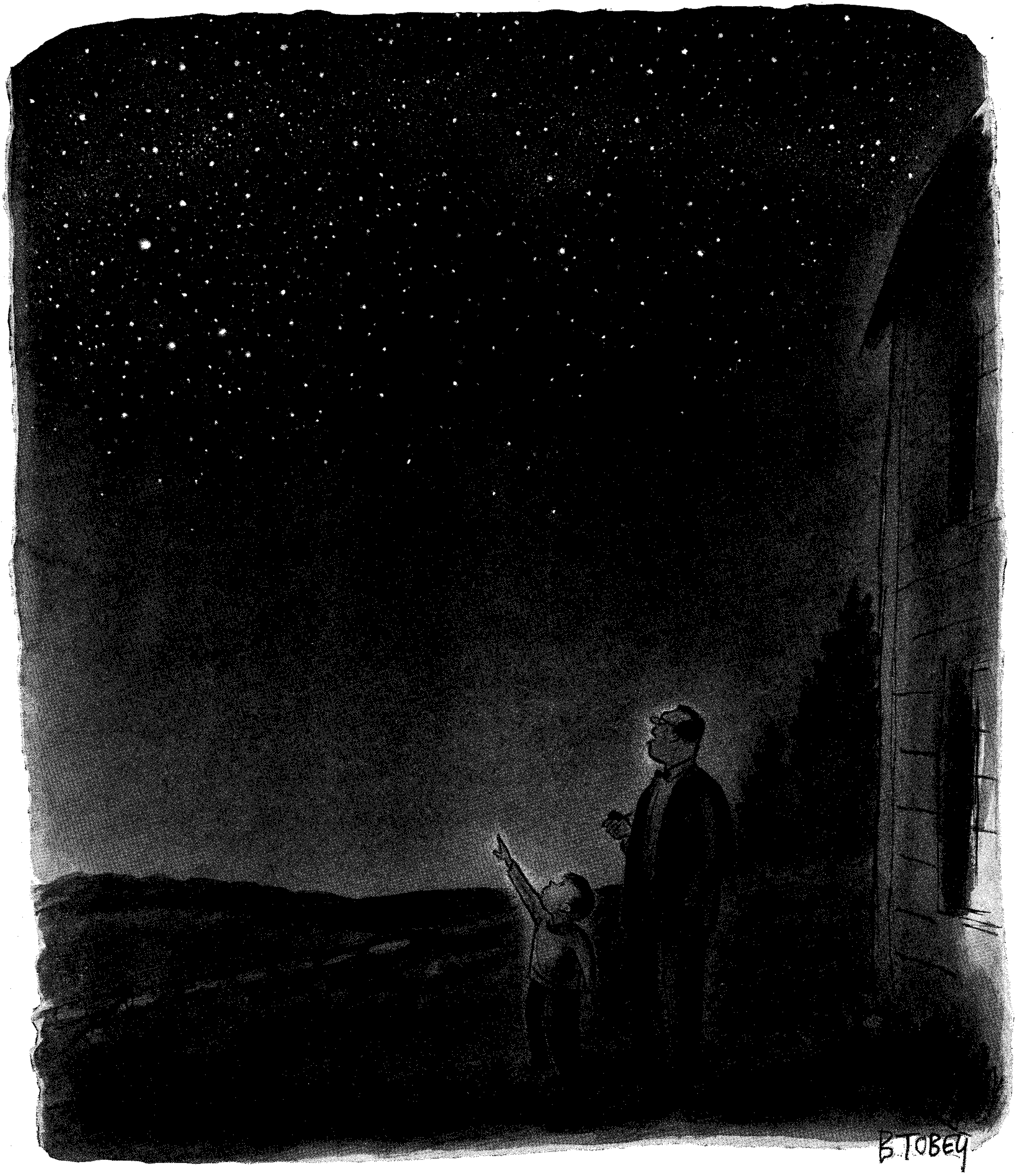
The Strenuous Life

TALK about the rigors of squash racquets, squash tennis, hard racquets, and court tennis, or a few push-ups at the Grand Central Palace Health Roof Club! The Indian dancers now winding up two weeks on Broadway—before offering samples of their three major classic styles (Kathakali, Bharata Natyam, and Mohini Attam) to Philadelphia, Washington, and other road-company regions east of the Mississippi—are veterans of a childhood course that involved up to seventy-two months of arising at 2:30 A.M.; buttering their eyes with ghee, or clarified butter; running through fourteen separate eye exercises for two hours, not to mention nose, cheek, lip, and jaw movements; incredibly detailed limb exercises, down to the last finger, for three or four hours more; a breakfast of congee, or water in which rice has been boiled; the acting out of various dances till noon; a lunch of boiled rice, dried vegetables, and a little buttermilk, followed by a brief rest; afternoon exercises until six, with a five-minute buttermilk break; a supper of rice and curry; then a few hours of listening to stories from the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, Indian epics that supply the themes of dance drama; and lessons in mudra, or gesture language, until nine; and so to bed. Ordinarily, after twelve years of training and apprentice performances, they graduate to the professional stage, whereupon they begin the enactment of dramas typically lasting all night, and sometimes three nights in a row, in preparation for which the application of makeup takes anywhere from two and a half to four and a half hours. Liquid rice paste is put on, in layers, around the face, to hold a frame of rice paper, and the face itself is painted green, for gods, kings, and heroes, or red (especially around the sides of the nose), for villains. Particularly villainous villains get red beards, rustic characters sport flowers at the end of their nose, forest demons sprout black beards, and naughty gods (who eat people up) have pustular complexions.

We learned about this stylized and hard-working world in a backstage talk we had with Miss Shanta Rao (pronounced "row," as in "altercation"), the company's star, who comes from Mangalore, in South India, and Mr. John Coast, the show's director, who hails from London. "Upper-class Indians don't like their daughters to do these dances, and because of family opposition I didn't get started until I was twelve," Miss Rao, who was all done up in a sari and rubies, said.



"There's no question in my mind. You either have to give the 'Late Late Show' up or give up 'Sunrise Semester.'"

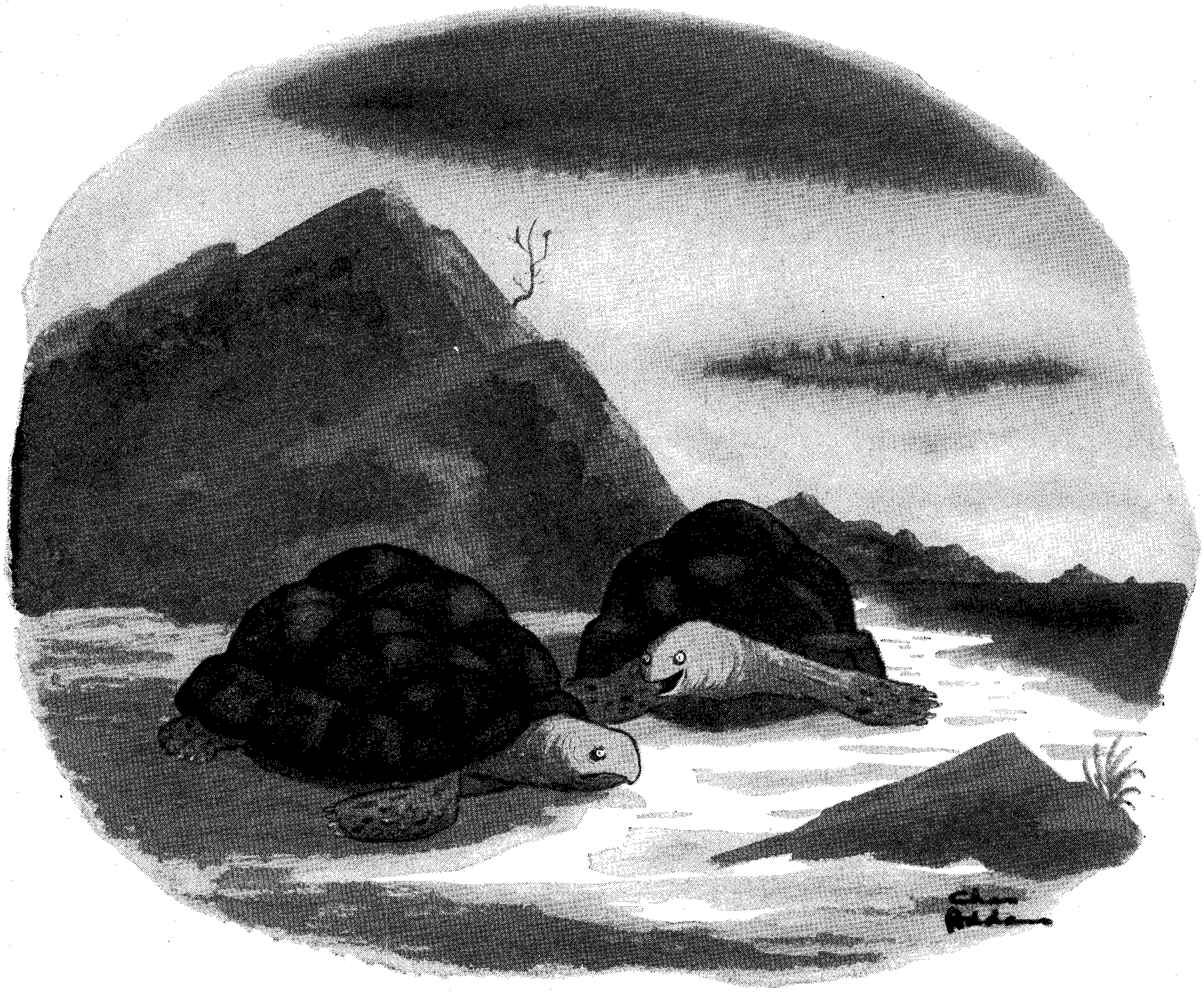


"I'm sorry, Son, but none of them is it. Those have been up there all along."

• •

"Then I went to a famous Kathakali school in Malabar, where I studied for several years, working with gurus in the neighboring villages. Yehudi Menuhin saw me in Bombay, and on his recommendation the Museum of Modern Art presented me here as a soloist in 1955. This time, my company—nineteen dancers, musicians, narrators, and makeup artists—was brought here by Roger L. Stevens and the Asia Foundation. We're all staying at the Hotel Schuyler, where we prepare special dishes for ourselves. Most of the company don't eat meat or eggs—just vegetables, fruit, and milk. I occasionally eat fish and eggs, but I eat very little, and I don't drink at all. We brought our own cooking utensils with us."

"They brought a small piece of South India with them," said Mr. Coast, who got interested in Oriental dancing when he was in a Japanese prison camp dur-



"Nonsense, dear. Four hundred and thirty-eight isn't old!"

• •

ing the Second World War. "Shanta is a dynamo. I've visited her at her rehearsal house, in Bangalore. What wonderful curries! She is the only dancer in India who is a complete master of the three main South Indian styles. In staging these for Western consumption, we've had to edit dramas normally lasting eight hours down to not more than twenty-five minutes. It was rather like reducing 'Götterdämmerung' to one fifteen-minute scene."

"The five male Kathakali dancers in the company are among the most famous in India," said Miss Rao. "Men generally take female as well as male roles, since the women's parts are often terribly strenuous. But there's nothing effeminate about them. During their training years, the trainer walks on their backs to make them supple."

"The problems we've had!" Mr. Coast said. "We had to bring along three Bharata Natyam musicians and three Kathakali musicians, because each kind can play only for that particular sort of dance. I've cut the drumming, which in India goes on for two hours before a performance, down to a few minutes. Shanta has gone along with me on this percussion compression, but it took a bit of persuading."

We exchanged polite mudras with one and all, and left.

•

OVERHEARD on Madison Avenue, one brisk-walking gray-flannelled man to another: "Although I know it's morally right to work in the vineyard, it's still a labor of love on the executive level."

Papa's Place

HENRI SOULÉ has moved the Pavillon, which many students of the subject consider the best restaurant in this country, and perhaps in the world, from its old quarters, on East Fifty-fifth Street, to the Ritz Tower, on Fifty-seventh Street just east of Park, and we dropped in to visit the Master and his masterpiece a few days before it opened. To M. Soulé, the new restaurant is truly a work of art, and one that reflects a lifetime of preparation. We came on him just inside the front door—a chubby figure with rolled-up sleeves, a cold cigarette in one corner of his mouth, a look of triumph in his eyes. He threw out his arms, as if to embrace the gilded and mirrored and chartreuse-colored walls, the velvet draperies, the crystal chandeliers, the cherry-red velvet cushions of the benches and chairs. "It takes so many years before you can create something the way you want it to be, and then you must be lucky," he said. "Now I am satisfied. Now I feel right. My spirit is very good. This place will last for generations, until long after I am gone, as it deserves to do."

M. Soulé went on to say that the restaurant had been under construction since May. "When my old landlord pushed me, I was faced with a challenge—either to give up and retire or to fight," he told us. "I said to myself, 'It is a mistake to push me. I have taken care of a hundred thousand people a year for seventeen years, and they are all my friends. I like my friends. I like to make a big effort for them. I will keep going.' It appears, however, that the capitalist does not wish to invest his money in a restaurant; he thinks there are other, safer places to put it. Very well. The money is nothing to me. We invested the few dollars we saved in the last seventeen years. We spent three hundred thousand dollars to make the Pavillon the way it must be. I have signed a lease for eighteen and a half years. I am starting as if for the first time. I have brought very little from the old place—mostly the wines. I will take care of a hundred and thirty-five people here. It is not quite so big as the old Pavillon, and for that I am glad. My dream would be a place for sixty people, but, alas, that is impossible in New York. I would be always saying sorry, sorry, sorry to my friends; I would be merely a bouncer to turn them away. I like to take care of my friends. At the Pavillon it is like a big family, and I am the *papa* of the family."

M. Soulé led us past the chartreuse-colored bar and, opening a pair of curtained French doors, revealed a charming private dining room, capable of seating thirty-five people. "This is my pet," he said. "I should like to remain in here always. But *regardez!*" He backed out of the room, closing the doors with loving care, and ran lightly up a short flight of stairs to the main dining room, on whose walls we noted reproductions, greatly enlarged, of eighteenth-century etchings of Versailles. A lady with a miniature schnauzer in her arms followed us up the stairs. "Forgive me for breaking in like this, M. Soulé," she said, "but Didi wanted *so* much to see the new place."

"*Voilà, Didi!*" M. Soulé said, with a tolerant smile. "We have friends coming in all day long just to look," he said to us, propelling us quickly downstairs again. "Understand, we have nothing to do with the Ritz Tower kitchen. Our only connection with the hotel is a private door for special friends, like M. Baruch, who is taking an apartment in the Tower in order to be as close as possible to us."

At the entrance to the kitchen, M. Soulé introduced us to his chief steward, Aimé Thélin, who had spent the day carrying cases of wine down to the bins in the wine cellar. "Do not work so hard, Henri," Thélin said, eying him critically. "You must sleep."

"No, no, it is not the moment for sleep, old fox," Soulé replied. As the steward went off, shaking his head, Soulé said, "He is my best friend. Twenty years we have been together. He is the only one here who calls me Henri. He would not dare to call me M. Soulé."

Bent over a stack of blueprints in the kitchen was a red-cheeked young man, whom Soulé introduced as Pierre Franey, his head chef.

"Tomorrow we bring in the vegetables," the chef said. "The carrots, the bones for the stock. And the next day the eggs and butter, and the day after that the poultry and meat. At the last minute, the fish. And then we start to cook."

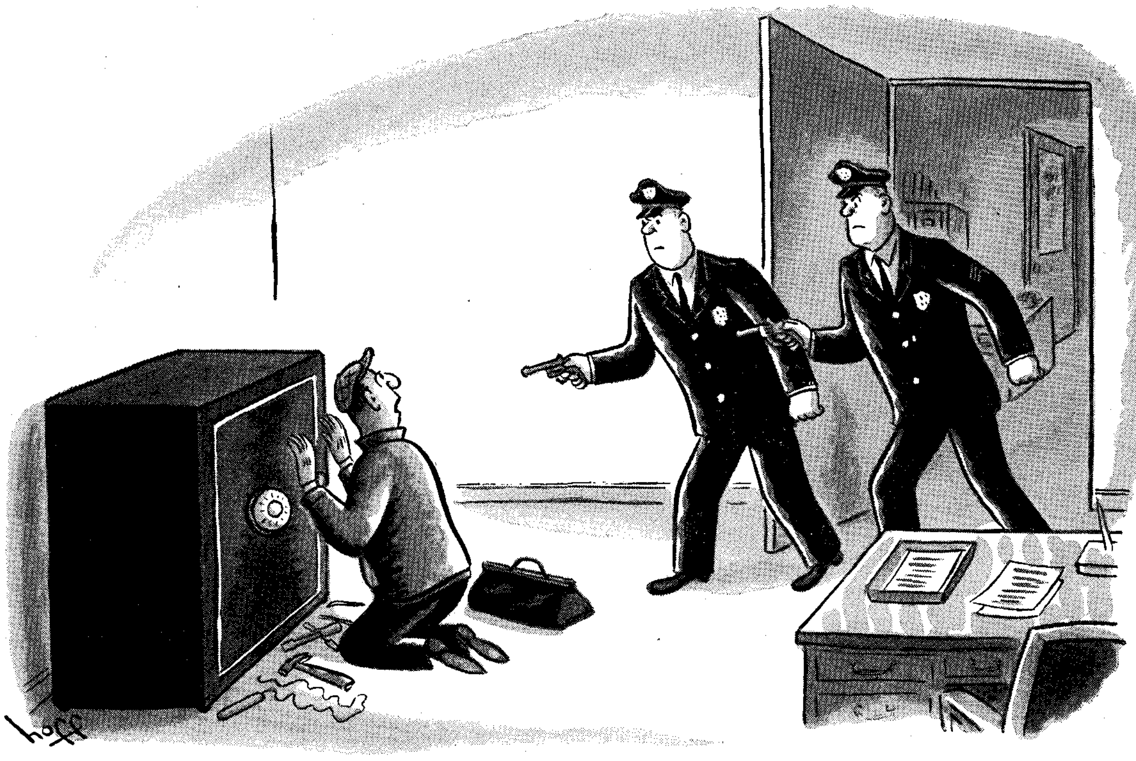
"What is this?" Soulé inquired, tapping the top blueprint. "So many white lines travelling in so many directions at once!"

"The plan for the electricity," Franey said, and added, with some embarrassment, "I got mad with the refrigeration man again today, M. Soulé. The machine for the cooling is not in the right place."

"We will have him change it and change it until it is perfect," Soulé said to Franey and us. "You will see, we will have everything perfect before we are through. Everything will be better here than it was at the old Pavillon—better for our friends, better for our chefs, better for our pot-washers. It may be the last thing I will do in my life, but it will be the best."

Misdirected

WE were strolling on lower Fifth Avenue last week, surveying the paintings in the outdoor exhibit there, when we came upon a stout lady deep in conversation with an artist whose work consisted mostly of seascapes. "I certainly admire your things," she was saying, "but I don't think they're right for my living room."

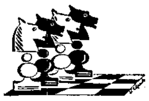


"I'll come quietly, but just let me open it first or I'll never sleep wondering what kind of a haul I'd have had."

EVIDENCE OF AFFLUENCE

IF I do not know what degree of mutual confidence exists in the United States between income-tax official and private citizen, this is so because the question does not immediately concern me. I have never in my life been asked to fill out an American income-tax return; as a British non-resident, I have all my American earnings painlessly taxed at source, and there the matter ends. In Great Britain, of which, by an ingenious legal quirk, I am "deemed to be a resident, though permanently domiciled abroad," my earnings are also taxed at source; but I am at least allowed to employ an income-tax consultant, or, rather, a pair of them—Messrs. Ribbons & Winder are their improbable names—in my defense. Every year, they send me a form to fill in (we British fill *in*, not out; I don't know why) and discreetly advise me how, by clever, albeit legal, devices, to get a chunk of my forfeited earnings refunded. Last year, however, they took twelve months to conclude their business, because the Bank of England ("Safe as the Bank of England"!) admitted it had lost certain documents relevant to my case—the government meanwhile enjoying an interest-free loan of my money.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bloodsucker, as we British affectionately call the income-tax collector, is a decent man at heart and, not being himself responsible for the "schedule" he is called upon to implement, does his best to mitigate its cruelty. Long ago, while I was a struggling poet, still domiciled as well as resident in Great Britain, I used to visit Mr. Bloodsucker once a year, and actually looked forward to our confabulations. He would beam at me through his horn-rims and say, "Now, don't forget to claim for the upkeep of your bicycle, young man, or the heating of your workroom, not to mention library subscriptions. And, I suppose, you take in some learned journals? You can recover a bit from that source. By the bye, are you sure you are not contributing in part to the support of an aged relative? Oh, and look here! This claim for postal and telegraphic expenses is remarkably low. Why not add another couple of pounds for good measure? Doubtless you have left something out."



You see, in Britain the theory is (or at any rate was, in those halcyon twenties) that since the simple blue-jeaned or tatter-cuffed citizen, as opposed to the clever-clever natty-suited businessman, seldom, if ever, tries to cheat the government, he should be discouraged from cheating himself. And my Mr. Bloodsucker possessed great moral rectitude: if he found an anonymous note on his desk informing on Mr. Ananias Doe or Mrs. Sapphira Roe as unlawfully concealing taxable income, he always (I was told) would blush and tear it into a thousand fragments. To be brief, the British system of income-tax collection was not then, and is not now, fraught—Have I ever used that word before in my life? Never, but here goes!—*fraught* with so much drama as that of certain Latin countries, where it is tacitly understood that only a fool or a foreigner will disclose more than a bare tenth of his net earnings. And where, also, the authorities have no effective means of discovering what these earnings are, since many a—I hesitate to say every—sensible businessman, besides keeping at least two sets of books, running at least two secret bank accounts, and forgetting to record cash payments, has the collusive support of a large family and of the political party or racket to which he belongs. Income-tax sleuths in those countries are therefore forced to rely on what is called "evidence of affluence," meaning the worldly style in which a man lives, and to make a preliminary assessment of ten times the amount they hope to recover. Then battle is joined, and victory goes to whichever side has displayed the greater strength of character.

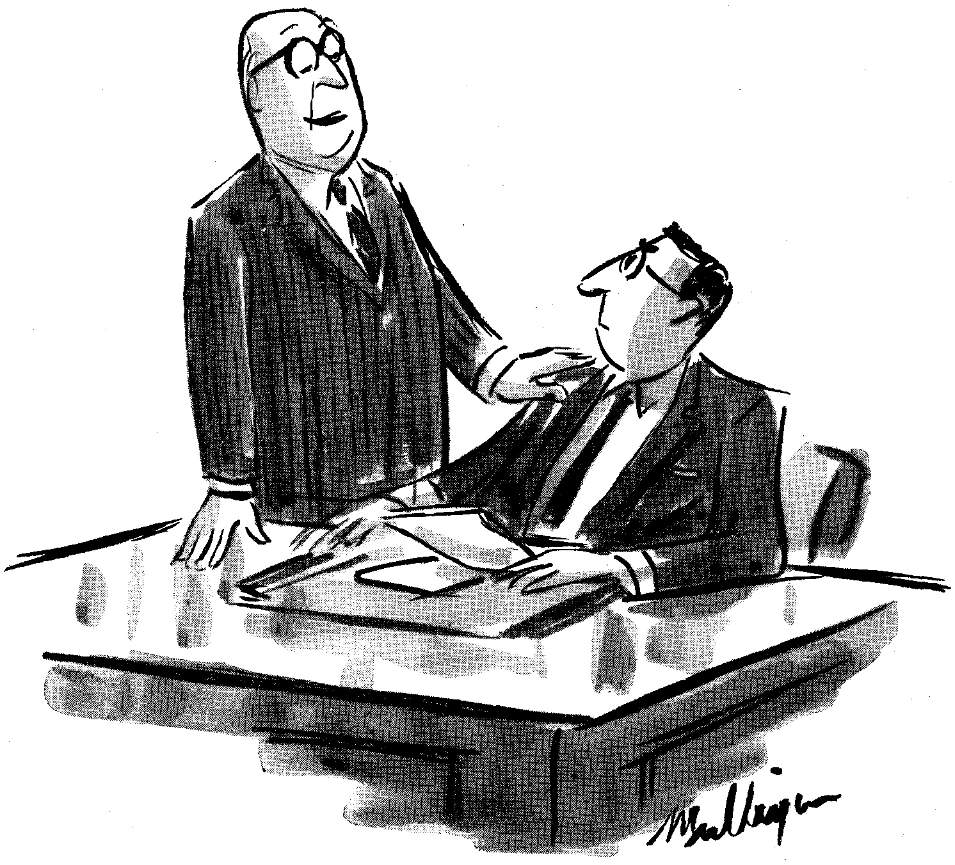
Since 1954, I have become liable to Spanish income tax and, although an honest English fool, I take care to offer the minimum evidence of affluence. Indeed, when my family and I occupied an apartment in Palma income tax became a splendid excuse for my wearing old clothes, shaving every other day, dining at the humble *fonda* round the corner rather than at the neon-lighted El Patio or El Cantábrico, and living an obscure, almost anti-social life. For Señor Chupasangre (Mr. Bloodsucker's Majorcan counterpart) lurked behind the cash desk of every expensive restaurant in town, and behind the curtains of every night club as well. Moreover, if I had joined the Tennis Club and bought a shiny new car, a motor launch, or even an electric gramophone, Señor Chupasangre would have heard of it the next day, through his very efficient intelligence service.

WELL, I must stop talking about myself—there is no more threadbare subject in the world than a writer's finances—and get on with my story about the Sanchez family, whose apartment adjoined ours in Palma. Since Majorcans always talk at the top of their voices (I once dared ask why, and was told, "Lest anyone should think us either ill or frightened"), and since the party walls in Palma apartment houses are extraordinarily thin, for the sake alike of economy and of neighborliness, I can describe in faithful detail a domestic scene which I did not actually witness.

Don Cristóbal Sanchez, the smart young owner of a newly established furniture factory, and his plump, brown-eyed, sallow-skinned young wife, Doña Aina, who had incongruously beblonded hair, and a heavy gold crucifix dangling on her bosom, always greeted us politely on the stairs, however often we might meet in the course of the day. They also borrowed from us, with monotonous regularity, methylated spirit, matches, bread, electric-light bulbs, needles, thread, iodine, aspirins, and our stepladder, and came calling at unreasonable hours—frequently when we were in bed—to ask whether they might use our telephone for a long-distance call to Barcelona. The family Sanchez owned a radio set and a baby, both shockingly audible; but I persuaded Doña Aina not to turn on the radio during my work hours except on red-letter feast days (of which the Spanish calendar, to my Protestant way of thinking, contains far too many). The baby I could disregard; when other people's babies are teething, their wails are almost a pleasure to one who has suffered as much as I have from the sorrows of his own large family. Besides, teething babies do not cry in any tune, or use words intelligible enough to interrupt my inner voice and so destroy the rhythm of what I am writing.

Twelve years ago, before the Majorcan real-estate boom began, Aina's father, a scion of a noble Aragonese family that came over here in 1229 with King James the Conqueror and drove out the Moors, was forced to sell the family palace in Palma and two heavily mortgaged country estates to satisfy his deceased uncle's creditors. The prices that they realized were pitiful. Aina's father, however, managed to keep a row of fourteenth-century houses in the center of Palma, which the Town Council subsequently commandeered and pulled down to make room for a new arcade lined with tourist shops. This insensate act did the poor fellow a lot of good, because under the Rent Restriction Law his tenants had been paying him at a rate fixed in 1900, when the peseta was still a silver coin and a laborer's daily wage; it is now worth two United States cents. The generous compensation awarded for the sites saved Aina's father from the poorhouse, and he even started speculating in new suburban building schemes, though not with much judgment, as will appear.

Aina, in the circumstances, was lucky to marry as well as she did. Don Cristóbal comes of respectable, if hardly resplendent, lineage, and has looks, industry, optimism, and money to recommend him. Not that Aina had had no previous offers; we heard from our maid's brother, who works in a fashionable El Terreno bar, that she was engaged for three years to her second cousin Don Gregorio de la Torre Oscura y Parelada, whom we did not know, but about whom Cristóbal teased Aina pretty often, with loud guffaws of laughter. Cristóbal's major failing, it should be emphasized, was his self-satisfaction, complicated by an inability to keep his large, neatly mustached mouth shut. We had overheard, through the wall, Doña Aina making some pretty caustic remarks on this trait.



"Now, I don't want you to do it my way because I say, 'Do it my way.' I want you to do it my way because you see it my way!"

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OUR maid's brother described for us the precise means by which Cristóbal contrived to detach Aina from Don Gregorio. Briefly, it was as follows. Owing to the impossibility of forming new political parties under Franco's rule, Majorcan youth had found an alternative outlet for its intellectual energies: the ultra-religious group known as Mau-Mau. Aina's parents were among its founders. Mau-Mau was ascetically ultra-Catholic, aghast at the present decadence of manners, and run somewhat on the catch-your-buddy principles of Moral Rearmament: with earnest parties called together amid delightful surroundings, and an active policy of infiltration into high society and the learned professions. Ordinary Catholics, such as our maid's brother, were offended by the Mau-Mau's custom of referring to the Deity as "*Mi Amo*" ("My Master"); the word "Mau-Mau," he told us, stands for "*Mi Amo Unico, Mi Amo Universal*" ("My Only Master, My Universal Master").

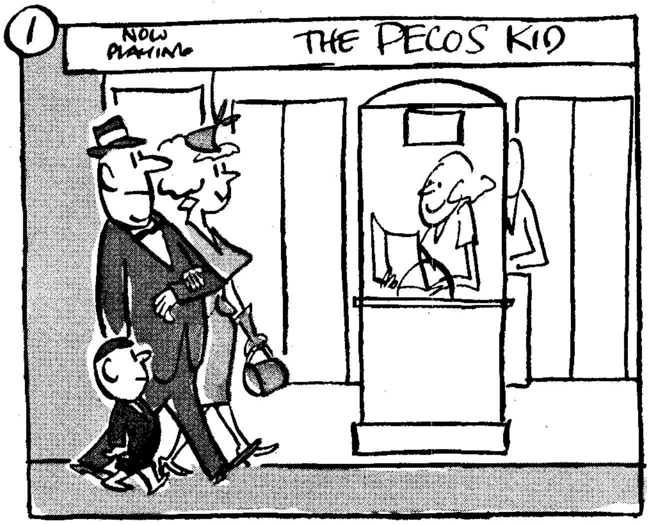
Cristóbal Sanchez, it seems, joined the Mau-Mau and volunteered to act as the group's secret watchman at our local yacht club, the Club Nautico, keeping tabs on not too trustworthy young Mau-Mau members there. His motive may only be guessed at, not roundly asserted. All we can say for sure is that though Don Gregorio had also joined the group, as a means of conciliating Aina's parents, his mind was not wholly bent on heavenly things. He used to get drunk at Tito's and Larry's and Mam's, kept disreputable company, preferred American jazz to the *capella clásica*, consorted at the Granja Réus with a Mexican divorcée, and, in his cups, used to sneer at Mau-Mau, inventing the most scandalous stories about the secret lives led by its more earnest promoters. Cristóbal reported all this to Aina's father, as was his duty, and Don Gregorio found himself ignominiously expelled from the group. Moreover, the Mau-Mau's vigilante squad, being authorized to take strong-arm action against such of their fellows as had fallen from grace, waylaid him outside Tito's one night, pushed him into a taxi, drove him to a lonely building outside the town, and worked over him until dawn, with austere relish.

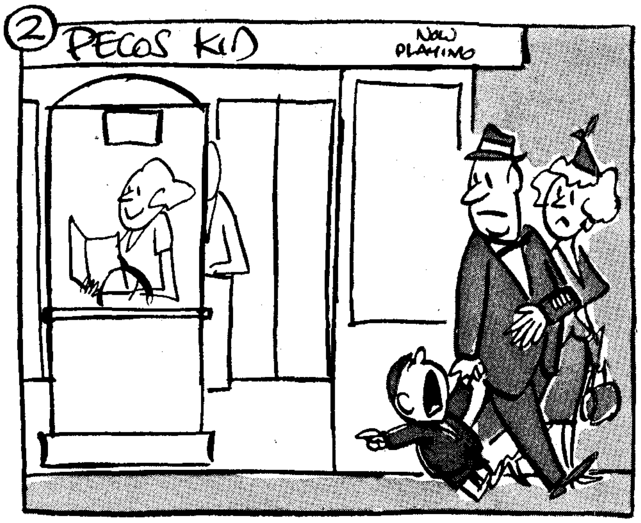
Aina, having already heard from a friend about the Mexican divorcée, shed no tears for Don Gregorio; he had nearly run through his inheritance, but refused to work and took her complaisance too much for granted—"almost as if they had already married and put their honeymoon behind them," our maid's brother told us. She very sensibly switched to the more eligible Don Cristóbal. Having secured his law degree, he was now embarking on a prosperous business career, kept an *esnipé* (or fourteen-foot sailing dinghy) at the Club Nautico, and also enjoyed conveying her on the pillion seat of his motor scooter to beauty spots not easily accessible by sea. After an apotheosistical scene in the Club Nautico—the sordid details of which I must withhold—Don Gregorio shook the dust of Palma (and very dusty it can be in the sirocco season) from his pointed shoes and left for Madrid, where he had relatives. "But listen to me well, you assassin, you animal," he warned Cristóbal as he departed. "The day will come when I shall return and settle accounts with you!"

And return he did. One hot morning in May, as I sat at my table patiently translating Lucan's "Pharsalia" and begging my inner voice to disregard the gramophone across the street playing "La Paloma," a very loud ring sounded in Cristóbal's and Aina's unusually quiet apartment.

A beggar, I thought. Beggars always press the bell push twice as hard as tradesmen or friends. In half a minute, he'll be pushing at mine. . . .

I waited, but no beggar appeared. Instead, Doña Aina hurried out onto





the Sanchez terrace, which is separated from ours by an iron railing. My workroom mirror showed her flattened against the house wall there, clasping and unclasping her hands in obvious anxiety. Cristóbal, I guessed, had looked through the grilled spy hole of the front door and signalled for her to vanish; I laid down my pen and listened.

Cristóbal was greeting the visitor in his high tenor voice, with every indication of pleasure: "Why, Gregorio, what a magnificent surprise! I thought you were still in Madrid. Welcome home!"

To my relief, I could distinguish an answering warmth in Gregorio's resonant baritone as he entered the apartment: "It is indeed delightful to shake you by the hand, Cristóbal, after so long a time. I have been thinking of you often, remembering the trotting track, and the pigeon-shooting, and our *esnipé* races across the harbor, and all the high times we had before— in fact, before—"

In the mirror, I watched Doña Aina's face, alert and troubled, as Cristóbal replied, in the grand manner required of him by the classic situation, "Gregorio, I honor your nobility of mind. That you deign to visit my house after the painful threats you uttered at the Club Nautico on that sad day suggests that you have at last forgiven me for my great felicity. Aina is now not only my wife but has given birth to a precious little boy."

An anxious moment, but Gregorio, it seemed, took the blow stoically enough. "Well," he said, "your behavior was a trifle violent, I must confess—when Aina and I had been courting for three years and had made all our wedding preparations—but, of course, now that your theft has been legalized, and crowned with the registered birth of a new citizen, what can I do but felicitate you in a truly Christian spirit? Not another word, man! Besides, Aina is by no means the only girl in Spain. In fact, though I do not mean to insult either of you by invidious comparisons, I have lately formed strong relations with—some might say—an even more intelligent and beautiful girl, of a better family also, if that were possible. We met at Seville, during the Fair. As it happens, she also is a native of this city, and loves me madly."

Ice having thus been broken, the two former rivals grew still more affectionate.

"My heartiest congratulations, dear friend!"

"Accepted with enthusiasm. A grave defect in this new situation is, however, the exaggerated wealth of my fiancée's family. It is a constant trouble to me."

"Well, Aina's family do not suffer from *that* defect, at least," Cristóbal said. "On the contrary, they come to me every second Monday, asking for material support."

"Naturally! Aina was a prize that demanded handsome payment. But your furniture business flourishes, I understand?"

"Like a row of runner beans. I am pretty well off now, thanks be to God and the tourist boom. Thirty-three new hotels, sixty new *residencias*, and eighty-four *pensións* are building this winter! But, dear Gregorio, if your fiancée is so deeply attached to you, why should her family's wealth discommode you?"

"Don't pretend to be a fool, friend Cristóbal; clearly, they wish to assure themselves that their daughter will continue to live as she is accustomed to live—with servants, parties, visits, tennis, plentiful new clothes, an hour at the hairdresser's every day, and so forth. However, she's a match for that old egoist her father. She threatens to enter a nunnery if she may not marry me. So he has given way, with bad grace. But first I must make a respectable quantity of money in my new job; that is his firm condition."

"You really have a job, Gregorio? Love indeed works miracles!"

"Oh, not much of a job—hardly, indeed, one to boast about, or even mention in polite society. But it has certain possibilities."

"Black market, I presume?"

"No, no," Gregorio said. "My future father-in-law, Don Mariano Colom y Bonapart—"

"Don Mariano!" echoed Cristóbal in astonishment.

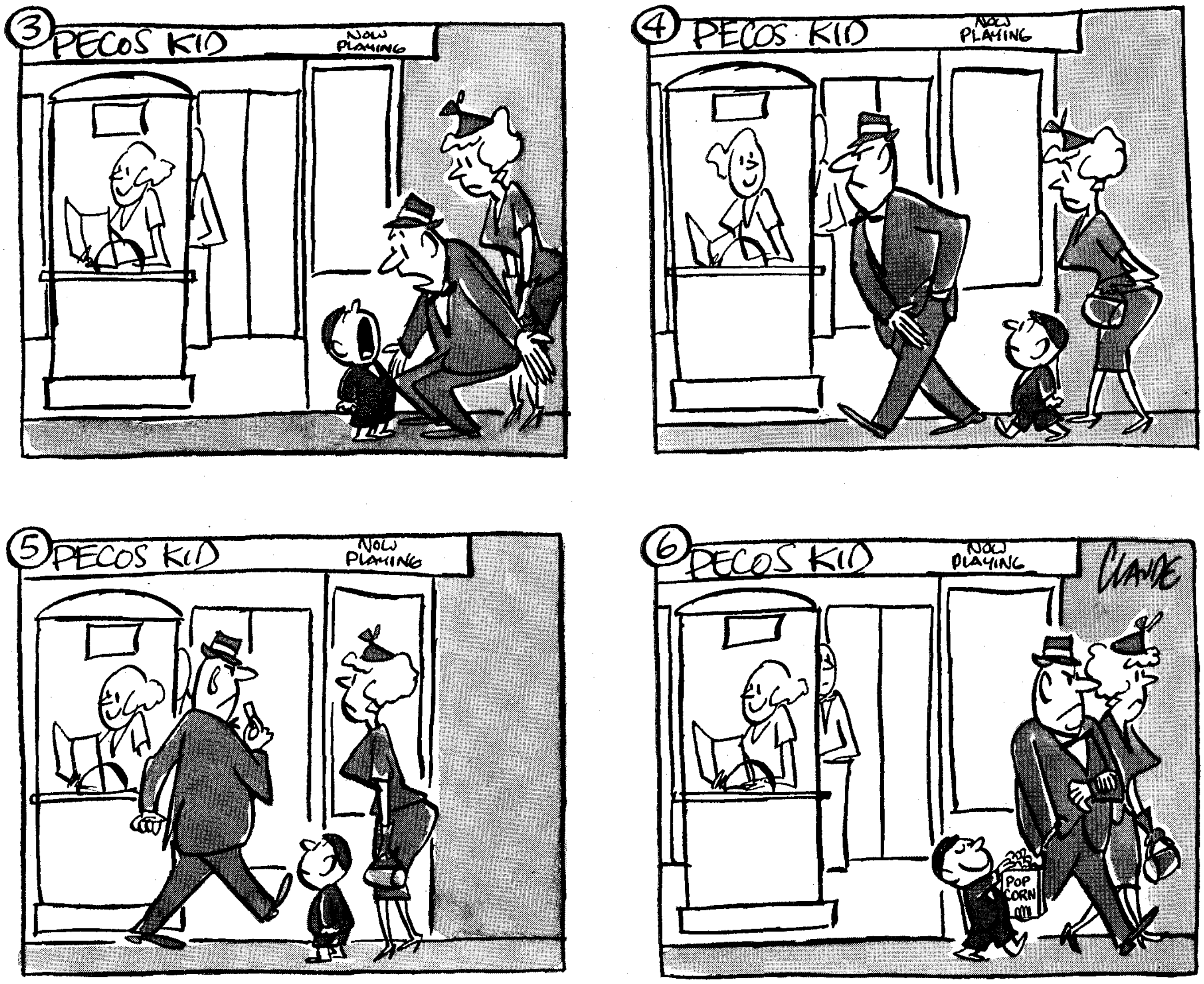
"—is so highly connected that he would never think of damaging his reputation by putting me into any dubious business."

"No? I suppose that the fortune he made a few years ago, smuggling penicillin from Tangier to our hospitals—so-called penicillin, which required an act of faith to make it work—has now been decently invested in those fantastic tourist novelties? He must be prospering."

"Well, of course, nobody ever *proved* that he smuggled penicillin—a most charitable business, by the way—and still less that it was ineffective when properly used. I have no doubt but that the doctors themselves adulterated their supplies to make them go further. At any rate, the case against him has been officially dropped. Oh, yes, the novelties you mention are doing well enough, especially among conducted groups of Germans—best of all, the imitation stalactites, in plastic, with bullfighters and flamenco dancers painted on them in three colors. Don Mariano is now considering more austere lines, for the English; he has consulted an English judge who is here on holiday."

"But your own job, Gregorio?"

"Forgive me, Cristóbal; I am



ashamed. It is with one of the Ministries—too boring and distasteful to discuss."

"Yet it carries its traditional perquisites?"

"Of course! Would Don Mariano have arranged it for me otherwise?"

"You seem a trifle gloomy, Gregorio. Will you drink a nipperkin of brandy?"

"I don't drink, for the present. Don Mariano would not favor an alcoholic son-in-law. It will have to be an orangeade, I fear."

"Why not a Coca-Cola? I'll fetch one from our electric refrigerator."

"So you own a refrigerator, Cristóbal?"

"Thanks be to the Virgin! We are not among those who cool their butter in a pail let down the well!"

"It is very pleasant to hear of your increased earnings and domestic amelioration, dear Cristóbal. This refreshing Coca-Cola is a conclusive sign of prosperity. Friends tell me also that you gave a grand party the other day at the Hotel Nacionál?"

"Ah, I wish you had been there! How the champagne corks popped! It was to celebrate the christening of our son."

"That must have cost you a capital!"

"It did, and Aina's parents contributed not a single peseta of all the five thousand. I can speak freely to you—Aina is away at the moment, being fitted for an evening dress. By the bye, she still thinks very highly of you."

To judge by the tightening of Doña Aina's lips, seen in the mirror, Cristóbal would pay for this remark as soon as Gregorio left. But she continued in hiding, though I could see that the sun's glare was bothering her. I quietly opened my French window, went out, and, with a polite smile, handed her a pair of sunglasses through the railing. Doña Aina looked startled at this unexpected loan, but gratefully slipped them on.

Gregorio was saying, "Your wife's opinion flatters me. And you could hardly expect much help from those Mau-Mau simpletons her parents. They have suffered several financial reverses of late, or so I hear from my lawyers—particularly their need to compensate the former tenants of that new apartment house. What an unfortunate investment it proved!"

"You are altogether right!" Cristóbal agreed. "Your prospective father-in-law palmed it off on my actual father-in-law only just in time. I trust Don Mariano will not be sent to jail when the inquiry publishes its findings on the cause of the building's collapse."

"Don Mariano in jail!" laughed Gregorio. "What a ridiculous thought! No, no! The inquiry has already been closed. You see, the plans were the city architect's, and a city architect is above suspicion; and if Don Dionisio Gomez, the building contractor, economized on cement and used defective beams, how was Don Mariano to know? Don Dionisio emigrated to Venezuela, I understand, before Aina's father could sue him."

"Of course, that was a great blow to us. But, by the mercy of God, no one perished in the disaster, except the Ibizan widow without relatives. All the other tenants were away, watching the Corpus Christi procession. As for the automobile in the garage below, which got smashed to pieces when the four apartments, with their furniture, fell on top of it—fortunately, that old museum piece was Don Dionisio's own! In the circumstances, he will hardly dare claim compensation."

"I agree, my dear Cristóbal. It is, as a matter of fact, about that automobile that I have heard an amusing story. You yourself sold it to Don Dionisio in 1953, as I recall?"

"Exactly; and very glad I was to rid myself of it, and at so good a price, too. Not only were the brakes and the steering defective but someone warned me just in time that, under the new income-tax system, possession of an automobile would be regarded as evidence of affluence. I acted at once."

"That was smart! But, Cristóbal, what about your other signs of affluence—the five-thousand-peseta christening party, that electric refrigerator, this vacuum cleaner, your honored wife's evening dresses, the English baby carriage in the hall, the financial help you are known to give your father-in-law? Don't you realize that these must inevitably catch the attention of Señor Chupasangre, the Chief Inspector?"

"Aina and I laugh at him. We pass for poor folk; I am careful to keep no automobile."

"But, Cristóbal, you do!"

"*I* keep an automobile? What joke is this?"

"I mean the one which got crushed by the deciduous apartments."

"Idiot, I sold that to Don Dionisio four years ago!"

Gregorio said slowly and clearly, "Yes, you sold it, but Don Dionisio never registered that change of ownership at the Town Hall; consequently, it remains in your name. As I see it, you are liable for income tax during the whole of 1954, 1955, 1956, and 1957 at a high rate that is almost certain to be discussed between you and Señor Chupasangre."

"The insect! How did you discover this trick?"

"I happened to consult the register at the Town Hall in the course of my business."

"But, Gregorio, that is nonsense! The automobile has been Don Dionisio's, not mine, since 1953!"

"In the eyes of the law it is still yours, pardon me. And Don Dionisio is not here to tell them otherwise."

"Pooh!" blustered Cristóbal. "Who says that I am liable to income tax? I can show Señor Chupasangre my business accounts—the more pessimistic official ones, naturally—to prove that I do not qualify. If he asks me, I shall swear that the refrigerator and the vacuum cleaner were wedding presents, and that the English baby carriage has been lent us by my sister. As for the party and Aina's evening dresses—"

"Do you take Señor Chupasangre and his colleagues for fools?"

"Why not?"

But Doña Aina had already scented danger. I saw her involuntarily clap a hand over her own mouth, since she could not clap it over her husband's.

Gregorio protested, "Cristóbal, dear friend, as I have been trying to tell you throughout this pleasant conversation, Aina is no longer anything to me, except your faithful wife and the mother of your little son; yet I owe to myself, and to my Ministry, the performance of a sacred duty. For, granted that I may be the fool you call me, this new job of mine—"

"Gregorio! What are you saying, man?"

"—this new job, however distasteful it may be at times, carries with it, as you suggested, certain traditional perquisites. By your leave, I shall call again officially tomorrow. Meanwhile, my best regards to your distinguished wife! Tell her how enchanted I am that she still remembers my name."

The door slammed. Gregorio's footsteps could be heard retreating unhurriedly down the stairs.

In the mirror, I saw Doña Aina stoop to pick up a sizable pot of pink geraniums. Would she drop it—*¡Catacrok!*—on Gregorio's head as he emerged into the street?

But I should have known that this would not be Doña Aina's way. Instead, she flung wide open the French window of her own apartment and stood for a moment with one foot advanced, the flowerpot poised low on her right palm, her left hand raised as though in a Falangist salute.

"Animal! Imbecile!" she cried, and let fly at Cristóbal with all her strength.

I stuffed a finger into each ear to drown the crash. —ROBERT GRAVES

FELLOW-CREATURES, TRAY AND OUTRÉ

THE DOG

The truth I do not stretch or shove
When I state the dog is full of love.
I've also proved, by actual test,
A wet dog is the lovingest.

THE ARMADILLO

The armadillo lives inside
A corrugated plated hide.
Below the border this useful creature
Of tidy kitchens is a feature,
For housewives use an armadillo
To scour their pots, instead of Brillo.

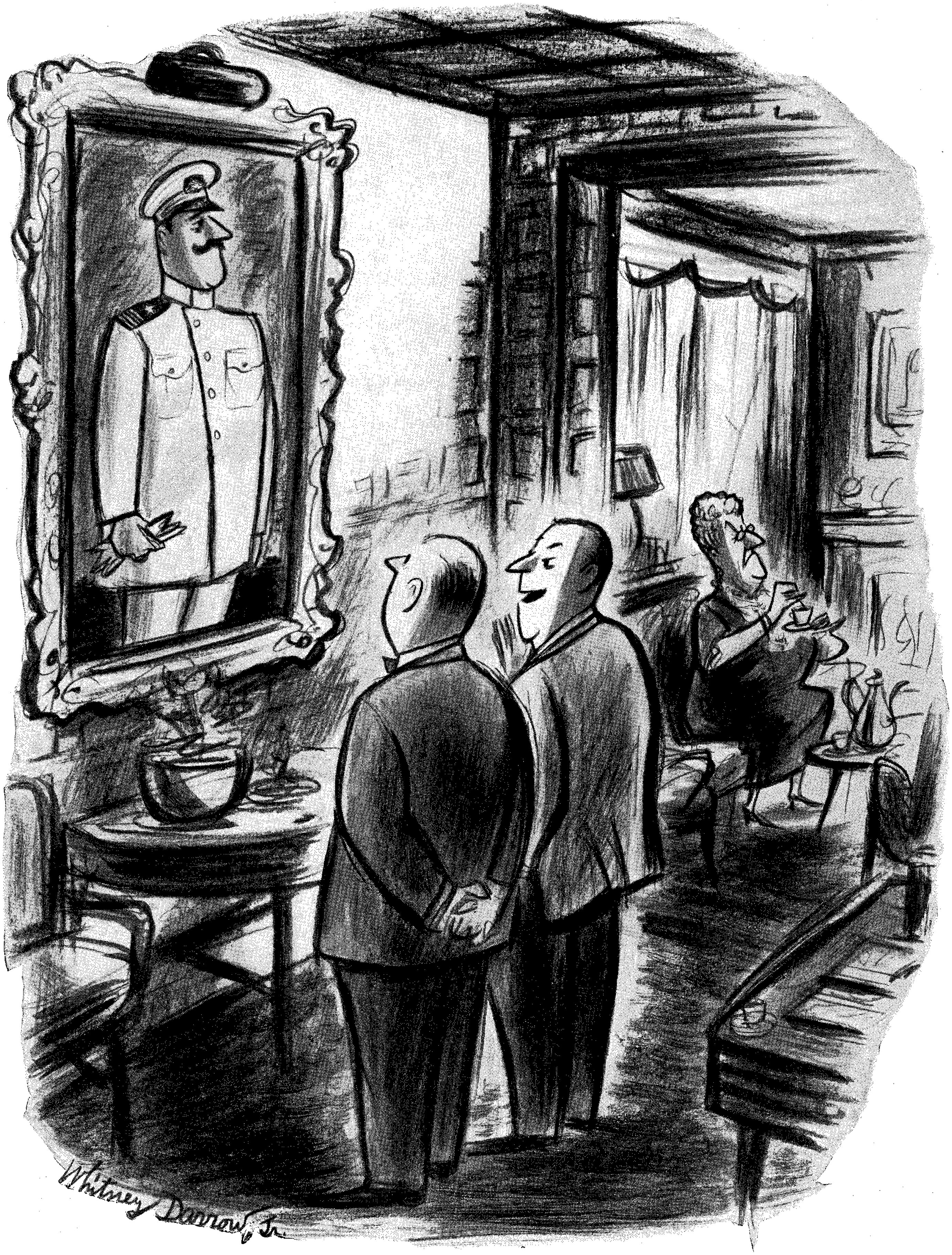
THE CARCAJOU AND THE KINCAJOU

They tell me of a distant zoo
Where a carcajou met a kincajou.
Full soon to savage blows they came
From laughing at each other's name.
The agile ajous fought till dark
And carc slew kinc and kinc slew carc,
And beside the conquered kincajou
Lay the carcass of the carcajou.

THE AXOLOTL

I've never met an axolotl,
But Harvard has one in a bottle,
Perhaps—and at the thought I shiver—
The very villain from Fall River,
Where Lizzie Borden took an axolotl
And gave her mother forty whaxolotl.

—OGDEN NASH


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"That's just between us, of course. Mother's always had the belief that he went down with his ship."

THE HAPPY HOUR

THERE are days when you wake up feeling not only that it is spring but that you are young again. It may be March or it may be October, but the bedroom curtains curl and swirl as they once did, in a breeze that reaches you with that just-right, remembered feeling (And from where? From Rochester, maybe? From Colorado?) of warmth threaded with coolness. The sun outside has the old, authentic glitter: friendly, welcoming, and yet not insistent—just, promisingly, waiting for you to come out and enjoy it. There is, or there may be, the sound of wood being sawed and hammered, and if you are extremely lucky, a further sound, to be listened to while you are washing and dressing, of someone slowly and hesitantly practicing scales on the piano or the flute. You see and hear it all—feel it all, too—with the newness, the freshness that such things had for you in your youth.

Days like that (And how rarely do they happen to us now?), I wander. These are days for the slow, rambling walk, with no purpose, no destination—not even to look for a sign or a symbol, for haven't you already had one, coming mysteriously from the past? They're the days when you pause for no reason in front of shopwindows, not looking at anything particularly, or not noticing, and then—again for no reason—move on; when you stop at street corners, waiting for the traffic light to change, and it does change, and you linger on unnoticing till it has again gone against you, and you don't mind, being quite content to remain there, on your own little island (Of time? Of space?) in the mixed flow of traffic and people around you.

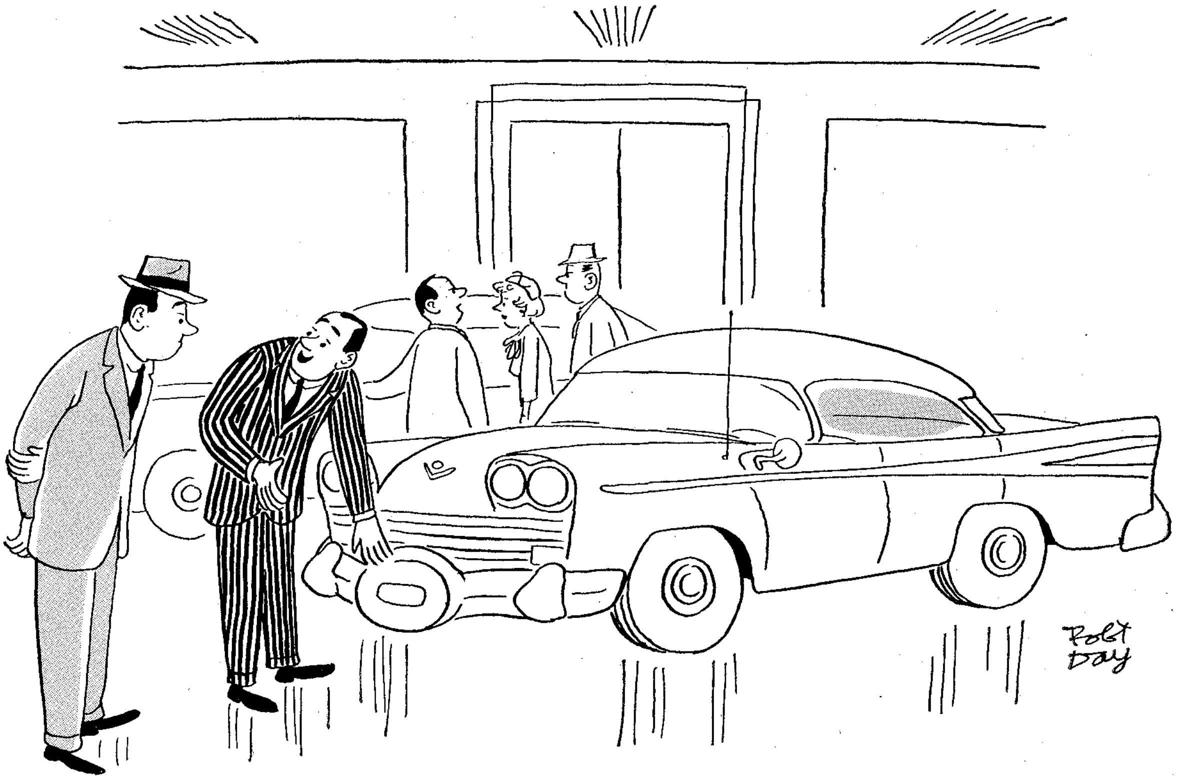
On one such day, walking on Fifth Avenue, downtown, I raised my eyes above their own level, for once, and saw, far above the street, a group of four men working at the very top of one of those tall, cagelike affairs they erect as a sort of skeleton elevator shaft along the side of a building under construction. The men were rigging a new pulley or cable for the elevator, apparently, and they were so sure, so agile, and so daring, clambering about there fourteen to fifteen stories above the street (the shaft towered, even, above the top of the building it stood against), with nothing but the thin, crisscrossing steel tubing of the shaft's framework for footing, and with nothing beneath them but air and eternity, that it was truly breathtaking. As I stood, transfixed, I felt a body bump against my legs, and looked down to see a small boy sprawling on the sidewalk and a large rubber beach ball go bouncing past me. The boy picked himself up; the ball went out into the center of the Avenue, where it stopped in the midst of the traffic—but I was glad to note that the boy, though he strained toward it as if held by a leash, didn't leave the sidewalk.

Well, so there I was, with two things to watch: the ball, large, red, vulnerable among the just-barely-missing-it cars, and the men above (and of course I'd already begun imagining; one of them, a fellow named Chuck Kelly, married, living in Bayside, two children—why, only this morning his wife had said, "Drink your coffee, Chuck, eat your breakfast. What's the matter with you? You look worried," and he'd said, "I don't know why, baby. Honest, I just don't know. But I'll be glad when this job is over." And now, high up there, as he reaches to untangle a snag in the cable . . .)—the men vulnerable, too.

My dilemma was resolved a few moments later, when a ramshackle truck, painted green, stopped beside the ball and—while cars honked and hooted behind him—an elderly Negro driver climbed down, gave the ball a careful kick to the sidewalk, then climbed back into the cab and drove on. I felt like applauding, as I also felt a while later when, their job accomplished, the men (Chuck Kelly among them; he'd get through this job, after all) started swinging down the struts and braces of the framework, swift as monkeys going from tree branch to tree branch, to the roof of the building and comparative safety. And the odd thing was that no one else, in the crowd that was passing, seemed to have noticed either incident at all.

Or another time, when I was standing like that (not dreaming, exactly; one's too conscious of things for it to be that, but still there is a certain remoteness), a crew of men and girls on motorcycles went past. That was over on Second Avenue, along in the Fifties, and the girls, of course, were riding pillion, their hair flying and their faces flushed and eager, and the men were looking stern and watchful in their black leather jackets and boots, and their wide, rivet-studded belts. They were heading downtown—to the bridges, perhaps, and away—and they went roaring past in a glint and a spatter of steel, paint, glass, and accoutrements. I don't know why, but at the moment it was as if I had never really seen a motorcycle before in my life.

That was on a Saturday, and sunny, and I'd been angling east, before, across Madison and Park and then, for a while, up Lexington. But Lexington bored me, as always. It's an avenue of mixed, minor, but always heavily respectable enterprises; it's a thoroughly middle-class avenue, full of shiny shopwindows and polished façades but somehow uninteresting—in that region, at least—and after a few blocks of it I'd turned over to Third, and then Second. Now I headed north again, past the antique stores, the discreet little restaurants, the bars and the Gristedes, past the wide lift and rush of the Queensboro Bridge entrance. (And why, I wondered, hadn't the motorcyclists crossed there? Were they coming *into* town instead of going out of it?) I was in the easier, quieter air of the Sixties, with little neighborhood stores and small, shop-size enterprises (tinsmith, locksmith, cabinetmaker) instead of antique stores; the cars no longer jousting and jostling at the crossings, the bars fewer. "MELDAN," a big sign across a corner building said, but it didn't say what Meldan did. Du Bon Restaurant, Orders to Take Out, looked substantial, too, but it was closed, cleaned of furnishings, and the windows were dusty; the Dante, Italian-Ameri-



"This little piece of equipment is optional. Immediately upon impact with another object, it sends a short-wave signal to your insurance company."

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can Cuisine, across the way, seemed to be doing better.

And it was such a bright, *bright* day; I knew something was bound to happen. A man wearing one of those striped, flat-topped caps that locomotive engineers wear looked at me as we stood together at the corner of Sixty-sixth Street, waiting for the light to change—a man just in from Albany, I figured, working on the Hudson Division—and our eyes met companionably. But he said nothing, and neither did I. In the next block, a cop was standing at the curb, talking amiably to a taxi-driver. "He was just about half an hour late," he was saying, cryptically, as I passed. "But we got there all right, just the same," he went on, and I realized he was talking in anapaests. I don't know how *he* concluded the quatrain, but my version was "If you let me use babies for bait/I will catch any fish you can name." Or, a little way farther on: "Let us pity, not censure, nor hate,/The moth as it flies toward the flame." But I saw then that I was growing moralistic, and that certainly wouldn't do. And besides I was getting up toward the supermarket region around Seventy-second Street, where all the ladies are always dragging little wheeled, folding caddie carts, for their groceries, and that never fails to embarrass me; should I offer to help, or shouldn't I? More than that, I was getting thirsty, and at the next likely-looking bar I came to, I stopped in for a beer.

THE Happy Hour, it was called, a dark, roomy, ancient place, and I picked it for the name, primarily, and certainly not for the strips and stripes of varicolored paper ribbon—put up years ago, perhaps, and then forgotten—that festooned the window. Yet, because of it, I acquired—temporarily, at least—a new identity, lost four dollars and fifty cents, and met a remarkably pretty girl. I should add that I almost fell in love. But all that came later, and when I went in I'd no idea that any of this was going to happen. All I knew was that I had scarcely set foot inside the door before I realized, happily, that the place was exactly what I had wanted. The proprietor—a tall, slab-cheeked man, white-haired and pale-skinned, in a blue coat-sweater and white apron—was clearly the sort who liked comfort and ease and good company, and he was sitting, when I came in, on a padded bar stool placed behind the bar and at the mid-point of it, the array of bottles and the conventional portrait of President Eisenhower behind him, talking with one of the customers.

"Pete?" he said. He hadn't looked at me yet, but I knew he was conscious of me. He was just, you know, taking his time. "No, he hasn't been in since Saint Pat's Day. And then—well, God save me!"

"Ah, I know," said the other. He was a rangy, lantern-jawed fellow, black-haired and red-faced. They were all men at the bar, five or six of them, but there was a parlor beyond (The place even had a parlor!), where I could see at least one couple sitting. "Give the man a drink or two . . ." the red-faced man went on, and he shook his head a little. "But he's a good man still, for all that."

"That he is," said the proprietor.

"He's a hard worker, too. Tell me now," said the other. "Is it true he married an Italian?"

But by now the boss was sliding slowly off his stool to serve me. "Oh, no, no," he was saying as he came over. "The name was Cole, or something like that. An Englishwoman, I believe." He turned to me, and it was then that the odd thing happened. For as his eye met mine I could see, too late to respond to it properly, that his held a sudden look of recognition.

"Why, hello!" he cried, in the tone of one greeting an old acquaintance. But it came just as I was saying, "A beer, please," and I'm afraid my "Hello," when I got it out, must have seemed perfunctory. His air, as he drew my glass of beer, sliced the foam off, let the glass stand a moment, and then added a final squirt (I could see he was a man who gave full measure), was obviously thoughtful.

"I couldn't be mistaken now, could I?" he demanded as he brought it over. "Didn't you use to come in here all the time, three, four years ago?"

Well, I didn't know where it was going to lead me, and of course I had never been in the place before in my life. I suppose it was that odd, chancy feeling I'd had all day, as of spring, as of youth, that made me do it. Besides, I didn't want to disappoint him. "So I did," I told him, and his

A PRIMER OF THE DAILY ROUND

A peels an apple, while B kneels to God,
C telephones to D, who has a hand
On E's knee, F coughs, G turns up the sod
For H's grave; I do not understand,
But J is bringing one clay pigeon down,
While K brings down a nightstick on L's head,
And M takes mustard, N drives into town,
O goes to bed with P, and Q drops dead,
R lies to S, but happens to be heard
By T, who tells U not to fire V
For having to give W the word
That X is now deceiving Y with Z,
Who happens just now to remember A
Peeling an apple somewhere far away.

—Howard Nemerov

* *

face lit up. "I just didn't think you'd remember me, that's all."

"Oh, old Tom Connelly never forgets a face," he said. He was smiling now, a shade hesitantly. "I'm not so good on names," he added, and I took the hint. I gave him the first one I could think of. "Dick Whitman," I said, and at that he snapped his fingers in triumph.

"Didn't I tell you?" he cried. "Old Tom never forgets!" I stared. I'd been taken for a variety of people before, from a reporter on the *Daily News* to Lionel Stander (it seems I've that kind of a face), but this was the first time I'd been able to call my double's name as well.

The proprietor had turned to the man next me. This was a short, shrivelled little fellow, dish-faced and battered, but cheerful, and he was holding onto his beer glass with both hands, as if by the act he might make two of them. "You remember him, don't you, Micky?" Connelly demanded. "Dick—What was it again? Dick Whitman? Used to come in here, years back, with them movie people?"

"Radio," I said, because it seemed a little more likely, but neither of them paid much attention.

"Ah, sure! Sure I do," said Micky, and one hand let go of his glass to wring mine. "Ah, I'm telling you, those were the days!"

"Sure they were. Sure they were," agreed Tom. He had the face of an actor, capable of any emotion. Now he was genial. "Been away?" he asked me.

Moved right out of the neighborhood, I told him, and he shook his head understandingly. "Ah, so that's it," he said, and he stood awhile looking me over amiably. "You're lookin' well, though," he went on. "Better off, too, if you don't mind my saying it. You've done all right for yourself, I take it."

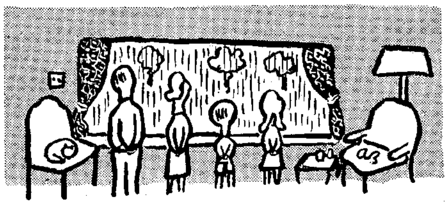
Not too badly, I said, and I permitted my manner to become a bit more expansive, as befitted a man who had prospered. "Good lad!" he commented, but I could see that his mind was turning toward his other patrons, as any good bartender's should. A tall, portly man in a well-cut gray topcoat, obviously a man of importance in the neighborhood, had just come in. "Mister Connelly!" he cried with exaggerated punctilio as he moved up to the bar, and Tom cried "Mis-ter Clarke, now!" and—it was all apparently a matter of old habit—seized a bottle of Bushmill's from the shelf behind him even as he turned.

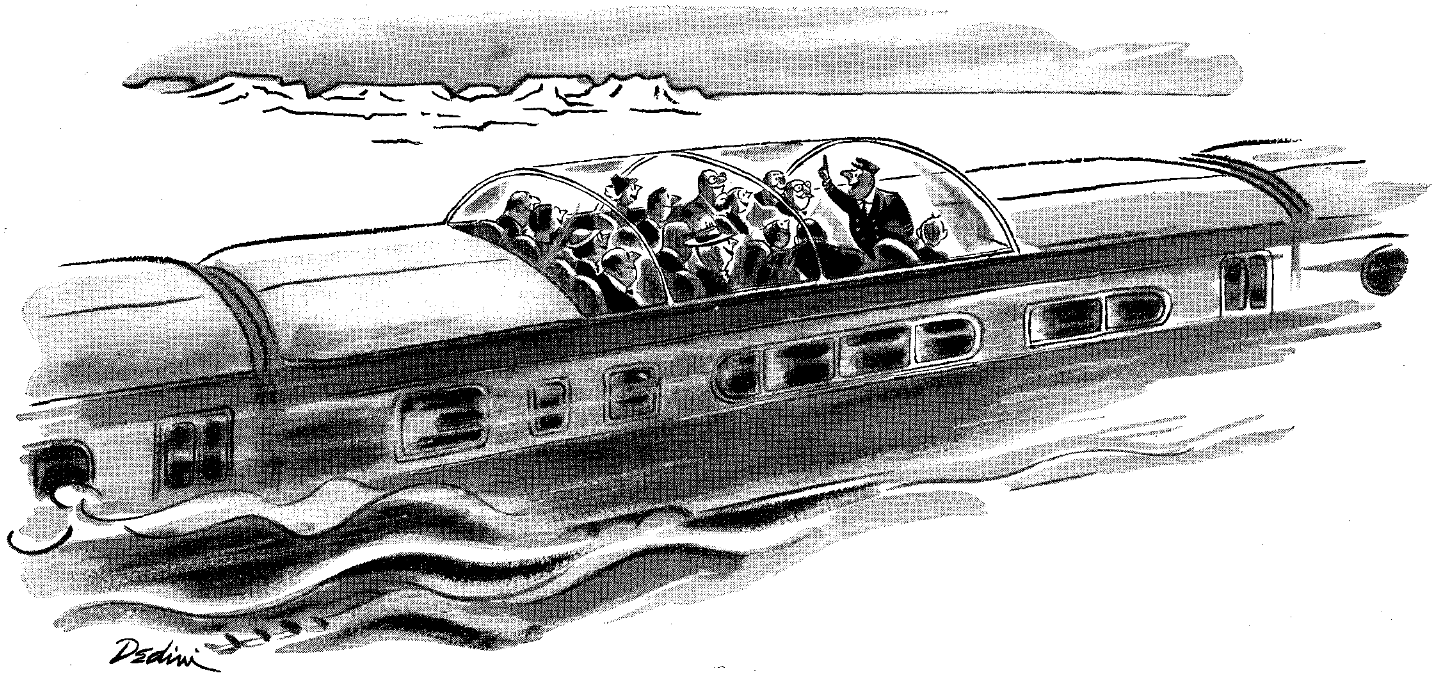
I stood there, listening to the lazy, easy bar talk around me. "I learnt to drink early in life," I remember hearing a lean man with a long, morose face say, halfway down the bar. "I was apprentice to a man that always took a shot before breakfast. He was abstemious, too. But he learnt me." Then he downed the shot of whiskey before him, slapped the bar with his hand in token of farewell, and turned away. And I thought, These are things one doesn't hear everywhere. A young man in a trench coat, who had been sitting hunched over a crossword puzzle still farther down along the bar, flipped his paper shut and departed. Mr. Clarke, after tossing off his glass at a gulp and following it with a sip of water, had already gone.

SO, one by one, they all went away. I'd come in, it seemed, at the end of one cycle of customers and before the beginning of another, but the truth is I scarcely noticed. I'd been standing there sipping my beer and trying to reconstruct my new past at the Happy Hour. I'd been four or five years younger, of course, and that much foolisher. Poorer, too, it seemed: a young writer, perhaps—or, no, rather a photographer (somehow, suddenly, that seemed more appropriate) working free-lance and having a fairly rough time of it. There'd been others, too—a couple of aspiring young actors (that explained the reference to the "movie people"), a young fellow in advertising, and maybe another, just starting in in a brokerage house downtown, whom we all made fun of a little for his cheerful bumblingness, but who often was useful when it came time to pay for the drinks. We'd been drawn there by the name, no doubt, and, for the brief while the group hung together, we had certainly brought youth and laughter and happiness to the dim old place. Tom himself had turned out to be the perfect host for us, too—part comrade, part mentor, rejoicing at our successes, sympathizing with us at our defeats, even helping us, at times, more substantially, when the going got really tough. "I can't see lads like you going without," he'd say, and I could almost hear him say it. "Sure, you'll all be rich and famous someday."

I could almost hear him say it, but I didn't realize how right I was till, the bar empty now, I saw him standing again before me. "Should I show you this, Dick, or shouldn't I?" he was asking, and I found myself looking at a card (my card) with the name "R. J. Whitman" neatly lettered on it, and above, in ink, "I.O.U. $4.50 D.W." The writing, I observed, though a trifle unsteady, was bold.

Well, there I was, trapped, and by my own devising. I'd seen the old man rummaging in that boxful of odd papers, bills, account books, and so on that most saloonkeepers have somewhere along the back of the bar (in a sense, it's their only office), but I hadn't expected this. "Say the word, and I'll destroy it," he said, looking at me mournfully, and I even believe he meant it. But there was only one way out, after all, and I was mainly glad that the amount was so small. What if I had hung up a bill that ran into the hundreds? And I think now that the whole thing was perhaps intended as a test, for no sooner had the money changed hands (I'd forgotten the matter entirely, I told him) than the





"Cowboy riding the range directly ahead!"

old fox led me out to the back room.

"I've got something to show you," he said—and I'm sure he said "thing," not "one." But it was so that I met the girl.

She was sitting at a table with her back to the window, so I saw her, at first, mainly in silhouette, but I could make out enough to realize that she was a remarkably pretty girl—blond, slender, rather small, and very trim of figure, with a fresh, smooth skin, a good mouth, and a regular little cute-as-a-button nose. She was reading a book, and neither she nor I knew what was happening till it was too late. "Amy," Tom said, and added, to me, "You remember Amy Vance, lad?" And then, "Amy, here's an old friend of yours." The girl looked up.

"Who's this, Tom?" she asked pleasantly, glancing from me to him. Her voice had a certain controlled quality, which told me instantly that she had something to do with the stage.

"Why, it's Dick! Dick Whitman, of course! Don't you recognize him?" cried Tom, and she looked quickly at me again.

"That's not Dick Whitman," she said, and Tom hooted.

"Have you no eyes at all?" he demanded. "It's Dick Whitman, all right, or he's paid me four-fifty for no purpose."

"Four-fifty?"

"For a little tab that he'd left, and I'm sure he won't mind my mentioning it. We all know how things were in the old days." And he said, grinning, to me, "Now sit down there and make up for lost time. I've got to see to things out front."

From the way he looked at us, as much as from the way he spoke, it was clear that there had been something between us in "the old days." And I suppose I must have looked foolish, standing there, for suddenly she relented. "Sit down, then," she said as Tom turned away, and she even had the grace to add, "Dick."

Gratefully, I sat down. She had eyes of that deep, almost lavender blue, which I, for one, find particularly attractive, and she inspected me with them coolly. Tom, by that time, had gone. "Well," she said, at last. The girl had poise, all right. "As I always say, you never can tell what will happen at the Happy Hour. But it *would* be like Dick to leave a place owing money. Did you really give Tom that four-fifty?" And when I nodded, she said, "The more fool you!"

"I don't know," I said gallantly. "I met you."

"Is it worth it?"

"Yes, indeed," I told her, and she smiled a little ruefully. There was a certain sadness about her, I was noticing—a kind of gentle melancholy that made me feel she was not very happy, these days. "You don't sound very convincing," she said.

"Was I, before?" I asked, but she gave no answer to that. She just looked at me, and after a moment I went on, "What was I like, anyway?" It was fun, for a while, to play with the idea of being this vanished, mysterious Dick Whitman, and she seemed, in her way, to be enjoying it, too.

"You were a louse," she told me composedly. "But a very attractive one."

"A fairly common combination," I remarked, and again she gave me that slight, rather wistful smile.

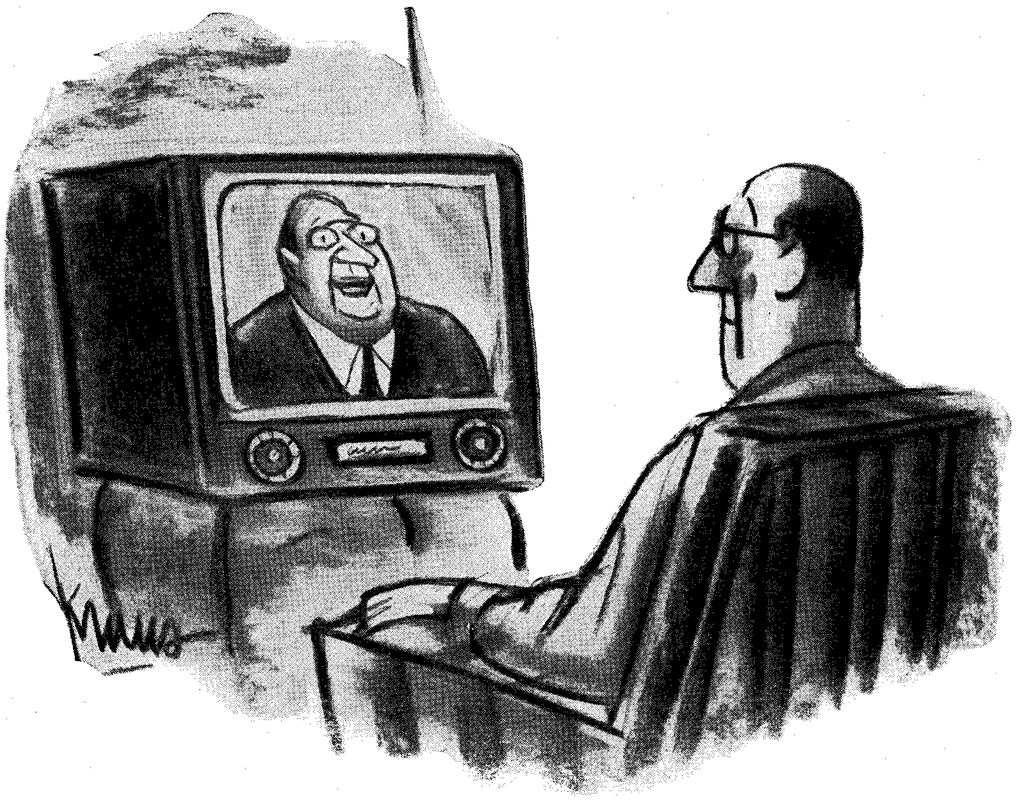
"Yes. But I was just a simple country girl then—from Detroit, Michigan—and I didn't know that."

"Come to conquer the city, or anyway Broadway?" I asked, at a venture, and she nodded. But she looked a little puzzled, and I added, "I just guessed. And you look, somehow, as if you had something to do with the stage. And I done you wrong," I guessed once more. But I was getting on dangerous ground, apparently, for this time she didn't even nod, and when I went on, again gallantly, "I can't for the life of me imagine why," she answered, almost sharply, "Didn't I tell you you were a louse?"

A moment later, she laughed. "Forgive me," she said. "It's not *your* fault, is it?" Then I saw her eyes widen a little. "Good Lord! There I go, doing what I always did where you were concerned—apologizing to you for something *you'd* done!"

I couldn't help smiling. But just then Tom came in with a tray and two Bushmill's-and-water. "On the house, and drink hearty," he said, grinning like an old Irish cupid, and departed, almost on tiptoe.

Suddenly there was something about



"And, my friends, if for any reason you can't find it in your heart to vote for me, do this, at least—stay home, don't vote at all."

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the way she reached for her glass—a certain eagerness—that told me she liked her liquor. She might even be the least bit tight. "Well," I said as I raised my glass to her. And then, because I was still interested, I asked "What did I do, anyway?" and when she looked at me a bit sharply, I added "I mean, what job? What line of work, as they say?" and her face cleared.

"Oh, that! Well, you were a photographer— "

"A photographer!" I exclaimed, and she paused.

"Yes. Why?" But I didn't want to bother explaining, now, about the queer guess I'd made out at the bar, and besides it was probably only coincidence anyway. She may have misunderstood me a little, though, for after a moment she went on, "Oh, but not the ordinary, commercial kind. You were going to do documentaries, stern and full of truth and honesty. You were going to focus your camera on the evils around us—the slums, the toil, the poverty. You were going to use your art to bring justice to the world, to awaken us all—"

"And what happened?" I cut in. She was acting me out now, somewhat exaggeratedly, and, to tell the truth, it was beginning to bore me.

"Hollywood," she said simply, and looked at me again with that odd little stare of complete—and, I could see now, calculated—composure.

AFTER that, we drank in silence for a while. Well, I thought, Hollywood's not such a bad place, either, though it may be a rankling word to some who just never get there. She was sitting looking straight ahead of her, fondling her glass and occasionally sipping from it, and I found myself eying her covertly. She was pretty, all right; there was no question about that. But she had her defects, certainly. For one thing, she was not as young as I'd thought at first, and with the years—and her drinking, perhaps—the skin had begun to sag a little around the chin and the cheekbones, in the way it does under such conditions. Not so much as yet, to be sure; indeed, hardly noticeably. But with time, with time . . .

And a woman can have too much composure. In a way, it verges on coldness; what I always liked was someone more forthright, more outgiving.

"And so I was a louse, was I?" I said, to break the silence.

"Oh, a real one!"

"Why? Because I went to Hollywood?"

"No, of course not. There were plenty of other things," she began, and then she glanced at me. "You're not trying to stand up for yourself, are you?" she demanded, and our eyes met over her glass. She really was a little bit tight.

"No. But still—"

She went on looking at me. "I've seen you a couple of times since then, you know," she said contemplatively. "You know—since the old days."

"Yes?" I said. But, to be honest, I wasn't much interested. People seemed to think that Dick Whitman was cold and calculating, but I wasn't, really. I was simply realistic, that was all. And I was not unemotional, either; I had felt real tenderness for her, for a while. But she was just not my type, that was all, and it was better to face it. And it was clear to me, too, that she'd never get anywhere, really. I was glad, now, that I hadn't asked what or how she was doing, herself; it was so obvious the answer would be embarrassing. "Where?" I asked, since she seemed to expect it.

"Well, once—but I don't think you saw me, then—when you were coming out of the Ambassador. And once again—oh, I guess that was a year or so ago—at the bar at Sardi's, after an opening. It was a great event for me to be taken to an opening, but I guess it was just in the ordinary course of things for you."

"Was it really?" I said, it may have been a bit vaguely. Yes, of course, I had been thinking. The Ambassador, Sardi's, the usual round in New York—and in Hollywood, probably, Dave Chasen's—not this dim little beer-smelling bar, with its dreary back room and run-down furnishings. And then, since our glasses were finished, I said, "Well, anyway, let's have a drink now—for old times' sake." To tell the truth, I was only thinking about how to get out and away, and get on with— What had I been doing? Trying to recapture my youth? And I was all the more surprised when she turned on me.

"Oh, damn you, Dick Whitman!" she cried. "Or whoever you are." For the moment, I must confess, I myself wasn't sure. "Go away, will you? Go away! That's the very thing you said to me that night at Sardi's! Damn you, *please*, will you go away?"

After that, there was nothing to do but go. —ROBERT M. COATES

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The panel of experts also included Bertram K. Little, director of the Society for the Prevention of New England Antiquities.—*Boston Herald.*

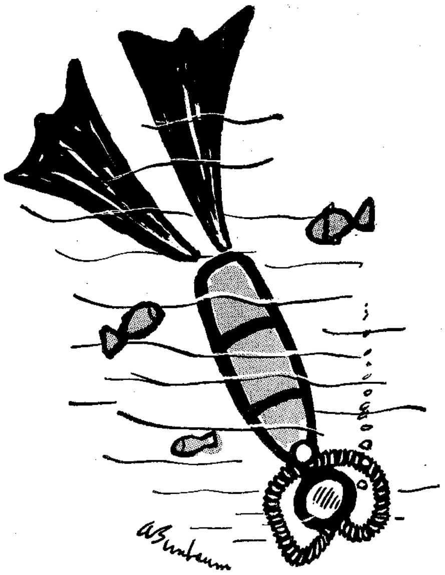
A most worthy society.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

ADVENTURE WITHOUT INCIDENT

ONE Sunday recently, I went out to a beach at the easternmost verge of Far Rockaway to watch a small shoal of skin divers at play—members of a club called the Long Island Dolphins. By every indication, official and unofficial, the bathing season hereabouts is over—the lifeguards have been withdrawn from the beaches, the leaves along the parkways are beginning to change color, the first frost has been reported in Westchester County, and hot-chestnut wagons have appeared at their accustomed stands—but the skin divers are not ready to give up yet. They are people, not easily discouraged by adverse circumstances, who just can't get enough of their chosen sport during an ordinary summer. The Dolphins' season runs from March through October, and during that time they have a beach party at least once a month, but some of the members skin-dive the year round, as a matter of principle, even sawing their way through ice to be in their element. All things considered, the Dolphins seemed to be having a pretty good time the day I saw them, prowling about in the deep without getting wet at all, thanks to their rubber frogman suits. I didn't get wet, either, because I stayed on shore with their loved ones, gazing out at the water, where now and then they could be seen surfacing. To me, the divers in their elaborate equipment all looked very much alike, especially at that distance, but the wives, children, and sweethearts seemed to know right off who was who. I asked one little girl how she could recognize her father, and she answered, "By his funny snorkel."

The Dolphins, one of the thirty-odd skin-diving clubs that have sprung up in the New York City area in the last few years, are representative of the rapidly increasing number of people in this country who—perhaps inspired by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau's book "The Silent World" and by movies like "The Frogmen"—are dedicating themselves to undoing several hundred million years of evolution and returning, if not to a wholly aquatic existence, at least to a satisfactorily amphibious one. Around eight million warm-blooded Americans dabble in the sport these days, or at any rate have acquired skin-diving equipment, if only a pair of flippers and a face mask. About half a million of them seem to be quite seriously devoted to it. Its appeal is by no means confined to athletic types. Heaven knows how many children there are at this moment who are so charmed by the whole notion of skin diving that they can't even be persuaded to enter a bathtub unless they are wearing snorkel, mask, and flippers. And one day not long ago, while I was browsing among the sporting goods at Abercrombie & Fitch, I saw an elderly lady—sternly Bostonian in appearance, with an ancient navy-blue hat set squarely on her righteous gray locks—trying on a pair of large green flippers, stamping back and forth on the carpet and frowning down on them, for all the world as if she were buying a new pair of shoes. Accompanying her was a spruce white-haired gentleman, and he was trying on a face mask. As she paraded along the carpet in her flippers, she called over her shoulder to the salesman, "Now, don't sell my husband another spear gun! He never uses the one he's got!" An apologetic smile blossomed below the mask's blank pane. "That's true," the husband confessed. "I get so engrossed in watching what the fish are doing that I can't remember to shoot them."



The widespread passion for skin diving is, of course, a very recent phenomenon. Before the Second World War, relatively few people engaged in it, and one gets the impression that most of those who did were French intellectuals on the shores of the Mediterranean, just about all of whom have since published mystical books about their experiences. Sometime in the twenties, watertight goggles, which enable a swimmer to see underwater, were put on the market (they have since been generally supplanted by the single-paned face mask), and a few years later both flippers and the snorkel—a short breathing tube for use near the surface—were introduced. The main purpose of flippers, by the way, is not, as a landlubber might naturally assume, to increase the swimmer's speed (which they indeed do) but, rather, to free his hands for uses other than propulsion. Flippers are regarded by skin divers as one of the greatest inventions since the opposed thumb. The aqualung (or "self-contained underwater breathing apparatus," as it is formally known) was developed in its present form in 1943, by Cousteau and an engineer named Emile Gagnan. This apparatus—it consists essentially of a tank of compressed air strapped to the diver's back, and a regulator that keeps the pressure constant and thus permits the diver to breathe air from the tank, through a hose, as he needs it—allows man not only to sojourn below the sea at his leisure but, unlike the old-fashioned deep-sea diver, with his helmet, heavy boots, and umbilical air hose, to roam about down there for a time free and unconstrained.

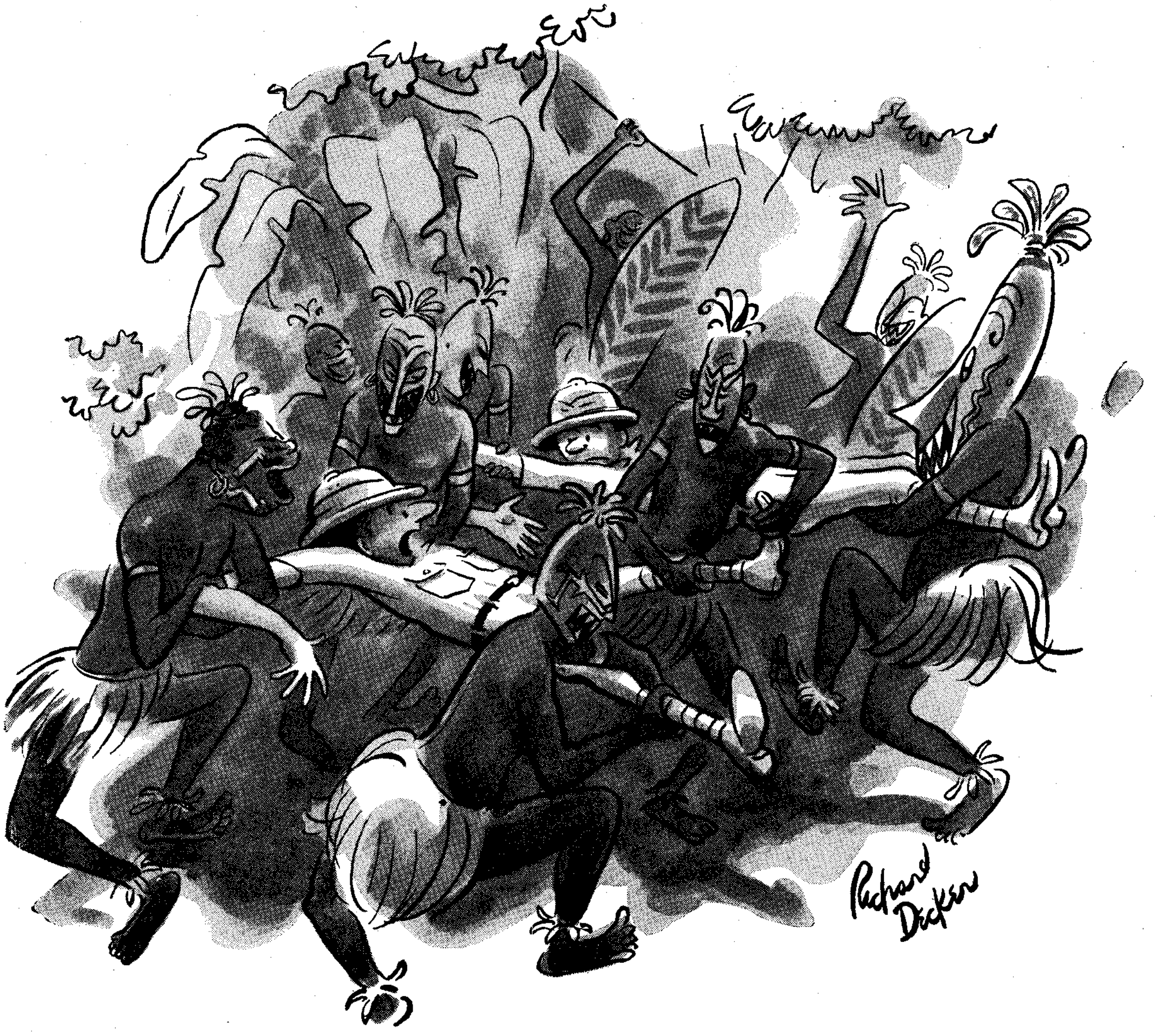
One of the numerous French diver-writers, Robert Gruss, is quoted by another, Philippe Diolé, in a book called "The Undersea Adventure," as having said, "I think that diving in self-contained equipment has created a new race—Men of the Sea. They view it in its totality, bear its weight, and try to learn its secrets. I have never considered diving as an ordinary distraction, or even as a sport. The moment the sea closes over me I feel some great thing is happening. I feel a kind of awe, without really knowing why." Rhetoric aside, there seems to be little doubt that the aqualung has opened a new frontier and brought to many people the possibility of new, and perhaps even sublime, experiences. When one of the Dolphins—a Greenpoint mechanic—said to me on the beach at Far Rockaway, "I dunno, it's like nothing else I ever did. It beats bowling, looking at TV, or sitting around in bars. There's something about it that really gets you," I had the strong impression that, without presuming himself to be a Man of the Sea, he was getting at much the same thing as the Frenchman.

During the Second World War, the United States—as well as several other nations—utilized military frogman teams for underwater missions, and after the war these men became skin diving's first devotees and apostles here. Sporting-goods dealers say that 1950 was the year the skin-diving boom first made its presence felt on that sensitive scientific recording device the cash register. Since then, business has multiplied manyfold, and retail sales of skin-diving equipment and accessories now run between thirty and forty million dollars a year.

Some of this equipment is bought for practical or scientific purposes—by ichthyologists, who, for the first time, have a chance to study their subjects in their native habitat; by marine biologists; by oceanographers; by geologists looking for oil deposits; by archeologists, who are finding all sorts of interesting relics, and even ancient submerged cities, at the bottom of the sea, and are able to go down and examine them at their ease *in situ;* by small-boat owners, who can make modest repairs without having to drydock their vessels; and by salvage companies. Most of it, however, goes to people who have taken up skin diving for the fun of it—underwater tourists, so to speak, who want to see for themselves what goes on in a hitherto inaccessible world. Since it seems inevitable that in the years to come increasing numbers of tourists will go down to the sea in aqualungs, serious voices are now being heard suggesting that this is the time to set aside as underwater parks certain regions that are particularly beautiful or particularly rich in marine life, or have some archeological significance. Spearfishing or the collecting of specimens would be forbidden in such places. Indeed, there are some people who think that irreparable depredations have already been committed and priceless opportunities wasted, especially in the Mediterranean.

I RODE out to Far Rockaway for the Dolphins' outing with a couple named Roy and June Kieser, their eleven-year-old daughter, Gail, and their boxer, Duchess. The Kiesers, who live in Flushing, are thoroughly wrapped up in skin diving. They try to get to Florida, where conditions for the sport are far better than here, once a year, but they rarely find any reason for coming to Manhattan; one of their few recent journeys across the East River was a year ago—to see Cousteau's movie "The Silent World" when it opened at the Paris theatre. Kieser, a wiry, competent-looking, grizzled man in his early thirties, who works as a maintenance supervisor for T.W.A. at LaGuardia, is president of the Dolphins. His wife is corresponding secretary of the club and edits its mimeographed monthly newspaper, the *Snorkel Snooper*. As we rode along the Van Wyck Expressway toward the beach, Mrs. Kieser, a slim, snub-nosed brunette with a pert, rather prickly style of speech, said to me, "I thought Roy was crazy when he first started skin diving, about five years ago. I couldn't understand what he was raving about. Then, one day when we were down in Florida—about four years ago, I guess—he got his mask on me. I was standing in shallow water at the time, and had no idea there were any fish for miles around, but when I put my head in the water, I could suddenly see thousands of them all around me. I almost let out a yell. It took Roy about three hours to get his mask back. I was converted right then."

Gail, who was sitting in the back seat, next to her mother, volunteered the information that she skin-dives, too, and loves it, but has to get along with nothing more than a snorkel, a mask, and a pair of flippers, because her parents firmly believe that children cannot be trusted to use an aqualung safely. I asked whether the dog, who was lying on the floor in the front of the car, between Kieser and me, was a skin diver, too. Kieser replied seriously, "No, she isn't, but I'm sure I could make one out of her. I've often thought of it. I couldn't expect her to keep the air mouthpiece in her mouth, of course. She'd have to have a full-face mask, sort of like a gas mask, attached to a small tank on a vest-type harness. I worked it all out once, but I'd have had to shave her neck to get the mask to fit tight enough, which I didn't like the idea of doing—and anyway my wife said she wouldn't stand for it." Mrs. Kieser smiled but said noth-



"On the other hand, this may be their way of saying hello."

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REVENESCENCE CREAM . . . the tranquility of knowing time has been robbed of its trademark. Cream or liquid Revenescence, $25 to $3 plus tax. At your favorite department store.

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ing. Kieser reached down and patted the dog's head. "Too bad—huh, Duchess?" he said.

The Kiesers were the first club members to arrive at the beach—a rather derelict strand, it turned out to be, fronting on Reynolds Channel, which separates Long Beach from the rest of Long Island. In the center stood a rickety bathhouse, and in the background were a weedy vacant lot and a highway cluttered with traffic. Off to one side, when we arrived, anglers were fishing from a broken-down jetty. They were perched, like sea gulls, one to a piling. A few hardy bathers were splashing about at the water's edge. The water looked cold. The scene bore little resemblance to the glamorous settings for skin diving that one sees in the movies or in travel magazines, but then those photographs are taken somewhat beyond the subway-token zone.

While the Kiesers were spreading out their blankets and assembling their gear, the other club members and their families began to gather, staggering across the sand from their cars with heavy loads of blankets, boxes, aqualungs, babies, spear guns, flippers, barbecue braziers, and cameras. They looked as if they were setting out on safari. I heard one woman remark as she toiled past me, "I sometimes think the only reason a skin diver gets married is to have someone to help carry his stuff." I noted, though—and in fairness think I should mention—that her husband, plodding along behind her, not only was much more heavily burdened with equipment but was also carrying their baby, tucked under his arm like a newspaper, and had its bottle stuck in the back pocket of his blue jeans.

One cheerful-looking young man arrived bearing a large pair of scales—for weighing all the fish he planned to spear, he announced—and was subjected to a good deal of raillery for his optimism. Another man came across the sand carrying a trampolin on his head. From what I had heard and read here and there, I knew that all sorts of curious things are going on underwater these days: I once met a skin diver who likes to play checkers underwater; an artist I have read about paints seascapes on waterproof canvases set up on a weighted easel; there is a large sign thirty feet deep off Key Largo advertising the skin-diving wares of a store in Miami; and movie companies not only have made underwater movies but one has even shown such a film on an underwater screen at a Florida dive-in, as I assume submarine movie palaces will inescapably be called. So when I saw the trampolin arriving, I supposed that it was to be installed on the channel bottom as a diversion for acrobatically inclined skin divers. However, the man who brought it set it up on the sand. A line of youngsters quickly formed beside it, and during the rest of the day, whenever I glanced in that direction, I saw the trampolin happily in use, with children always lined up waiting still another turn.

ONE characteristic of local skin divers, I soon perceived, is that they spend much time talking about how wonderful skin diving is somewhere else. I had expected that as soon as they arrived at the waterfront they would make for the deep like lemmings. Instead, after they had spread out their belongings and got their families settled, they just stood around for a long time talking about Florida, the Caribbean, southern California, the Mediterranean, and other paradises they had been to or heard about, where (they said) to skin-dive was to enter a dream world—so strange and beautiful as to be beyond description. Their talk evoked visions of sparkling white sands, perfect blue skies, limpid azure waters, and marine life of fantastic and gorgeous variety moving silently through vivid, mysterious seascapes. One man spoke of moving pictures he had taken of jewel fish—tiny midnight-blue creatures glimmering with iridescent spots—among orange staghorn coral and lavender sea fans, and of how he had become so entranced watching them that he almost exhausted his air supply before he remembered to check on it. Several, who had been on a trip to Florida together last year, told of coming upon cannons and other wreckage at a depth of ninety feet, which had given them such high hopes of finding a Spanish galleon's treasure that for a while the ocean around them seemed to turn gold and silver from bullion, doubloons, and pieces of eight. Standing there in wistful conversation on the drab Far Rockaway sands, with the dull-green, uninviting waters of Reynolds Channel spread before them, these people were like diners in a hash house reminiscing, while the blue-plate special steamed soggily on the table in front of them, about the *truites au bleu* and the Grand Montrachet '53 at Prunier's. "I'm not looking forward to today's diving," a fellow who had been rhapsodizing about a recent vacation was saying, "but I need it to get the Bahamas out of my

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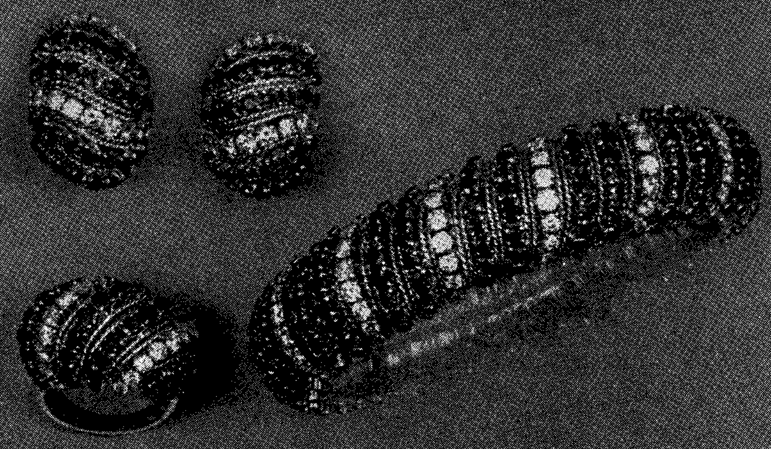
system. Once I get today over with and face up to the realities of New York skin diving, I'll be all right again."

Their talk of vacations in far-off, exotic places suggested to me a fairly high level of affluence for the Dolphins, but Mrs. Kieser told me that this is not at all the case. "We have all sorts in the club, from eighteen years old to sixty-four, and very few of them—if any—are what you might call loaded," she said, and ticked off the occupations of some of the members as they came to mind, glancing about at the people on the beach occasionally to refresh her memory: salesmen, engineers of various kinds, businessmen, mechanics, a couple of firemen, a policeman, an embalmer ("I don't see him around today, though. He may not be with us any more"), an editor, a railroad conductor ("Herb Rakebrand, over there—he's the optimist who brought the scales"), truck drivers, a marine biologist, an advertising man, commercial artists, photographers, a doctor, a dentist, schoolteachers, and students. There are only eight women who are formally enrolled in the club, but the wives of several members have become ardent skin divers, too, without bothering to make themselves members.

Most of the Dolphins, Mrs. Kieser told me, find it necessary to save their pennies through the year for their skin-diving vacations, and usually make the trip on a minimum budget. "A diving vacation—in Florida, say—goes something like this," she said. "Several of us couples drive down together and put up at the least expensive decent motel we can find. Once we get there, we don't do anything except dive, dive, dive. We get up at seven, and by nine in the evening everybody's pooped, so we never go out. After dinner, somebody gets out the cards, but pretty soon everybody's yawning, so we all just go off to bed. One day the weather is bad, and we drag the fellows off to Miami, but all they want to see is the Seaquarium. Then, when we get there, it clears up, the sun comes out, and they gripe all the time about the diving they're missing. They stand there looking at the fish and feeling sorry for themselves."

EVENTUALLY, some of the Dolphins around me began getting ready to go in the water. The main event of the morning, I was told, would be a treasure hunt, for which Kieser and a diving companion would hide a dozen aluminum pie plates on the channel bottom, to represent the

The French Provinces



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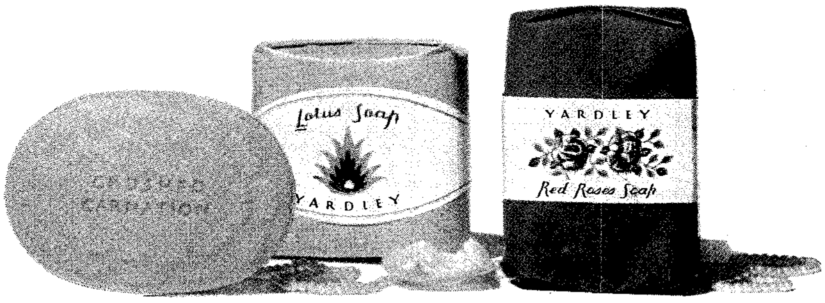
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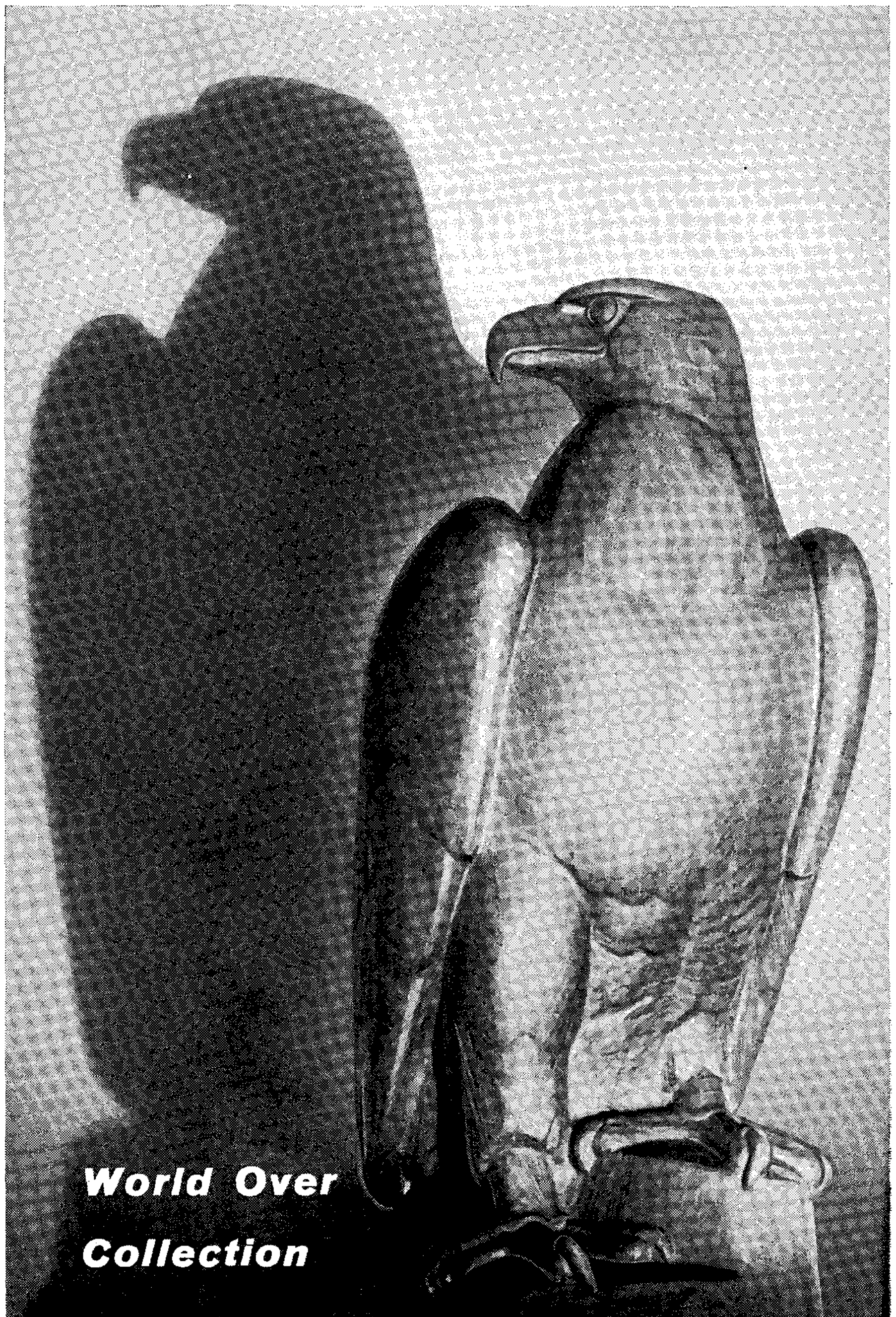
treasure. In the afternoon, there would be a spearfishing contest. Getting the divers ready turned out to be quite an operation. I watched Kieser's preparations with attention and some amazement. Over his bathing trunks he drew on a suit of long woollen underwear, and over that a sweater. The air was a bit nippy, but it was a sunny day, and sweat was soon rolling down his cheeks. "I hate to get cold," he remarked. "I'm a softy, I guess." He paused to wipe the sweat from his face, and then snuggled his head into an olive-drab wool-knit helmet and his feet into a pair of wool sweat socks. Then he was finally ready to start wriggling into the two-piece black rubber suit, which, together with his rubber gloves and his face mask, would encase him from head to foot. While he wrestled with it, his wife, who had remarked that she would not be diving that day, because she had had a touch of ear trouble a short time before, sat contentedly on the blanket in a play suit, sunning herself. Kieser squirmed into the rubber suit as far as he could manage by himself, whereupon another skin diver—a large man whom Kieser had introduced to me earlier as "Al Reiner, my diving buddy"—stepped over and helped him in the rest of the way. I looked around, and saw that other members of the club scattered about the beach were going through much the same preparations and having a similarly awkward time. The scene reminded me of the one in the "Henry V" film where the French knights are being accoutred for the Battle of Agincourt and end up so encumbered that they have to be hoisted onto their horses with pulleys.

Once Kieser had got into his suit, he still had much to do. He unfolded a length of tubing that was attached to the chest of the suit, put the free end in his mouth, and began sucking mightily on it. I asked him what this was for, and he replied, between gasps, "Have to get the air out." *Wheeze, wheeze.* "Too buoyant, otherwise. Like a balloon." *Wheeze.* "Legs are worst. Air gets trapped in 'em, find yourself floating legs over head all the time. Ridiculous."

Since the suit was such a bother to get into, I asked him if it was absolutely necessary to wear one. "I'm afraid so," he answered sadly. "This isn't Florida, alas. Only a thin top layer of the ocean ever warms up around here. It's O.K. for swimmers, who splash around on the surface and hardly ever stay in for more than a few



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minutes at a time anyway. In midsummer, it's not bad even for snorkelers, who spend most of their time on the surface and only occasionally dive into the cold layers. You don't have to go down very deep here before you hit cold water. Even swimmers know that. When we go in wearing an aqualung, we don't like to be restricted to staying near the surface. We like to go on down and hang around awhile—sort of settle down for a bit and make ourselves at home. We find that, no matter how hot the weather, the water almost never warms up enough here for us to stay in very long without some sort of protective suit. At least, *I* can't."

Reiner, who had been listening to Kieser's comments as he struggled with his own outfit, put in ruefully, "Don't think we like these damn things. It's not just that they're so much trouble to put on, but they also take some of the pleasure out of diving, make you feel self-conscious and clumsy, instead of free and natural, the way diving ought to be—and is, at its best. We'd gladly junk them if we could."

With all the air removed from his suit, Kieser tied up the tube and tucked it out of sight. Then he knelt down to test his aqualung, which was lying on the blanket near his wife. He took a few breaths through the mouthpiece, and there was a brief hiss of escaping air as he adjusted the regulating mechanism. Duchess, who was tied to a bathhouse piling a few feet away, began to bark. "Hush, Duchess!" Kieser admonished. "Mother says you can't go."

Kieser wedged his feet into a pair of blue flippers and strapped a depth gauge, which resembled a large wristwatch, on his wrist. Then he put on his face mask, shoving it up to the top of his head, where it would be ready when he started into the water. Clipped to the side of the mask was a snorkel, which he said he would use on the surface, to conserve the air in his tank. Around his waist he fastened a web belt, from which hung a knife and a small square bag of yellow plastic, which, he said, could become a life preserver in an emergency. A quick squeeze on the plastic would release enough carbon dioxide to convert it into a float three feet long.

I noticed that his friend Reiner's belt was festooned with several of these yellow bags, and assumed that he was a man who believes in playing it safe. I also noticed that Reiner's depth gauge was calibrated to a hundred and forty feet, and I asked him how he would

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know where he was when he went below that depth. "As far as I'm concerned," he replied firmly, "that question is purely academic."

Kieser laughed. *His* depth gauge, he pointed out, registered up to two hundred feet, but he added that he had never, in the five years he has been diving, had occasion to go below ninety.

"That's deeper than *I* want to go," said Reiner. "I get all the thrills and delights I want at thirty-five feet or less. There's mystery enough, wonder enough, at that depth, so I don't see any call to go nosing around any deeper, looking for trouble."

Kieser said casually, "I may have to get myself a new gauge."

"Why?" Reiner asked him.

"I'm thinking of going down to the Andrea Doria. She lies at about two-fifty."

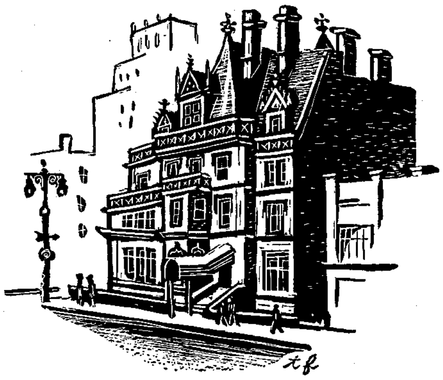
Mrs. Kieser sat bolt upright on her blanket. "You are *not!*" she declared.

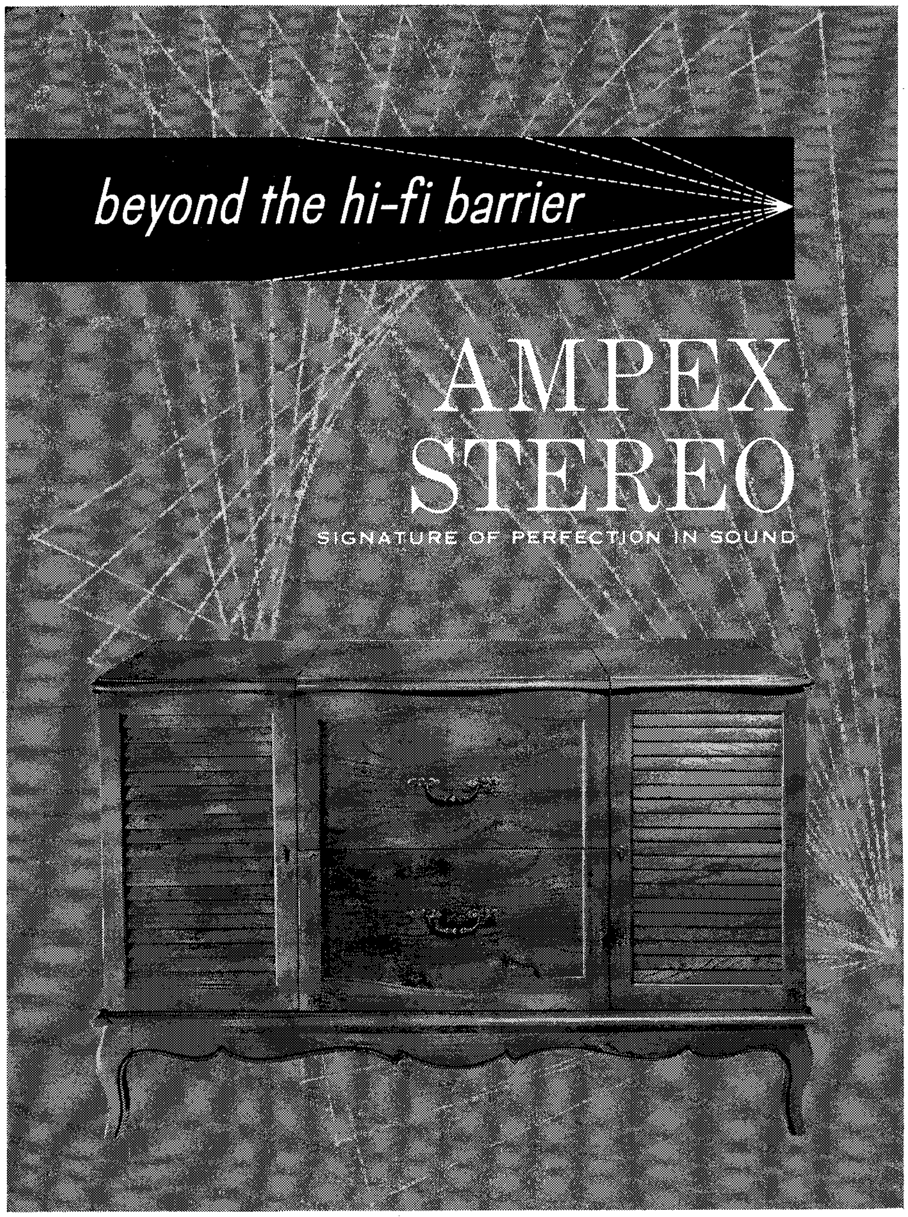
Kieser seemed to enjoy her response. "That's my June," he said, laughing.

I asked how deep a skin diver could go, and Kieser said that the maximum depth anyone has explored and returned to tell about is a little over three hundred feet. Several years ago, one of Cousteau's colleagues, Maurice Fargues, attempting to set a record, went down almost four hundred feet, but he drowned at that depth after—it is thought—lightheartedly deciding that he didn't need his mouthpiece any more.

"Nitrogen narcosis," Reiner said. "The French call it rapture of the depths."

"It's supposed to be just like being drunk," Kieser said. "People who have experienced it tell how silly and irresponsible they felt—suddenly everything was a big joke, and the fish looked positively hilarious. But I've never had it, and nobody in the club has, as far as I know. They say it can begin anywhere after a hundred and twenty feet, depending on the individual—how stable a personality he is. It's partly psychological, I guess. I once heard a





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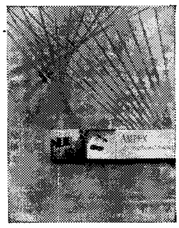

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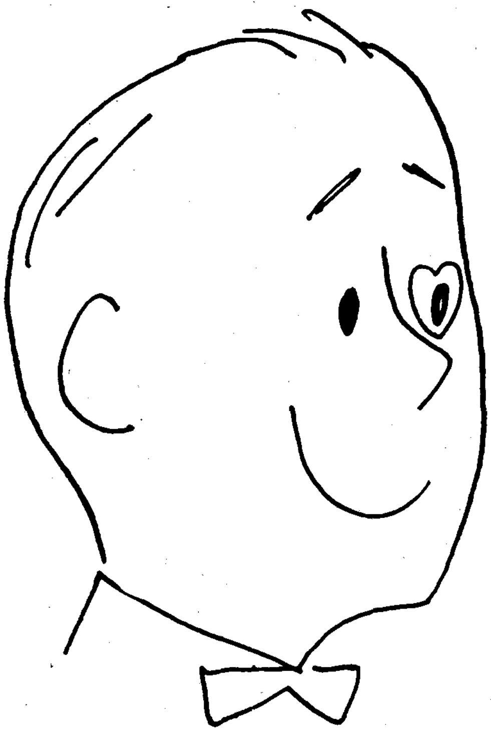
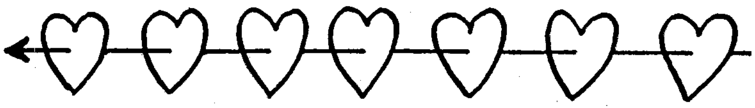


How to tell



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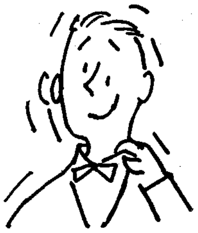
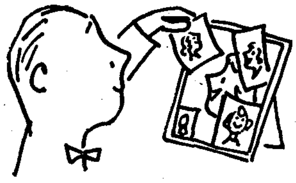
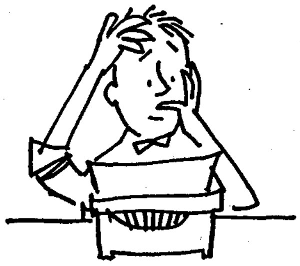
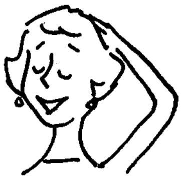
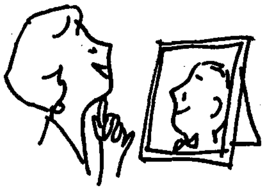
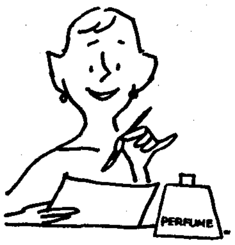
MALE BEHAVIOR	 "Did you notice the way she looked at me?"	 "You should see her in a bathing suit!"	 Dear Anne: I am fine. How are you...?
FEMALE BEHAVIOR	 "Who, him? I hardly noticed him."	 "Doesn't he have the most divine ear lobes?"	 It's beautiful here tonight... the stars...

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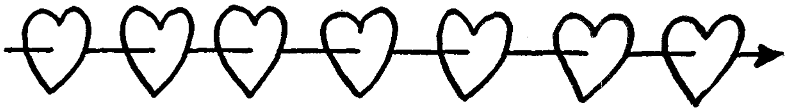
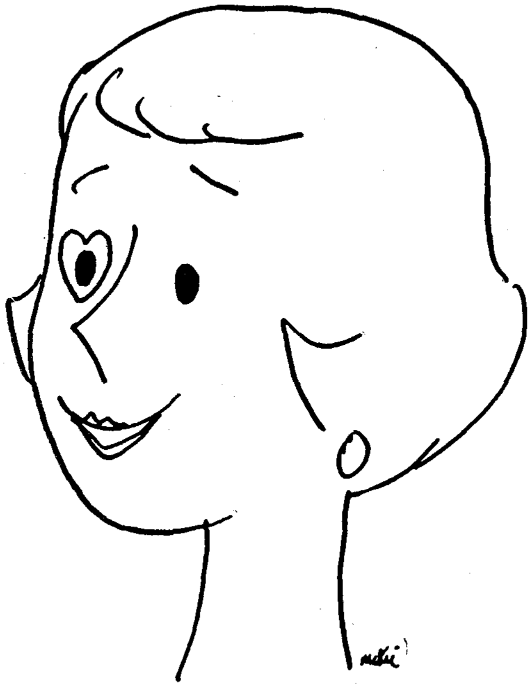


by the way they fall in love



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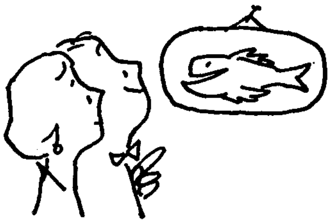
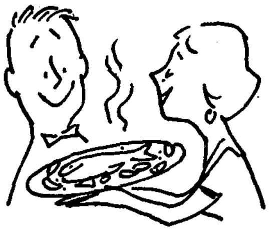
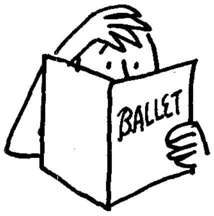


"It took me a good hour to land him."

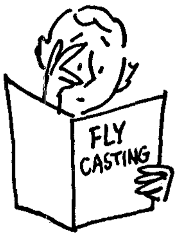


"It's just something I whipped up in a few minutes."

Exchange of Ideas

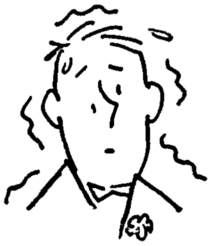


"You mean I ought to like this stuff?"

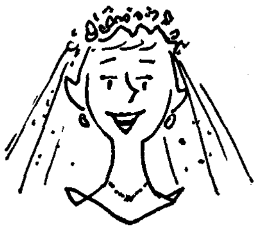


"Oh, but I *do* like fishing!"

Exchange of Vows



"I do."



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Navy physician named Dr. Edward Lanphier give a rule-of-thumb guide to it. He said to figure each atmosphere—each thirty-three feet, that is—as a Martini. If you can drink twenty Martinis in a row and stay clearheaded, then that's how far you can dive—twenty atmospheres, or six hundred and sixty feet."

"I'll stick with one Martini," Reiner said.

"Fortunately, as Al says, you don't need to go deep to enjoy diving," Kieser told me. "In fact, in many ways it is actually better in fairly shallow water. There's more light, more color; it's more cheerful. It gets gloomy as you go on down, and kind of lonely. For taking pictures, too, you're better off not too deep, unless you use a flash camera, because the colors fade out, one after another, as you descend. First the reds disappear, at about thirty feet. By fifty, orange is filtered out, and violet by eighty. The yellows disappear by two hundred, and the blues by two-fifty. From then on, there's nothing but varying intensities of green. If you turn on a flashlight down in the depths, though, the colors jump out at you as if they'd been hiding."

The Kiesers' daughter, who had been bouncing on the trampolin, came over to her mother, and together they went off to the car to get something the girl wanted. Kieser hoisted his aqualung onto his back and then buckled on a twelve-pound weight belt, to counteract the buoyancy of the aqualung and any air that might be lurking in the rubber suit. "As for this deep-diving stuff, we don't believe in messing around with it just to show off," he continued, checking over his equipment as he talked. "We're a very safety-conscious club. We push safety all the time. No big heroic he-man feats. We disapprove of attempts to set records." He indicated with a wave of his hand a handsome, barrel-chested young man getting dressed nearby. "We were all against it when Dick Ferg, over there—probably the club's most capable diver—set an underwater-endurance record at a sports show a couple of years ago. He stayed on the bottom of a pool for more than twenty-four hours, drinking chocolate syrup from a baby bottle for nourishment and having a fresh tank of air brought down to him every hour or so. *He* thought the whole thing was a silly business, too, but got talked into it at the last minute. If there's a practical or scientific reason for going deep or staying under, that's all right—but not if it's just to show off or break records or satisfy idle curiosity." He looked over at Reiner. "How about it, old buddy—about ready? I'm sweltering."

"Just about," Reiner replied. "By the way, Roy, are you *really* thinking of going down to the Andrea Doria?"

"Yes, I am," Kieser answered. "Ferg and I have a couple of ideas about stuff we might be able to salvage without having to stay down too long, and if we can work out the arrangements we may take a crack at it. June'll come around to the idea, I think, if I talk nice to her." He gave his weight belt a final tug. "O.K. I guess that does it."

He and Reiner each picked up a handful of aluminum plates—the treasure they were going to hide—and at last, looking very much like fish out of water, they waddled over the sand, their flippers flapping at every step, and into the channel, where they soon sank out of sight.

I WATCHED their bubbles progressing along the water's surface until they, too, could no longer be seen. Beyond, in mid-channel, some fishermen in small outboards were heading toward the sea. High above them, a flight of herons stood out white against the sky. I thought I could hear their cries, but what I heard was probably the cars on Seagirt Boulevard.

Still somewhat vague about what these skin divers see and do underwater when they are not looking for pie plates, and far from certain that I wholly comprehended the gratification that their sport afforded them, I visited around the beach for a while, talking with other club members who were getting ready to go in, as well as with some who, for one reason or another, were sitting out the day on shore. About a fourth of the members, I learned, dive mainly for the spearfishing—the thrill of stalking and taking their game in its own element. For this sport the Dolphins, like the members of practically all the other skin-diving clubs in the United States, are pledged not to use their aqualungs—only their snorkels. It is no trick at all, I was told, for the skin diver wearing an aqualung and armed with a spear gun to sit on the bottom and kill fish by the dozen as they drift by. Snorkeling is something else again. This method requires the fisherman to drift along the surface, face in the water, until he spies a likely fish, whereupon he takes a deep breath through his snorkel and plunges after it. Then he has the problem of chasing it, hitting it, and bringing it back to the surface before he runs out of breath. This kind

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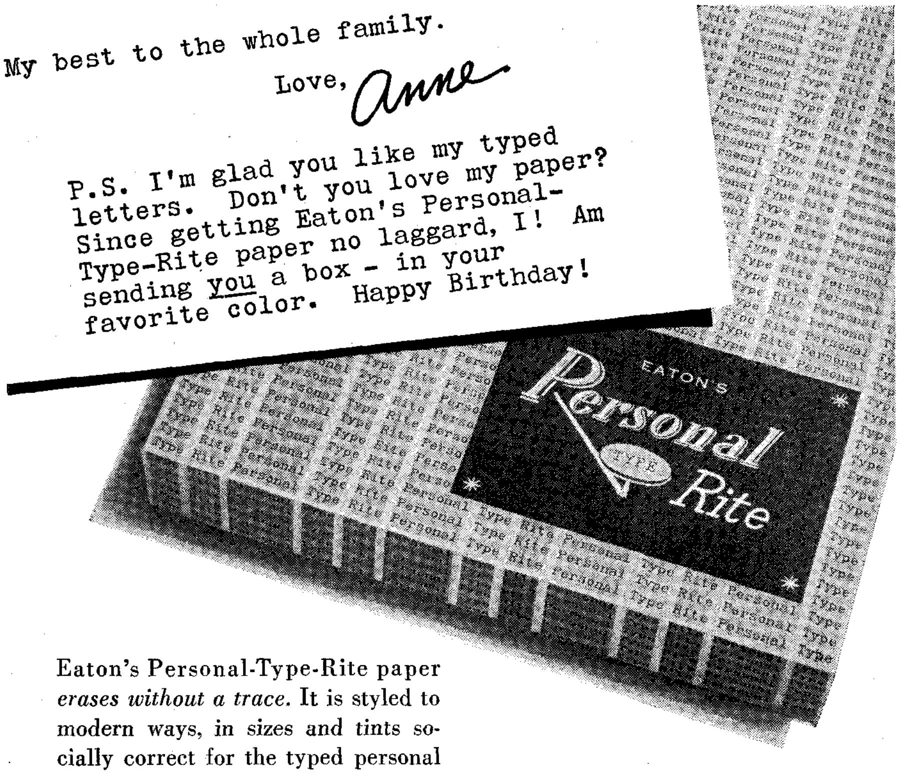
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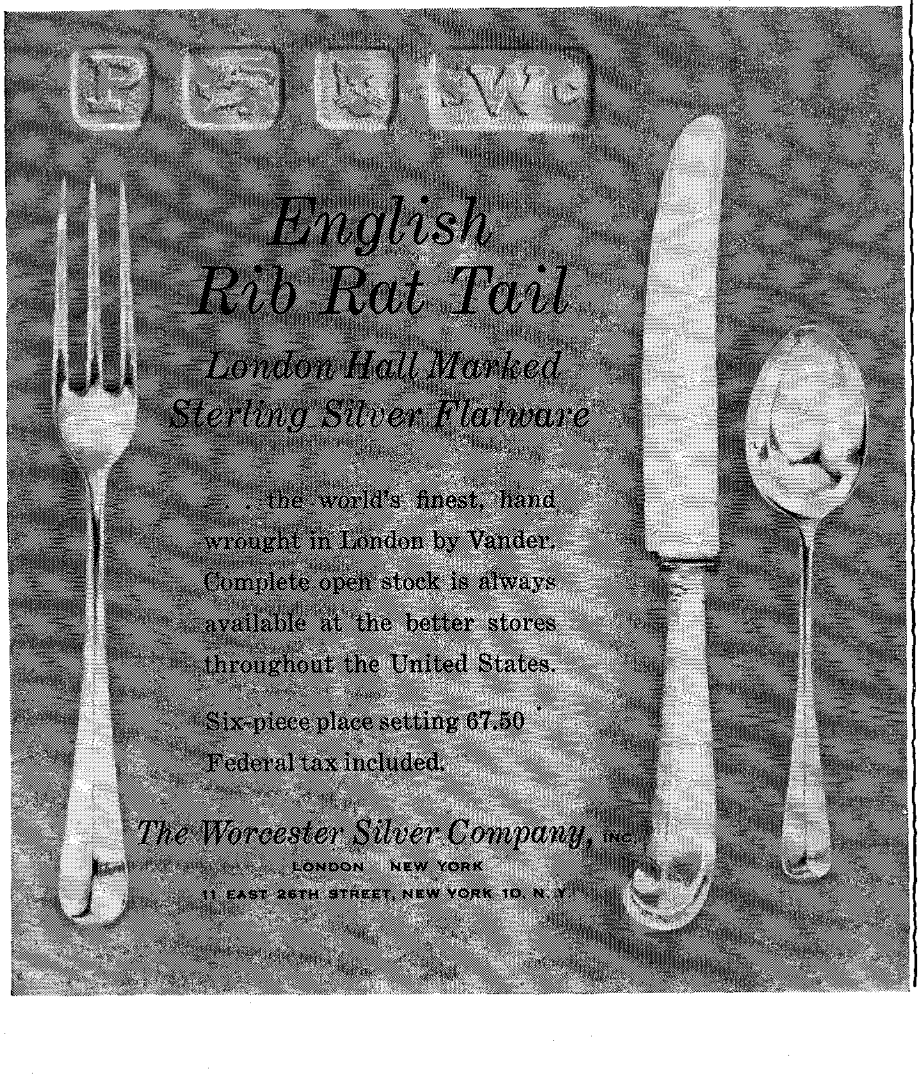
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of spearfishing is more akin to primitive hunting than to angling. Perhaps significantly, when the fall hunting season rolls around, the club's wiliest spearfisher, Chester Dobrolski, a thirty-five-year-old television technician, puts aside his flippers and snorkel and heads for the Catskills, where, with bow and arrow, he generally manages to track down and kill his limit of a deer and a black bear.

About ten per cent of the Dolphins go in seriously for underwater photography, and a number of the others would like to, but find it too expensive. The club's only marine biologist—Erwin Ernst, of Setauket—skin-dives primarily to biologize, of course. Richard Ferg, the young man with whom Kieser said he might have a try at the Andrea Doria, spends his underwater time prospecting for salvage. Most of the club members, however, skin-dive with no specific purpose in mind. They go down into the water, I gathered, purely for the pleasure of being there and seeing what is to be seen, finding delight in living for a while in a fantastic, silent, dreamlike environment utterly different from their daily one, and, with luck, even being accepted as part of this strange world by its denizens. Sometimes they collect shells, coral, and various fauna, but mostly they collect impressions and sensations—experiences of the kind that Philippe Diolé, who was one of Cousteau's colleagues, has called "adventure without incident."

I should imagine that there are some faddists among the Dolphins' membership, but I must say that, as I talked with the people on the beach, I got the strong feeling that many of them had found something that really mattered very much to them. It was odd; most of those who tried to explain what diving into the sea was like and what it meant to them used hackneyed expressions about nature's grandeur and the awe it inspired in them—that it was like listening to music, like being in a great cathedral, and so on—but I felt that through these second-hand terms they were describing first-hand experiences of considerable significance to them. When I asked one of them—a bespectacled middle-aged Queens lumber merchant named Norman Schiff, who I had been told was the president of a statewide confederation of skin-diving clubs—how long he had been skin-diving, he replied in a hushed voice, his eyes lifted to infinity above Far Rockaway's dreary waters, "As normal time is reckoned, four years," and then went

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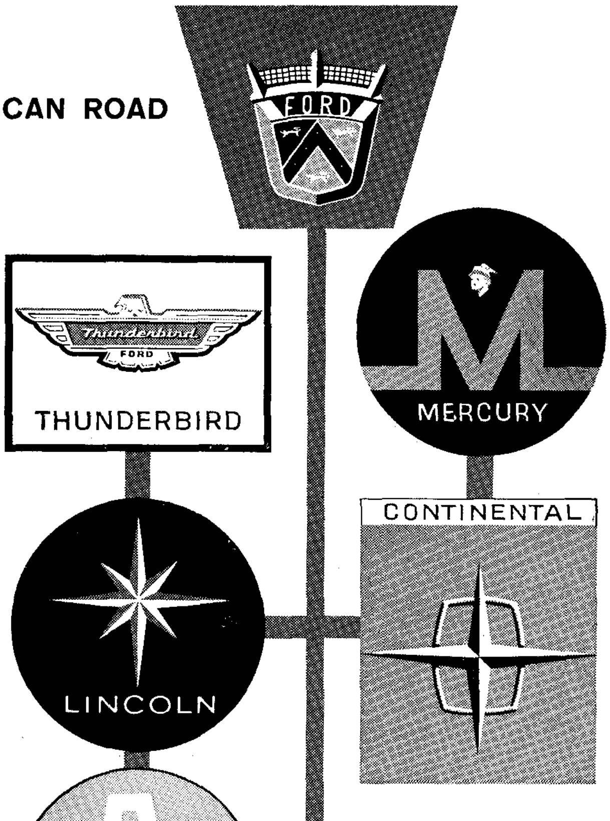

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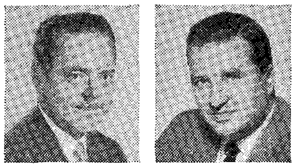

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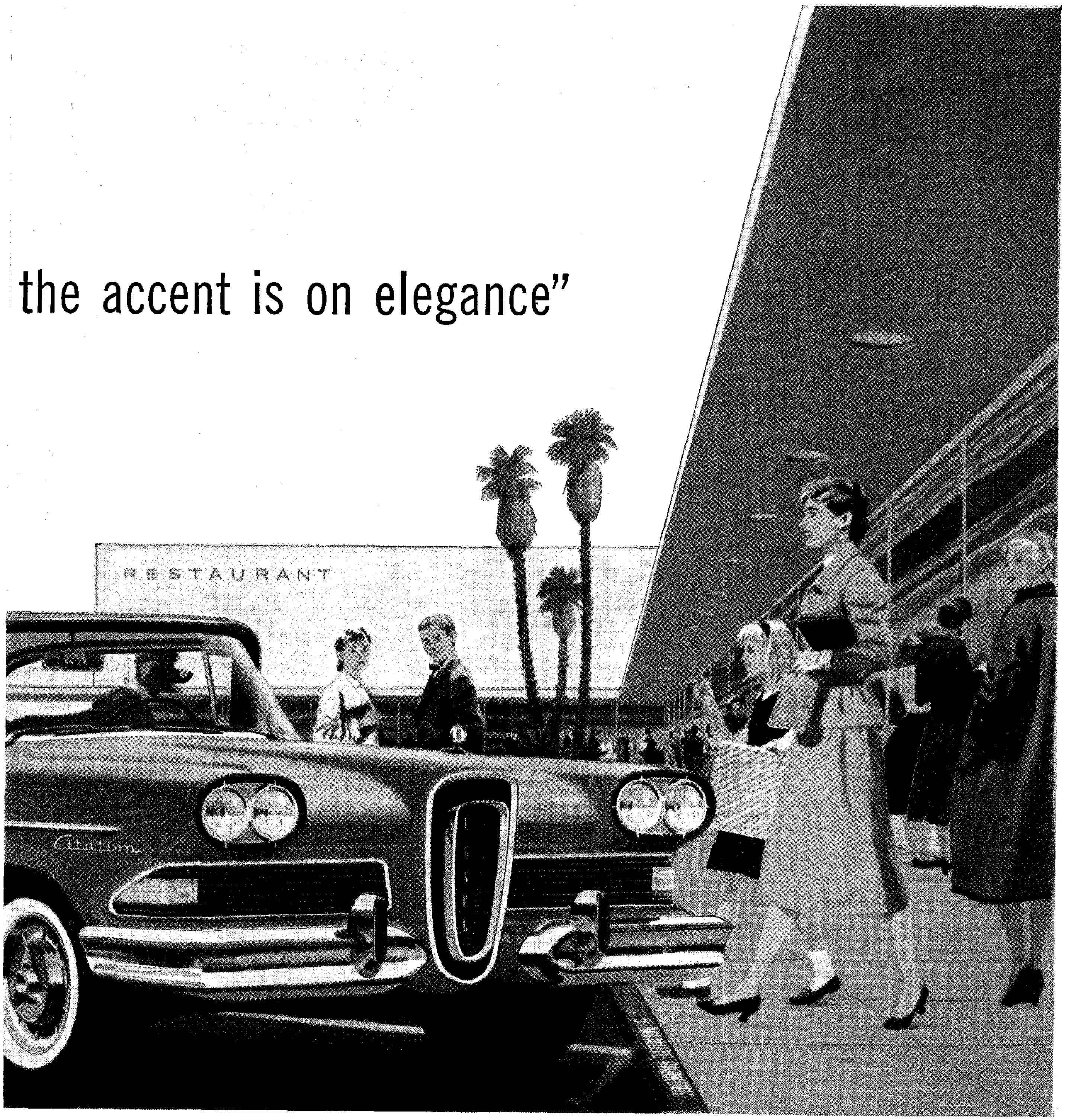

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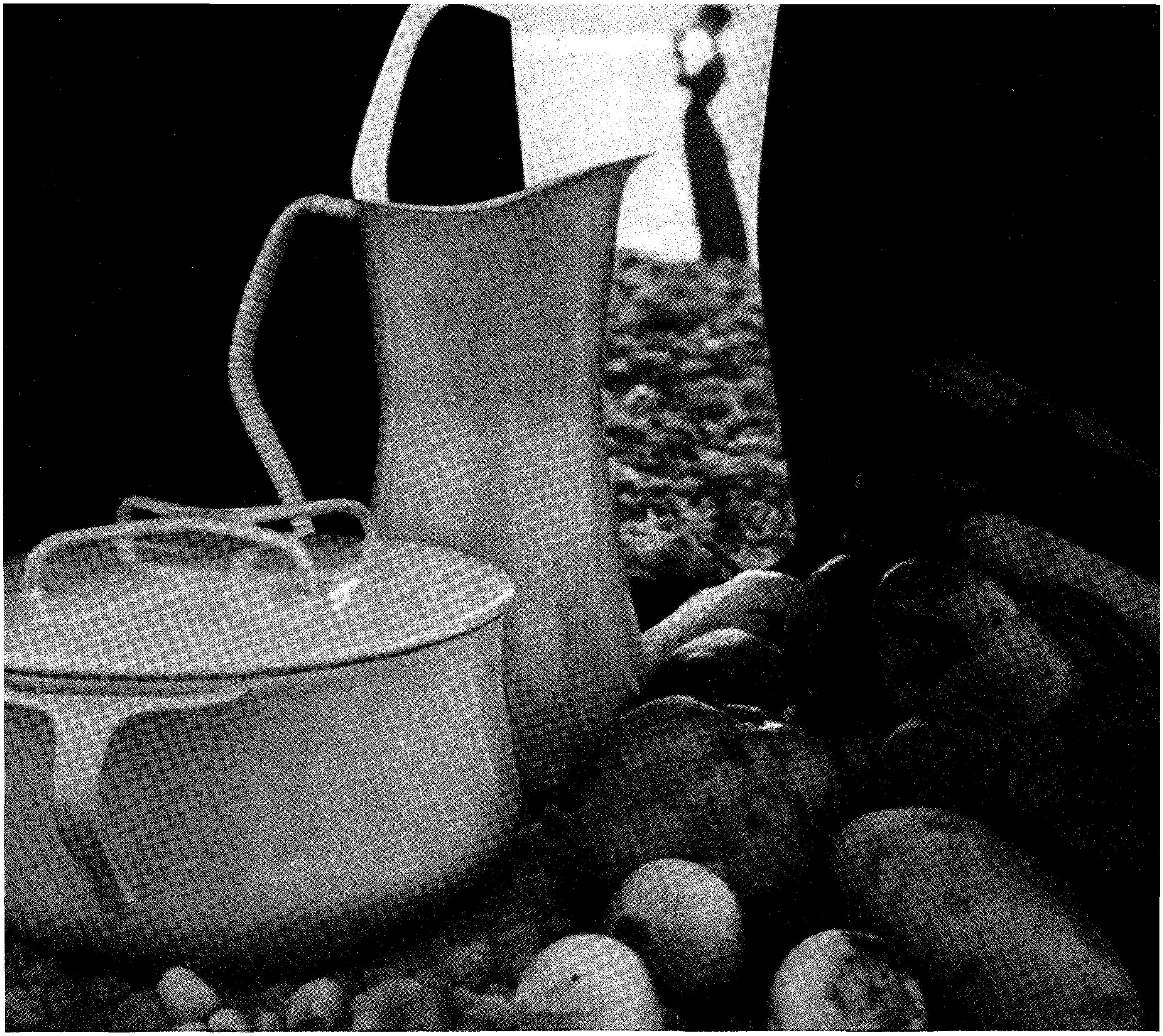

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on to relate, in an almost religious tone, how his life had been affected and transformed. It seemed to me that many of those I talked with were people who in the ordinary course of things would never otherwise have found such mystery, such visions of beauty, such wonder. Some seemed astonished that it had happened to them.

But a great many frustrations and vexations attend the pursuit of beauty and wonder in the seas and rivers and lakes around New York, I learned. Along with the inclement climate, which discourages year-round diving, and the cold waters, which force them into awkward, unaesthetic rubber suits, New York divers simply have to accept the fact that they are not going to see anything like the splendors to be found in balmier regions. Flounder, blackfish, sea robin, burgall, blowfish, angler fish, and now and then a striped bass are the creatures they can expect to consort with—respectable enough but drab, eschewing the flamboyance of their tropical cousins in favor of the most conservative unpatterned browns, blacks, and grays. The sight of a bass's stripes is an exciting event around here.

All skin divers have dreams of finding treasure, but those who dive in tropical waters can justifiably indulge in much more glamorous fantasies than local divers can. Off Florida and in the Caribbean, galleons and other potentially lucrative wrecks are strewn all over the sand and coral floors (the value of known sunken cargoes along the Florida coast alone is a hundred and seventy million dollars, and at least one skin diver down there not long ago came up with a spectacular find of silver ingots), but the pickings along the North Atlantic coast are poorer and harder to find. There *is* one real prize in New York waters, however—the wreck of the British frigate Hussar, which sank at

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Hell Gate during the Revolutionary War while carrying what is usually described as "a fortune in gold"—but the Hussar probably lies under several thousand tons of silt, if, indeed, she hasn't just disintegrated. The most common hauls hereabouts are anchors, rusty outboard motors, wrecked cars that have been driven off piers, and miscellaneous metropolitan junk; and probably the richest treasure so far discovered by skin divers in this part of the world was a slot machine full of nickels, dimes, and quarters, which some gangsters had dumped in a Massachusetts quarry back in prohibition days.

Local skin divers would gladly settle for what humdrum fauna and dubious treasure the region offers if they could just be sure that they would be able to see it when they go out diving. Some of the time, the water is so murky they can't see a thing. In Florida and their other dream places, the water is clear; divers generally have from fifty to seventy feet of visibility, and occasionally as much as a hundred feet. But in this region—and, for that matter, along the entire northeast coast—it is a glorious day for skin divers if they can see twenty feet. Dobrolski, the Dolphins' champion spearfisherman, said to me, "Sometimes we drive three or four hours to get to a beach—to Montauk, Shinnecock, Southampton, Narragansett, or one of the other places we consider choice around here—and go through all the business of getting ready, and then, when we get in, find we've got only six inches of visibility."

"Then what do you do?" I asked.

"Then our day is ruined," he replied angrily. "We can't spearfish. We can't take pictures. We can't explore. We can't even see the guy who's diving alongside of us. Absolutely ruined!"

As if the frustrations nature has imposed upon the Dolphins and the other skin divers in the metropolitan area were not enough, Dobrolski continued, in an aggrieved tone, they also have embattled anglers and two of Robert Moses' agencies—the Long Island State Park Commission and the New York City Parks Department—to contend with. Several of his fellow-Dolphins had joined us in the course of our talk, and they agreed, with some heat. Moses, they said, excludes them from all the desirable public beaches and makes them feel like pariahs, and the anglers treat them with suspicion, distaste, and even hostility.

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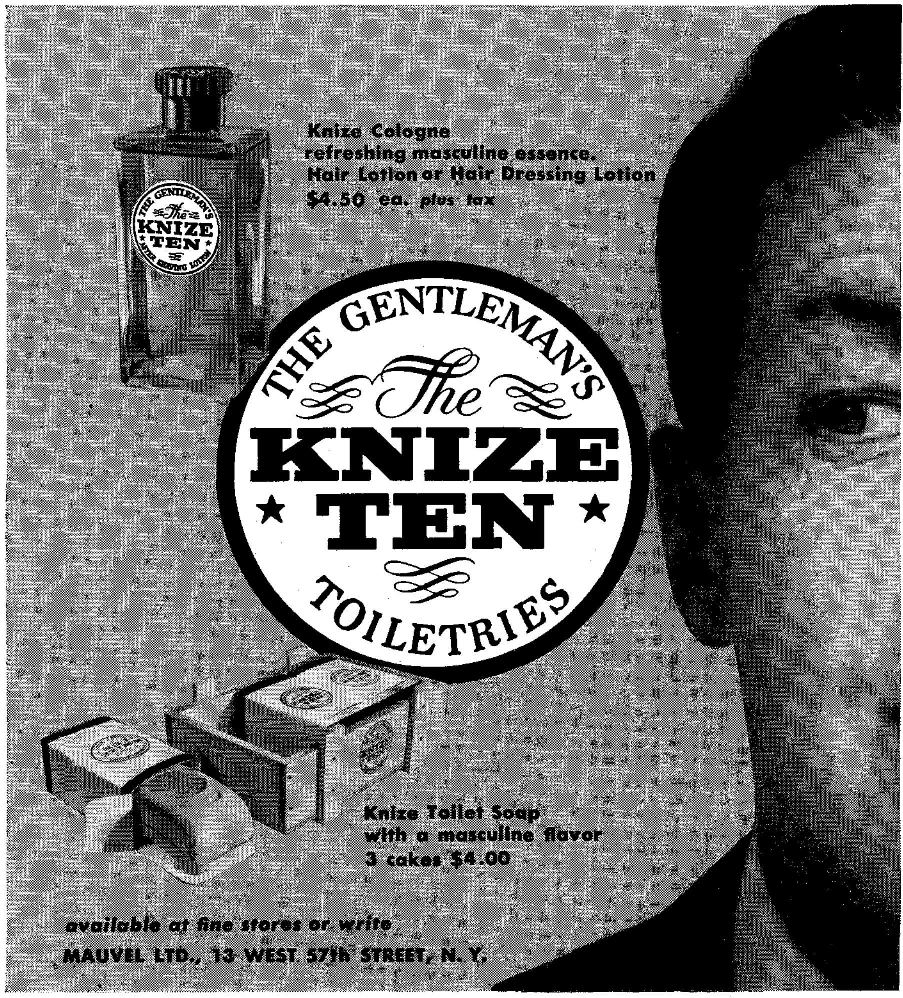

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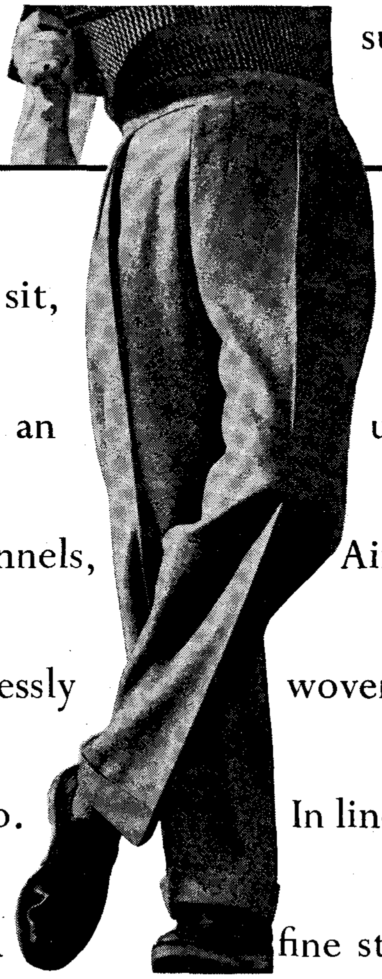

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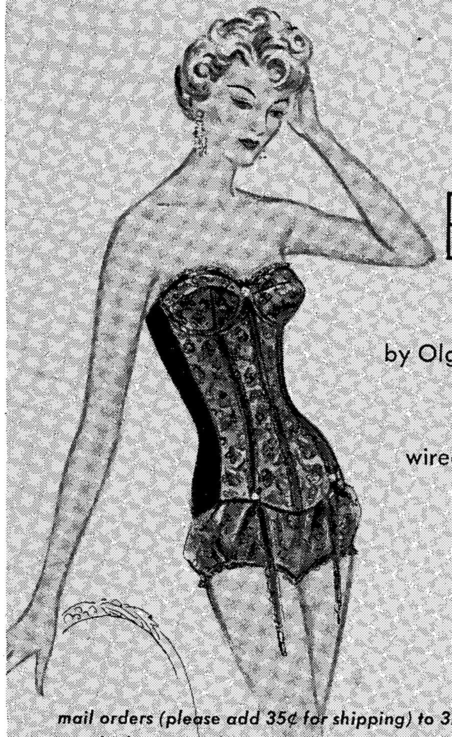

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ly for their benefit," a ruddy-faced man complained. "They keep saying that we're killing off all the fish—either that or scaring them away."

Several of the others began talking at once, anglers apparently being a particularly sore subject with them. I was told that some fishing-resort communities, where the anglers' view of things carries a lot of weight, have outlawed not just spearfishing but all skin diving. And one such town—Southold, on the north shore of Long Island—added insult to injury by forbidding skin diving under the town's public-safety laws, which also prohibit "houses of ill fame, tumultuous assemblage, and profane, vulgar, and obscene language." The man who told me about Southold added earnestly that most skin divers he knew would like to be friendly with the anglers, if the latter would only reciprocate, and that they had tried in every way they could to win the anglers' friendship—even making it a regular practice to pick up lost lures and sinkers whenever they saw them on the bottom, and present them to fishermen they chanced to meet.

"I've tried to help anglers. Many times I've tried to help them," put in Schiff, the mystical Queens lumber merchant, who was sitting on the sand putting a tire patch on a rip he had just discovered in one leg of his frogman suit. "When I see a line hanging in the water and fish by the dozen ignoring the bait, I generally swim up to the surface and let the fisherman know that he'd do better to try some other bait," he said. "Once, I saw a big striped bass beating his brains out trying to reach the bait on a hook that had settled in the cleft of a rock. I went up and told the fisherman he ought to raise his line just a foot or two. He sneered, and said, 'Swim along, boy! I was catching fish before you were born.' " Schiff shook his head at this painful memory.

"The anglers actually have nothing to complain about," Dobrolski said. "We make it much harder for ourselves to catch a fish than they do. I'll admit that there have been some disgraceful instances of spearfishers using aqualungs and wantonly killing fish they had no intention of eating—just leaving them to rot on the beaches. But the way we do it, a spearfisher can spend five or six hours in the water around here and by the time he gets back, half frozen and wrinkled as a prune, he's lucky to have four or five fish on his string. We've not only given up the aqualung for fishing but we use either hand spears or spear guns powered only by

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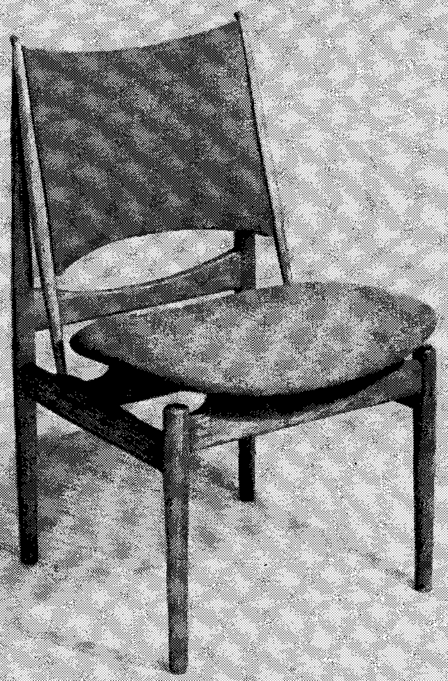

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Schiff pointed out that, on the other hand, relatively few skin divers belong to skin-diving clubs and accept their restrictions. For that reason, he said, the Dolphins would like to see the state take over the whole business of regulating the sport, and make the regulations part of the fish and game laws, but so far the state has shown little inclination to pass such laws. In fact, he went on, he had the notion that the authorities would like it best if the whole fraternity of skin divers—browsers, beauty lovers, spearfishers, and all—would just drift away and quit bothering them.

It is illegal to use skin-diving equipment—even just mask or flippers—at any public swimming beach in New York City or on Long Island, Schiff told me. This leaves law-abiding skin divers only the choice of diving from boats, from certain jetties, or from private or desolate beaches. Of all their grievances, this outcast status seems to be the one that rankles most. They agree that it would be hazardous to have spearfishers mingling with bathers at public beaches, but they see no reason the state shouldn't set aside certain areas for skin divers, just as it sets aside places for surf casters, swimmers, campers, tennis players, horseshoe pitchers, and other sporting minorities.

"That's why we're reduced to such a miserable beach as this one," Schiff said. "Not many bathers care to come to this beach, particularly at this time of the year, so the park people condescend to tolerate us here. We've asked many times for the opportunity to take the problem up with His Royal Majesty Commissioner Robert Moses, but he won't even talk to us. It's a funny thing—Moses used to be a champion swimmer himself, so you'd think he'd be the kind of person who would be naturally interested in skin diving."

"If he ever took it up, I bet he'd be crazy for it," put in a young man who had walked up in his frogman suit, complete with a bright-blue snorkel and a blue-rimmed face mask. "He'd probably chase all the swimmers off Jones Beach and give it to us."

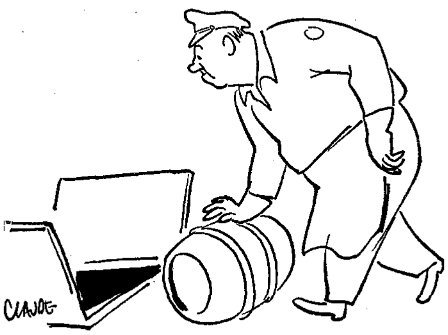
"That'll be the day," said Schiff. He, too, having finished his patch, was all ready for the water. He stood looking out at it for a moment. "You know," he said reflectively, "it sometimes amazes me that we ever bother to dive around here at all." He plodded off gloomily toward the channel.

The rest of the skin divers were also going in now, to hunt for the aluminum treasure that Kieser and Reiner had hidden. I stood around and watched for a while, catching an occasional glimpse of a snorkel, a glistening face mask, or a dripping upturned bottom. Then, since skin diving, although undoubtedly fascinating to pursue, is possibly the least fascinating spectator sport that can be imagined, I lay down and took a long, refreshing nap, making sure to get well back on the sand, where the tide couldn't reach me.

I AWOKE to savory smells—sizzling hot dogs, steaks, and hamburgers. Mothers were calling to their children to come to lunch, and children were calling back, "In a minute!" It was nearly one o'clock. The treasure hunt was over, the divers had stripped off their frogman suits, and prizes were being handed out—a prize for each plate found. Herbert Rakebrand, the railroad conductor who brought the fish scales, had found three plates, more than anyone else, and had won three prizes—a depth gauge, a knife, and a slate he could write notes on underwater. Two plates remained undiscovered in the channel, perhaps to provide relics for aqualunged archeologists of the future.

Joining a group of Dolphins who were admiring Rakebrand's prizes, I asked how the water had been. Not bad, I was told—visibility about ten feet, but very few fish. "Wasn't there *anything* worth seeing?" I asked.

My question seemed to arouse the local pride of a short, serious young



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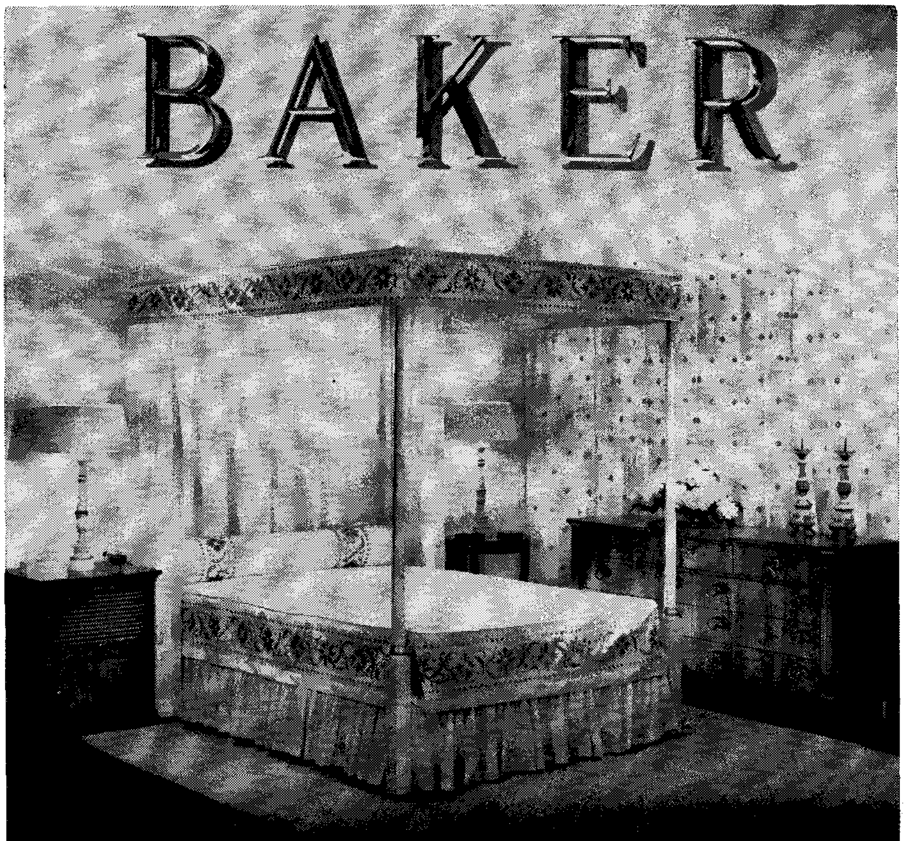

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man near me. "Oh, it was quite interesting, quite interesting," he replied with defensive enthusiasm. "I saw anemones, sea urchins, sponge—the sponge was white, made sort of a bright color contrast. And thousands of hermit crabs and spider crabs, all over the bottom."

"The most colorful thing *I* saw," another diver chimed in, "was a half grapefruit. Let me tell you about it. It was bright yellow—the yellowest half grapefruit I ever saw—and *big!* I got so fascinated watching it I almost ran out of air."

I picked my way over to the Kiesers, who had been kind enough to invite me to share their lunch. Schiff and his wife and daughter were on a blanket next to them, and we all settled down to cold fried chicken, produced in apparently endless quantities from a large hamper. As we gratefully made away with the chicken, somebody brought up the subject of sharks.

"Well," Mrs. Kieser said, "they *say* that a shark won't bother a diver. Personally, I don't trust sharks. I just don't like them in the water with me." She tossed her head, as if indulging a feminine prerogative to be unreasonable, like a woman who has just declared that she can't stand mice.

Schiff smiled. "The first shark I ever met cruised slowly by me, kind of contemptuously, without even giving me a glance," he said. "That was in Florida. From the standpoint of my ego, it was sort of a humiliating experience."

Kieser remarked that anybody who dives much in tropical waters, as practically all the Dolphins do from time to time, can expect to run into sharks now and then—not only the affable nurse shark, which some skin divers have wrestled ashore barehanded, just to show off, but also the hammerhead and the tiger shark, who grow from ten to twenty feet long and convey with no effort at all an impression of unearthly malice. Essentially, he said, between nibbles at a drumstick, sharks are scavengers, subsisting on dead or sick fish or other refuse. One of his friends, who was dropping bottom first off a boat—the way one is supposed to enter the water while skin-diving, so that the water won't pull the face mask off—saw a shark come right up from the ocean floor at him, apparently assuming that he was a can of garbage that had been tossed overboard. About two feet from him, the shark seemed

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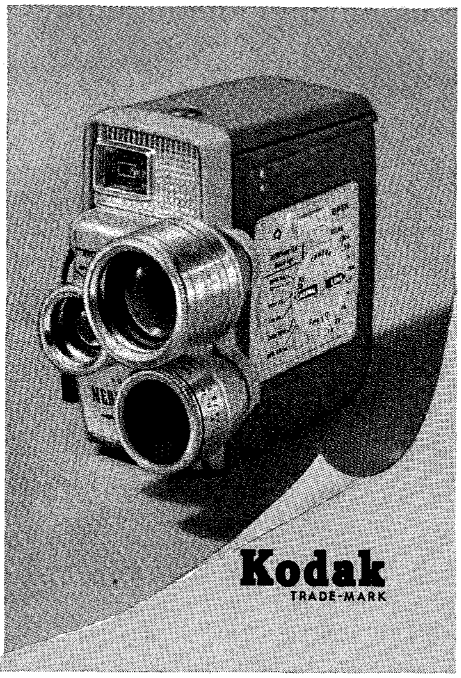

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to discover its error, and veered off.

"It's not supposed to be in a shark's nature to go after anything as big or strange-looking as a skin diver," Kieser said. "So we feel that it is safer, when a shark is around, to be completely submerged, so he can look you over from flipper to snorkel, than to be floating on the surface. We figure that whenever sharks have attacked surface swimmers, they probably weren't aware that they were human beings. They might have mistaken the swimmers' legs dangling beneath the surface for sick fish."

"That, at least, is the way we rationalize it," Schiff put in. "We have to have *some* rationalization like that, or we'd never dive at all."

"Don't get the idea that we're foolhardy about sharks," Kieser said. "The Dolphins aren't that kind of club. We make it a kind of rule that any time there's more than two or three sharks in the water with you, you should get out."

I was so charmed by Kieser's conception of prudence that I neglected to inquire how a diver is supposed to get out of the water while remembering to remain completely submerged.

Schiff said that in Florida waters barracuda were a much more common sight than sharks. "Almost any day skin divers go out off the Keys, they take it for granted—much as you take ants for granted at a picnic—that there will be barracuda somewhere around. They get to be six feet long, or longer, and have razor teeth, and lots of them. They hang around skin divers, giving them the baleful eye, and sometimes swoop in and snatch away a fish the fellow has speared. Sharks will do that, too. I've had barracuda come bristling in at me with a chip on their shoulder, as if they were going to eat me up, but I've found that if you hold your ground against one, or even swim toward him, he'll slink away, just like a cur dog, looking back over his shoulder as he goes, and snapping his teeth. He looks exactly as if he were snarling."

To have a shark or a barracuda hijack one's catch of fish, Schiff said, is a most sobering experience. They strike so fast and so accurately when they go into action, and their teeth are so ostentatiously sharp, that it brings home to even the most cocksure, most expensively outfitted skin diver in the world how poorly equipped he is by comparison. "It makes a man feel how humble and insignificant he is in the scheme of things," he concluded solemnly.

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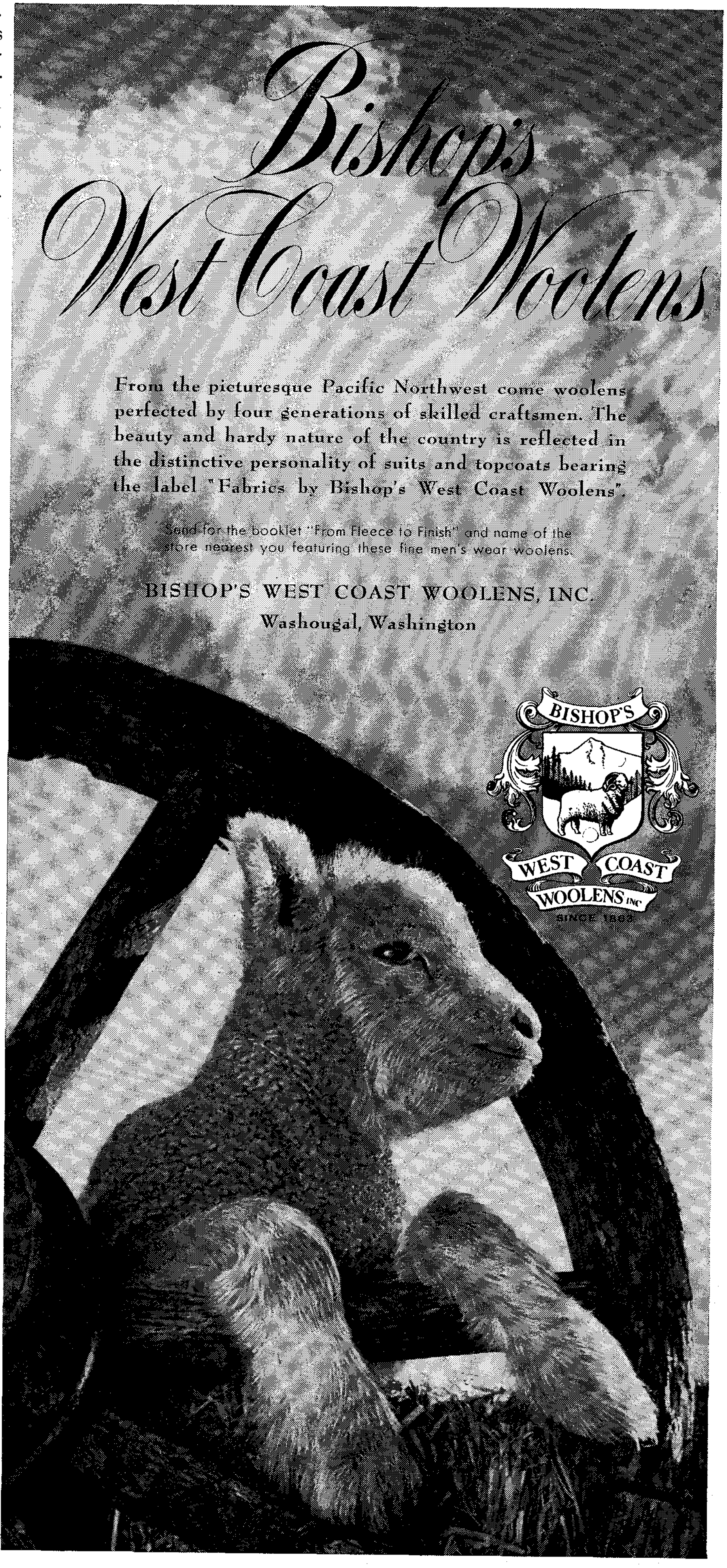

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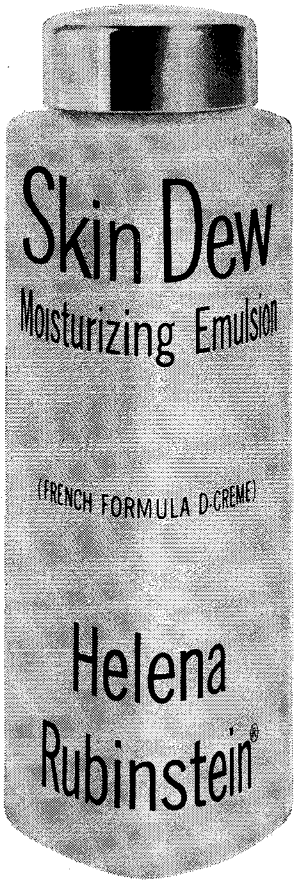

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man's insignificance, we all humbly helped ourselves to another round of chicken, along with potato salad, pickles, and olives. Kieser told about once finding a shark asleep in a cave, and then a heavyset blond man, who had just come over to our group carrying a hamburger in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, told a hair-raising story he had heard about how a moray eel in the Virgin Islands had sneaked up on a skin diver and tried to drag him into its hole. He told it very dramatically. "That's the kind of stuff people believe," he commented scornfully when he had finished. I found all this terrifying talk a very pleasant and innocent way to pass the time as we sat there high, dry, and safe within the city limits. It was like sitting before a fireplace in a snug house during a storm and swapping ghost stories.

Scare talk aside, Schiff said, bringing us back to reality, skin divers here have more to fear from barnacles, broken bottles, sea urchins, fouled fishing lines, rusty tin cans, and unexpected currents than from ferocious monsters of the deep. "The most dangerous thing of all in the water is the untrained diver or the reckless spearfisher," he observed. "Actually, there have been remarkably few serious accidents—perhaps no more deaths proportionately than there are among ordinary swimmers. The safety rule we Dolphins emphasize most is never skin-dive alone—always go out in the company of another diver."

Kieser nodded. "Nine times out of ten, when you hear about something happening to a skin diver, you can assume he was diving alone," he said.

"That's right," Schiff added. "Always dive with a buddy. If you see a shark, you have a fifty-fifty chance he'll take your buddy and not you."

AFTER waiting around awhile to digest their lunches, some of the Dolphins wriggled into their suits again and went back into the channel. Not far from where I was, four or five women were putting on their husbands' frogman suits. To judge by their animated laughter and chatter, they had never worn them before. The husbands stood by, helping them and looking as if it weren't quite as hilarious as all that. The wives went flopping into the water, stayed in about ten minutes, and then came out and lined up at the water's edge, arms around each other, to have their pictures taken. The afternoon wore on amiably and aimlessly, much as at any beach picnic. Somebody had brought a guitar and was

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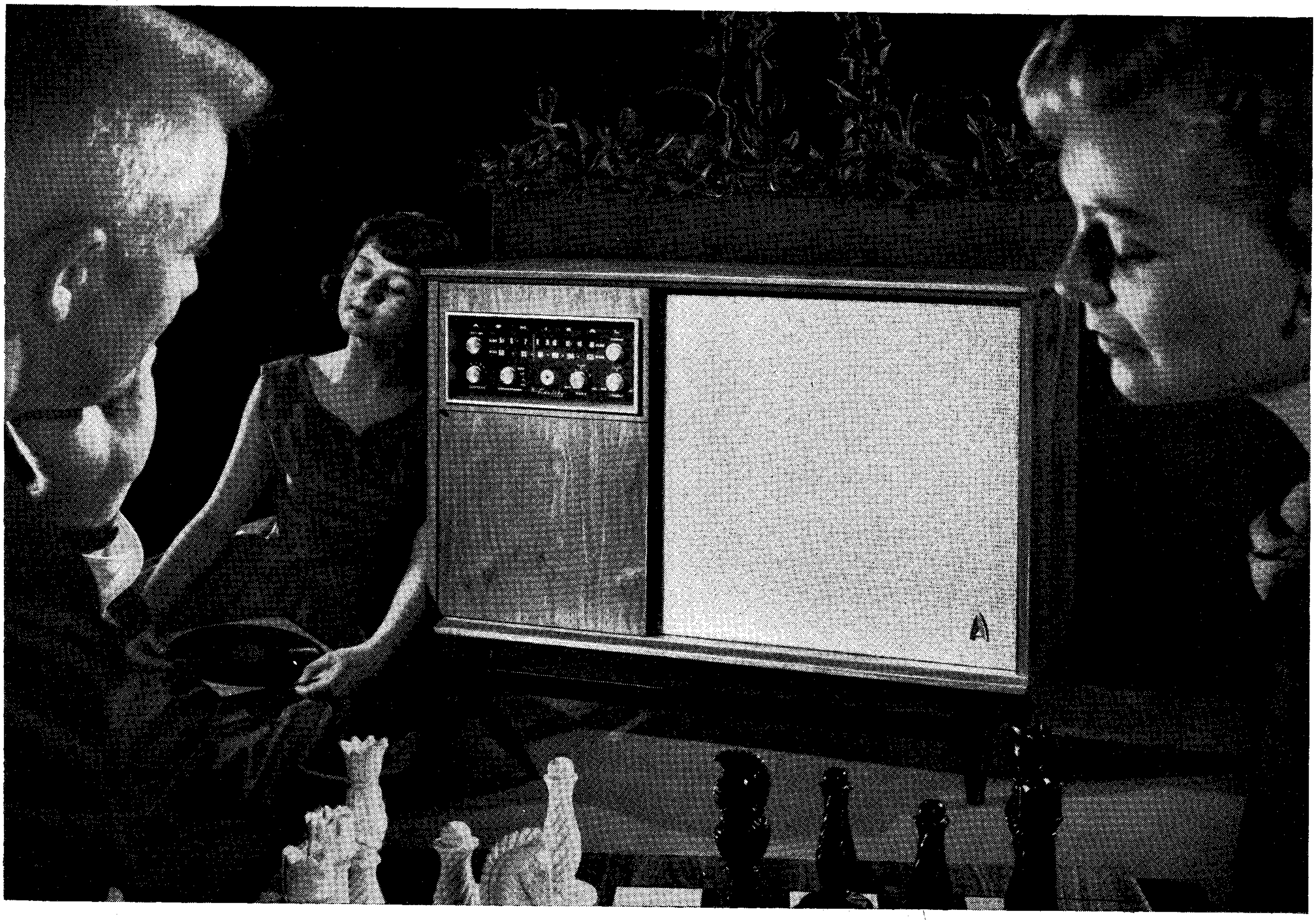

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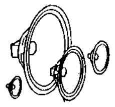

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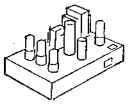

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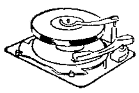

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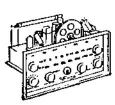

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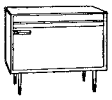

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plunking away on it. In an open area down the beach, a couple of young men were throwing a boomerang they had brought.

After a while, I asked Kieser when the spearfishing contest would begin.

"We called it off," Kieser said. "Not enough fish." He shrugged. "That's the way it goes around here."

Rakebrand, standing nearby, glanced at his scales and said brightly, "Somebody's *got* to catch a fish before the day's over. Come on, Graham," he said to the man at his side, the large blond man whom I had last heard debunking moray eels. "Let's go catch a fish!"

They picked up their spear guns and snorkels and set out. Just at that moment, the sky clouded over and it started to rain. The two frogmen turned, ran back to their blankets, and began hastily packing up their equipment. Everybody else on the beach was hurriedly doing the same. Out in the channel, the fishing boats reappeared, heading rapidly toward the land. Gulls scudded past, flying before the storm. Within fifteen minutes, the beach was completely deserted. The last Dolphin I saw was a tall, burly man who went rushing off toward his car, his aqualung slung over one shoulder, while his wife trailed after him, carrying a bag in each hand and calling to him, "You've been in the water all day. What's your hurry now?" —BERNARD TAPER

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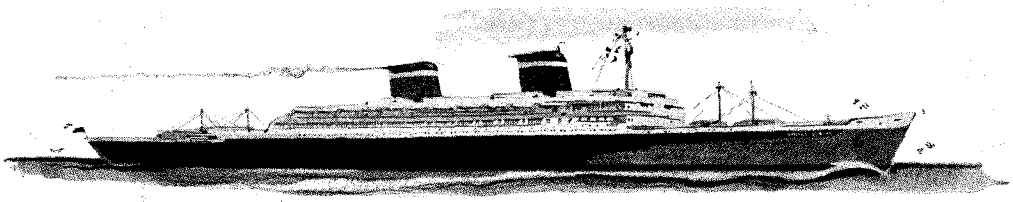

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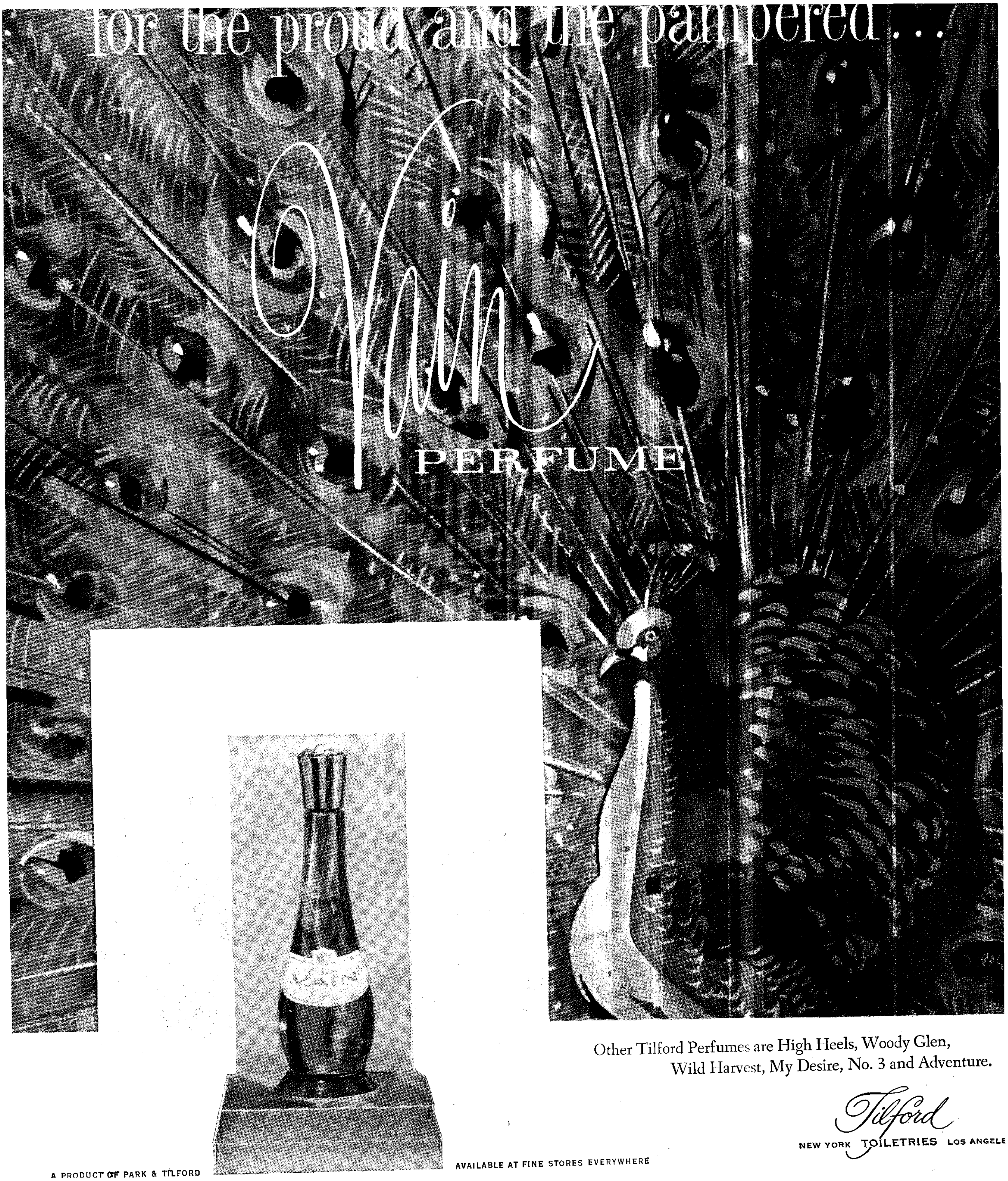
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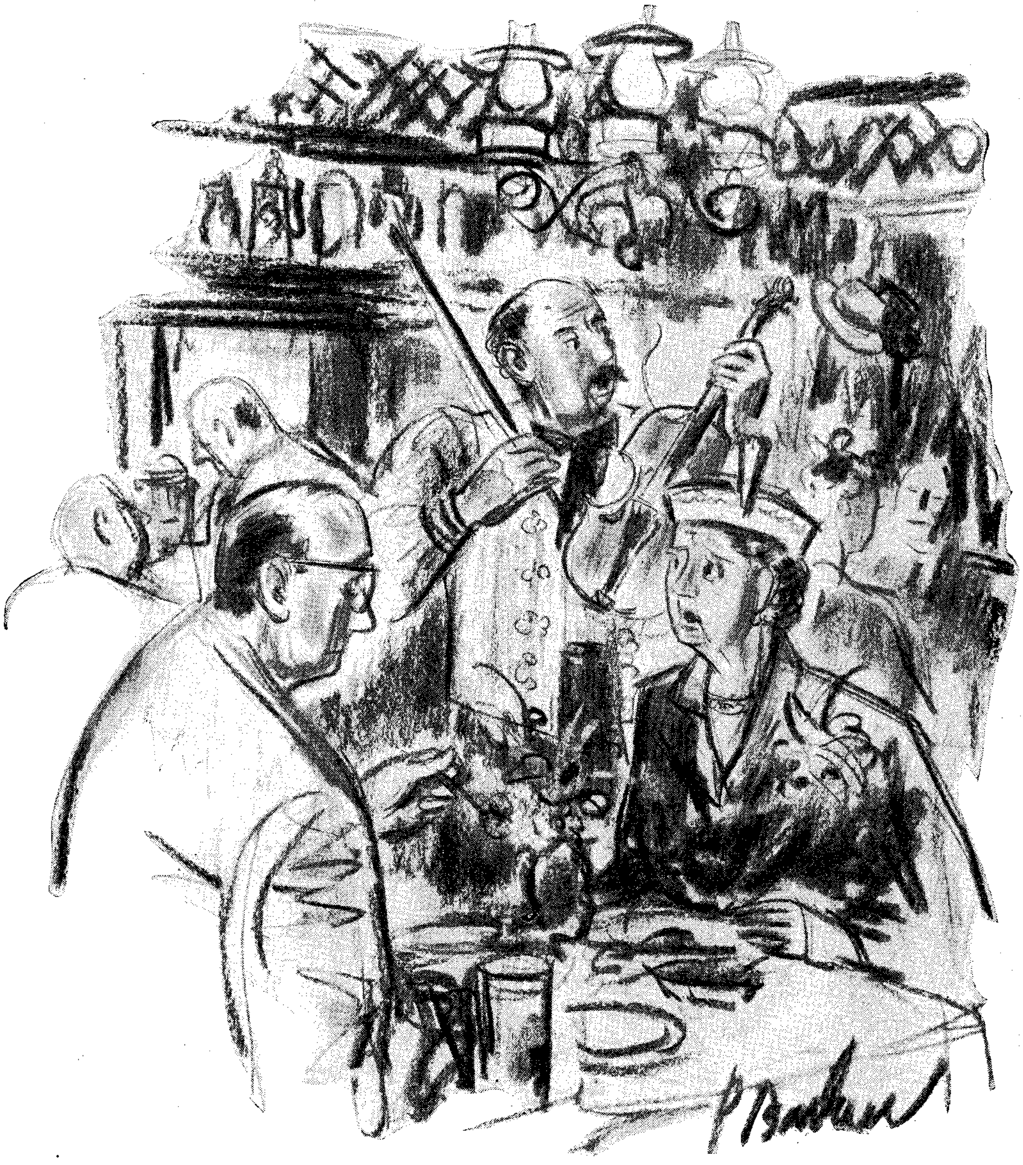
THE THEATRE

TWO VERY SAD YOUNG MEN

OF all the sad young rebels in our literature, which offers a new specimen for our inspection nearly every week, the hero of "Look Back in Anger," John Osborne's play at the Lyceum, is perhaps the one with the most exhaustive set of grievances against the world he has to live in. He is dismayed by his times, because there are no great causes, or even illusions, left to fight for; he can take no comfort in belonging to a social class, because he is what might be called a half gentleman, sufficiently a man of the people to hate the soft arrogance of the fortunate and gently bred, and sufficiently educated to despise the ignorant sentimentality of the poor; he has no rational occupation to divert him, being an artist *manqué*, now condemned to the operation of a candy store in some gritty English suburb; and he is, of course, denied the popular consolations of religion and of patriotism, having an almost equal contempt for the dead God and the dying Empire. He is a very young man, as you have probably gathered, and he might easily have been both tedious and insufferable if Mr. Osborne hadn't somehow managed to write about him with compassion and truth, and to endow him with a kind of savage and authentic humor not often found in heroes who consider themselves victims of life, since they are far more apt to be damp with self-pity than bright with rage.

In essence, the play is a furious and almost uninterrupted diatribe against practically everything. The action takes place in the miserably squalid one-room flat that Jimmy Porter shares with his wife, Alison, who, being the daughter of a British colonel until recently stationed in India, is a symbol of all that her husband finds most loathsome. A room on the same floor is occupied by a young Welshman, whose rough exterior conceals the kindest of all possible hearts, and who is apparently the only friend they have left in the world. When the curtain rises, the lady is ironing while the men investigate the Sunday papers, and almost instantly Porter finds fuel for the perpetual fire that consumes him. "The Bishop of Bromley," he reads, with terrible relish, "has made a very eloquent appeal to all Christians to aid in the manufacture of the H-bomb." It is no time at all before he finds occasion to observe that it is "dreary living in the American age, unless you're American, of course;" to describe T. S. Eliot, if I heard him correctly, as "a sort of female Emily Brontë;" and to remark of his mother-in-law that she is "as tough as a night in a Bombay brothel and as hairy as a sailor." It is at this point, I believe, that his wife murmurs wanly, "I think I'll go out of my mind if you don't stop," and he replies genially, "Why don't you?" This, in general, is the pattern of the conversation in "Look Back in Anger," and while I can see now that it reproduces only indifferently in print, it sounds quite sprightly on the stage, where the humor of invective is not customarily so vivid or so ingenious. The serious portions of the entertainment are perhaps rather less satisfactory. There are occasions when self-pity does creep in, the hero turning up with floridities like "I knew more about love, betrayal, and death when I was ten years old than you will ever know," and there is a recurring motif having to do with the necessity of thinking of oneself as a small furry animal when it is no longer possible to endure the torment of being human. Mr. Osborne states firmly in a program note that this is not whimsey, but I regret to say that it remains too whimsical for me. There is also—probably because of a dearth of natural incident in what is fundamental-



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ly a character study—an attempt to contrive incident (the wife, tired of being a victim, leaves; a new and somewhat preposterous victim is supplied; the wife returns, etc.), and I can't help feeling that all this mechanism has a certain desperation about it. By far the greater part of the play, though, is true, touching, and funny in its lively, roughshod way, and I trust you'll take it to your heart.

As Porter, Kenneth Haigh handles his lines with unusual intelligence and obvious enjoyment, and he is nicely assisted by Mary Ure, as his unfortunate wife; Alan Bates, as their friend; Vivienne Drummond, as the other woman in the case; and Jack Livesey, as the colonel, who once says reflectively of his son-in-law, "He has quite a turn of phrase, hasn't he?"—a massive understatement if ever I heard one.

THE late Nathanael West's novel called "Miss Lonelyhearts" presented us with a nightmare, peopled exclusively by hideous monsters and abject clowns, and demonstrating that applied Christianity not only is helpless to relieve the suffering of the world but is also doomed to destroy itself in the process of trying. The book was a controlled, ferocious literary exercise, reflecting its author's despair, and it had a remarkably chilling effect. The stage adaptation, made by Howard Teichmann, who a few years ago collaborated with George S. Kaufman on a farce called "The Solid Gold Cadillac," retains most of Mr. West's plot and a good many passages of his text, but I'm afraid that it is little more than a rather untidy newspaper melodrama, decorated with muddled and distressing spiritual overtones. It is hard to say just exactly how Mr. Teichmann has accomplished this debasing of his material. In the original, the hero, employed by a newspaper to answer the letters that come in from grotesquely tormented subscribers, begins by taking them quite seriously and then gradually turns into a crazy messiah. He is egged on to his destruction by his editor, who is not a three-dimensional man but only a symbol of cold, malevolent reason, and in the end he is killed by the crippled husband of a nymphomaniac who has been one of his most troublesome correspondents and has, indeed, managed to seduce him. The substance of all this is in the play at the Music Box, but the characters have been altered, tidied up, and elevated in a manner that would certainly have dismayed their creator. The young man, once a sick and somewhat

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ghastly figure of fun, is now an authentic idealist, for whom things don't work out very well, but who remains agreeably picturesque and romantic just the same. The editor, once, as noted, the epitome of cynicism, has been transposed, all brisk and crackling, to "The Front Page," and provided, furthermore, with a golden heart that causes him to describe his employee's riddled corpse as that of the son he never had and the man he'd always hoped to be. The subsidiary actors in the drama—the cripple and his wife, and the sexually disturbed ladies and alcoholic reporters who, of course, infest newspaper offices all over the land—have undergone less tampering, but they are still not so much disembodied horrors in a dream as standard diversions in a Broadway comedy. Altogether, in fact, the massacre is complete, terrible, and, in my embarrassed opinion, really extremely dull.

The performances are not of much assistance. Pat O'Brien, an intensely likable man, brings all his amiable qualities to his portrayal of the editor, whose name, for cryptic reasons, has been changed from Shrike to Spain, and while he succeeds most of the time on the level of comedy—as a tough and harried editor—he is less convincing as a sardonic critic of Christian behavior, there being plainly nothing blacker in his heart than there is in Donald Duck's. Fritz Weaver, in the title role, achieves a sort of troubled but indomitable nobility—an attitude that is fetching but often monotonous, and has the effect of removing the play still further from the book's intention. Among the other members of the cast are Ruth Warrick, Pippa Scott, Janet Ward, Henderson Forsythe, and Dan Morgan. They are all skillful within the peculiar limits of the script, and Jo Mielziner's multiple sets brilliantly suggest the atmosphere never managed by the play.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

The all time record money series was played in 1954 between the New York Giants and the Cleveland Indians. Each winning Giant earned $11,147.90 and each dosing Indian $6,712.50.—*The Herald Tribune.*

You mean "dozing," don't you?

•

Sermon topic by the Rev. Mr. Sperduto: "How Good Can One Be?" Craig Turner, tenor soloist, to sing, "Blast This House," by Brahms.—*Ithaca Journal.*

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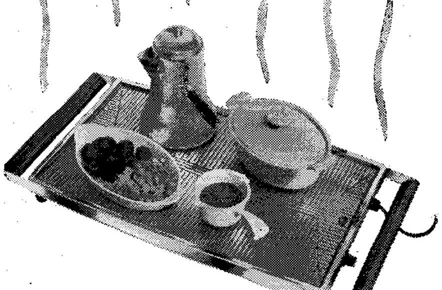

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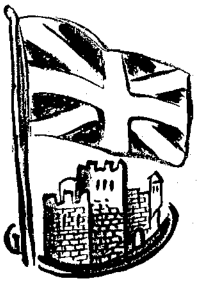
LETTER FROM LONDON



OCTOBER 2

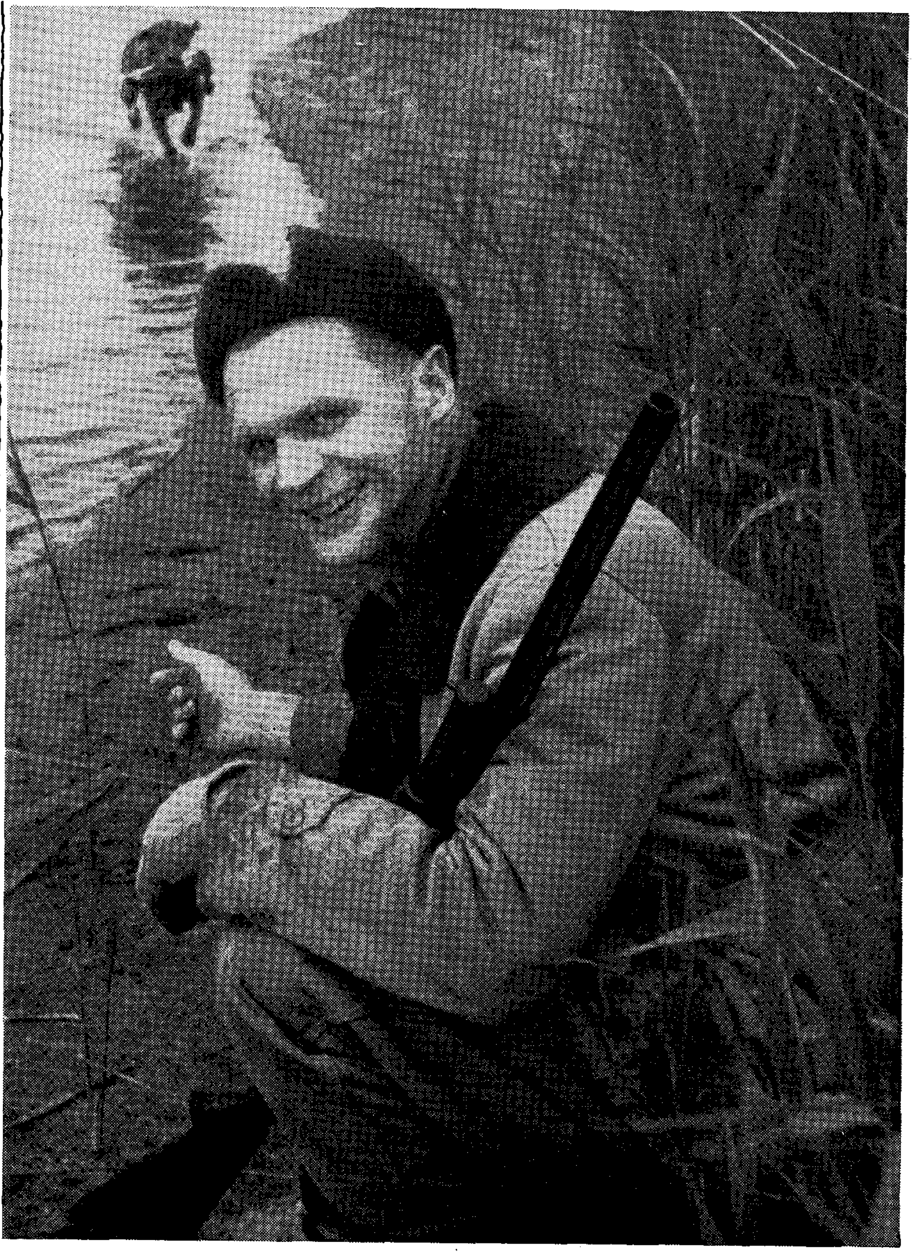
THE Government's drastic action to defend the pound abroad and stick a sharp pin into inflation at home set off an enormous bang in the deep political calm of late September, and the air is still reverberating in many places, though not in the House of Commons, which remains empty. Ever since the bank rate was stepped up to a thumping seven per cent twelve days ago, thus making money tighter than at any time since 1921 and stunning the City (a leak of information there was alleged and denied, someone unspecified having been sufficiently unstunned to shed government stock suspiciously fast the evening before the new rate was announced), the Prime Minister has refused the request of the Opposition leader, Mr. Gaitskell, to bring Parliament back from its vacation earlier than the set date of October 29th, so that it could get down to examining the new measures. The earliest that it will be able to do so is still October 29th, it appears, by which time the first shock is expected to be over, allowing things to be seen in better perspective. The Opposition has already declared that it backs up Mr. Thorneycroft, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his defense of the pound but strongly criticizes his methods, holding that most of the trouble is due to the bounding strength of the German economy—not long ago in ruins—which has put Britain's out of whack. This notion is a bitter pill for the British to swallow, and blaming everything on the Germans for working too hard, as usual, has become the popular Labour Party line. Its leaders remain significantly quiet to their followers on the fact that in last week's figures of industrial output for twelve Western European countries, issued by the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, Britain was at the bottom of the list, with Austria and Germany near the top—something that will not exactly be brandished before the trade unions at the Labour Party conference at Brighton this week, though the Conservatives' economic incompetence surely will be.

Following the severe bank-rate operation, plus repeated firm insistence from London that it has no intention of lying down and dying, the pound perked up somewhat on the market but later fell back against the dollar and the West German mark. Meanwhile, for millions of ordinary citizens, to whom an exchange crisis is less real than a rise in a threepenny bus ticket but who vaguely comprehend that the Government has done something that will sooner or later have an uncomfortable effect on their everyday lives, the newspapers have been helpfully translating the news into possible dearer rents, higher installment-plan rates, steeper terms for house mortgages, and certainly fewer jobs. All the nationalized industries and government projects have been told to overhaul their spending plans stringently for the next two years. No one yet seems to know just how this will affect the urgent road-building and nuclear-power programs, two of the most important items on the national shopping list. The Trades Union Congress's General Council has just voiced its fear of the most pathological bogy in the Socialist cupboard, which is widespread unemployment—another unwelcome echo of the twenties, maybe, along with the increased bank rate. Since none of this exactly leads to popularity with voters, which is what both major parties already have a nervous eye on (a general election is mandatory by May, 1960), the Government has undeniably grasped the nettle this time, though lots of angry Conservatives think that it has been feebly slow about squaring up to it. The final test of how painfully it intends to hang on will come with the next crop of autumn wage claims, which are bound to be a nettly bunch, too. Already there is much belligerent talk about "a showdown with the unions."

In the view of many citizens who are not economists but who thoughtfully observe the daily West End flow of fat expense-account Jaguars unloading businessmen at fat expense-account lunches, the Government has not yet come anywhere near establishing the sort of psychological climate in which the wage earner might feel inclined to take any notice of appeals to act restrained. All that the fed-up general public knows of the battle is that things are getting dearer all the time. After this week, it will cost more to buy a newspaper, to send a letter, and to own a telephone. Taxis have recently pushed fares up by sixpence a ride. As the most unkindest cut of all, the distillers have announced a rise in the price of gin and whiskey, so that dropping into the local pub for a swift cheering nip will soon cost more, too. The Conservatives are holding their conference at Brighton the week after the Labour Party's, and motions asking them to tackle the cost of living and get tough with inflation in a big way are piled on the agenda as thick and as cold as pebbles on the beach. But the agenda was framed before the bank-rate shock, and Mr. Thorneycroft will be able to meet his critics by pointing out that he has already got uncommonly tough—so far, anyhow.

THE third man on the British political scene—the Liberal Party—has already had its conference, at Southport, and no matter what sort of breezes the two Brighton assemblies encounter, the ozone that the Southport delegates breathed was reportedly stimulating. Cynics say, with some truth, that the Liberals are always reviving but never revive. This year, however, they have a new leader and a whole lot of new hope—though not a whole lot of money, their principal weakness. What makes Liberals feel that events are coming around to their side is the undoubted fact that many disgruntled citizens are disenchanted with the Government and disenchanted with the Socialists, and may be increasingly inclined to cry a plague on both their houses and bang down a vote for the Liberal candidate, if one is around. The recent by-election in Gloucester made all parties sit up and look thoughtful when it showed that the Tory vote had nose-dived steeply, that the Labour vote had remained more or less glumly static, and that the Liberals (on the strength of an excellent candidate, Colonel Patrick Lort-Phillips) had pulled in twenty per cent of the poll. The Labour man won, sure enough, as realistic political commentators pointed out in the middle of the Liberal rejoicing, but the marked lack of enthusiasm for him on the part of the voters has since been making for a little self-examination at Transport House, the Labour Party headquarters.

What principally bucked up the Southport gathering—even more than Gloucester—was a remarkable speech by Jo Grimond, who succeeded the lately retired and much respected Clement Davies as leader. Maybe he is just what the Party needs in order to sell itself to the man in the street—who, if asked to think of a hypothetical Liberal Cabinet, would only be able to assemble a group of empty collars and ties, with blanks where the faces should be. Mr.



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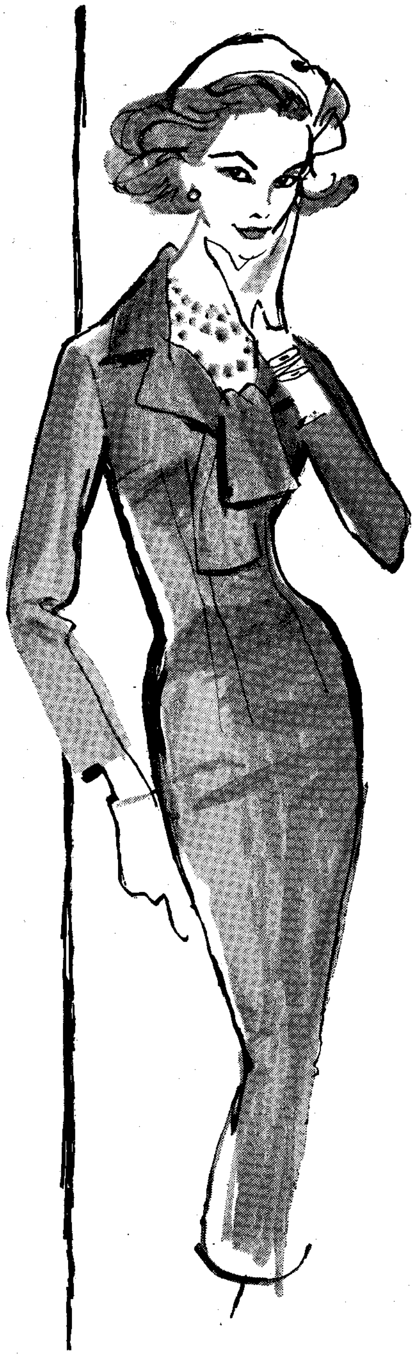

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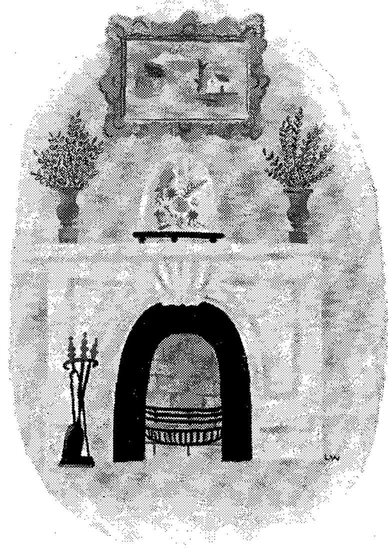
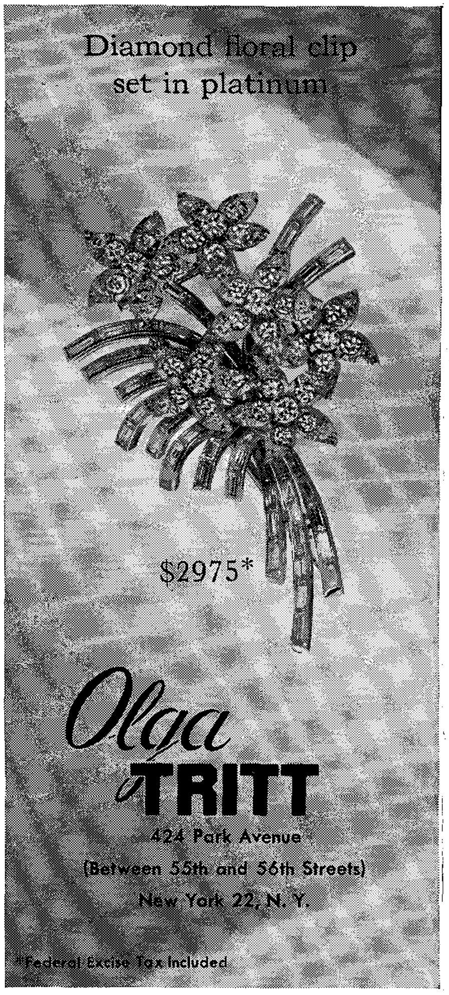
Grimond is something very different, being young, as politicians go—forty-four—and handsome, with a good television personality, an engagingly diffident manner, and a suddenly developed sharp knack of not pulling punches verbally, which his Southport audience found bracing. He talked to them like a Dutch uncle, warning them that the Liberal Party had perhaps ten years in which to "get on or get out;" flaying those faint hearts who felt that the Party ought to be content to be a sort of political brain trust without power, standing on the sidelines and shouting advice to "the two clumsy giants;" and stating, "I am not prepared to lead a party of eunuchs." After his speech, the delegates dug down into their pockets so enthusiastically that, within an hour, the Party raked in nearly twelve thousand pounds—a postwar record, apparently, for a hard-up party. The two clumsy giants have since tartly pointed out that high and shining Liberal hopes have before now had a bad toss at the polls, as they did at the last election. This may easily be so again. The Liberals have already mentioned a probable hundred and sixty candidates whom they will be putting up in the next electoral fight—mostly, the Tories and the Labourites angrily complain, with no hope of success beyond splitting "their" vote, as Mr. Grimond sarcastically said the exponents of two-party politics always call it. This would be chiefly a disaster for the Conservatives, who usually pull in the bigger share of the Liberal vote when no Liberal is standing. The close to three million young English who will be old enough to vote next time might well find Mr. Grimond more idealistically appealing than Mr. Macmillan or Mr. Gaitskell, at that. In





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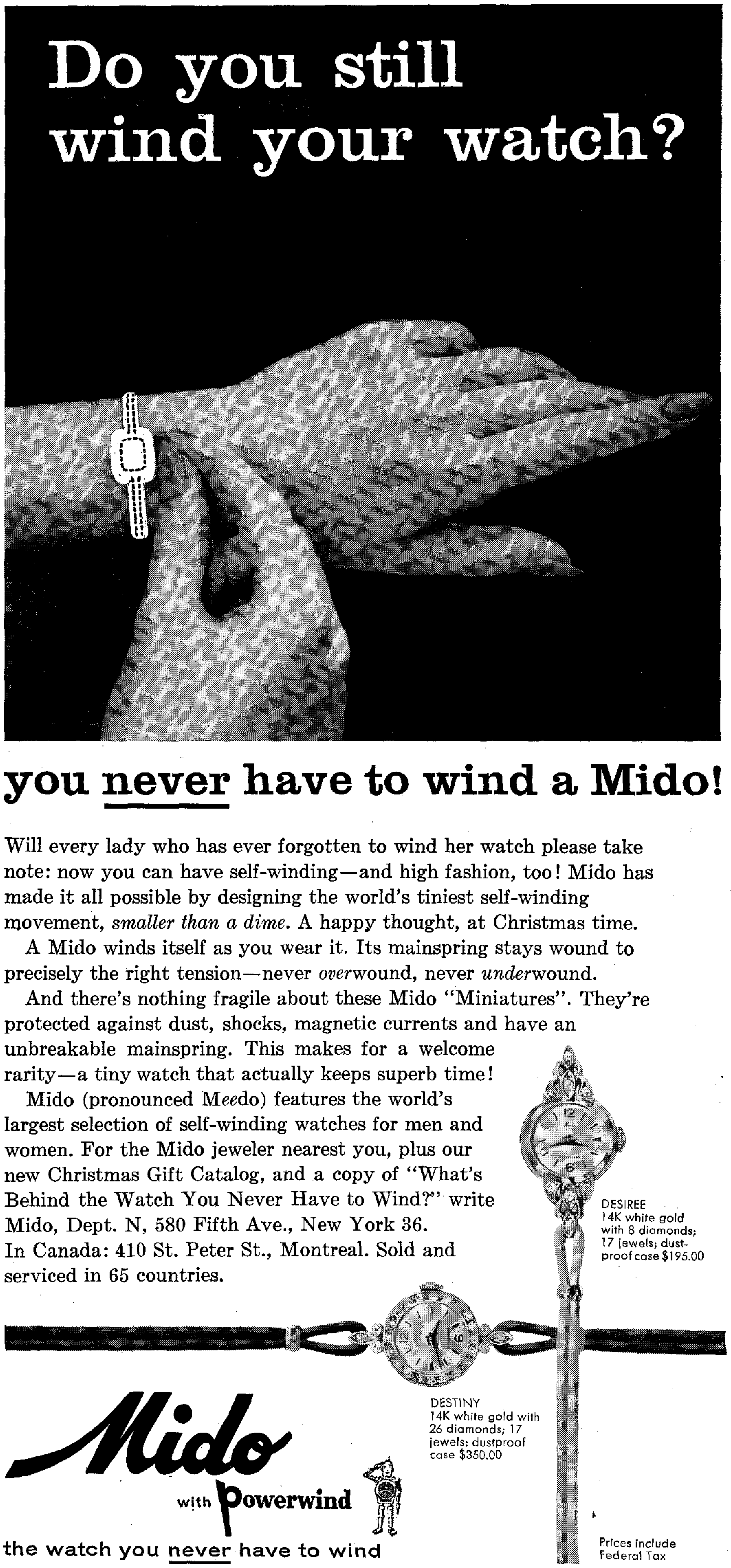
candor toward supporters, anyway, he is already ahead of them.

LONDONERS are currently having the chance to see the superb Arts Council exhibition of Monet's paintings that was one of the highlights of the Edinburgh Festival and has now travelled south to the Tate Gallery, where it will stay until November 3rd. It is an impressive collection of a hundred and seventeen canvases, lent by public and private collectors as far afield as Algiers and Bucharest, including the artist's son M. Michel Monet. Not the least of the pleasures of a visit is the remarkable catalogue, written by Professor Douglas Cooper and his assistant, Mr. John Richardson, which is packed with hitherto unpublished material from Monet's letters and diaries and with its compilers' joint erudition. It will certainly remain a standard reference work. The exhibition includes some of the series of paintings of haystacks, of opalescent cathedrals, and of the famous Nymphaea—the favorite, obsessive water lilies that have become Monet's signature flower for gallery visitors, as the sunflower is van Gogh's. The most exciting, influential canvases, before which the young painters from Chelsea and Bloomsbury and all over become rooted, are the ones in the last room, painted in Monet's beloved garden at Giverny when his sight was clouding so rapidly from cataracts that he had to spell out the label on the tube to be sure of what he was putting on his palette—almost abstractions of the water lilies and irises, swirling in a maelstrom of purple and black water or air, the famous Japanese bridge now only a rainbow suggestion seen through the furious, tangled brushstrokes of his last fight against night. There is also the great, rich, calm picture "Le Déjeuner," lent by the Louvre—all summer and good French living, with its deserted lunch table and the wine, the bread, and the peaches, and with the little boy, Jean Monet, playing among the beds of sun-soaked geraniums.

ASIAN flu has now got to London, though it has not yet attained the same devastating proportions it has in the north, where it has been holding up public transport services, sweeping Army camps, and emptying schools, from which thousands of unaffected children were kept away, too, so as to be out of the virus's reach. The way the epidemic has been publicized by the authorities seems odd. After first announcing that the flu was a mere nothing, less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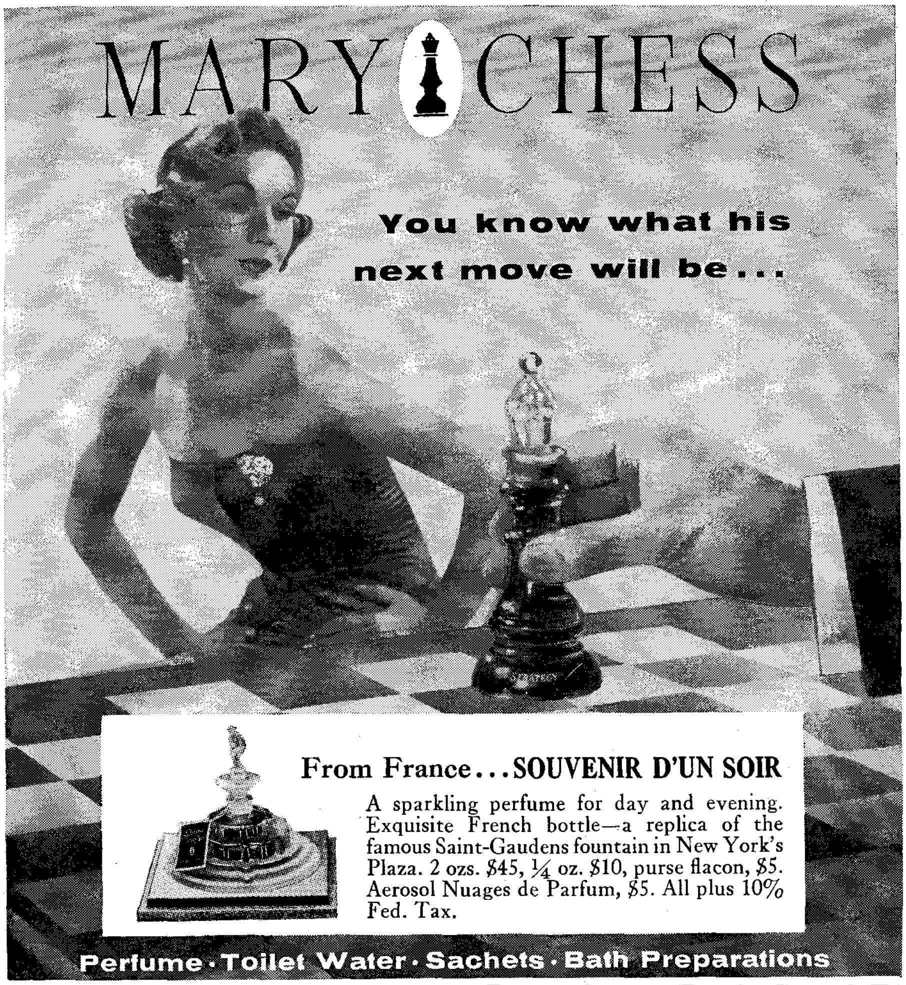
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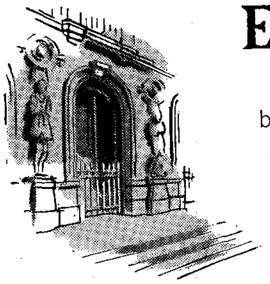

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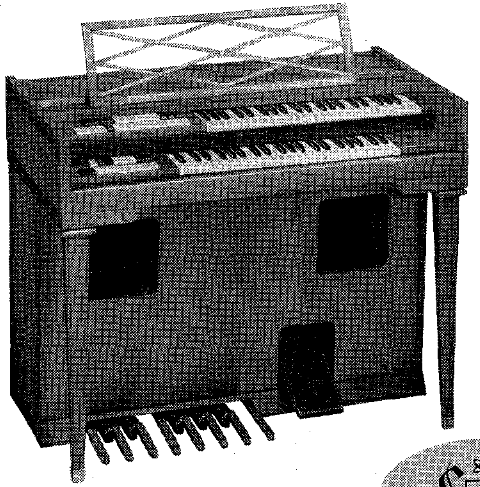

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serious than the normal winter plague, they began saying in the press and on the radio that people must go to bed at the first signs and stay there, and this advice has been backed up by the figures of deaths from complications, which jumped from forty-seven to a hundred and twenty-one in a week—nothing phenomenal yet, of course. Vaccine is to be available for doctors and nurses only. What with the sinister label of the name and a perfect bombardment of newspaper articles and pharmaceutical advertisements directing everybody to keep calm and advising on how to spot the bug, how to deal with it, and how to convalesce from it, Londoners are going to be practically mesmerized into getting the flu before their heads have even started aching, except from reading about it.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

TO JANET

Goodbye
Until such time as bobolinks do dine
On courses of blue pasture,
And water-horses whine
Across the grainfields' brine,
Canter and posture.

Then loosed will be forever
The goose-quill feathers
Of the friendly willow
Tickling the ticklish grass,
And the pond's brown glass,
And the blown flower-pillow.

Heaped in a hum of sun,
The bees will gun
It to new honey—odd fellows
Lunching on rose-carpets
In cool encampments,
Wild in a blur of yellows.

And we? We will play
A game of catch with poems,
As we did, one May,
In those other homes,
When grief was on holiday.

—RALPH POMEROY

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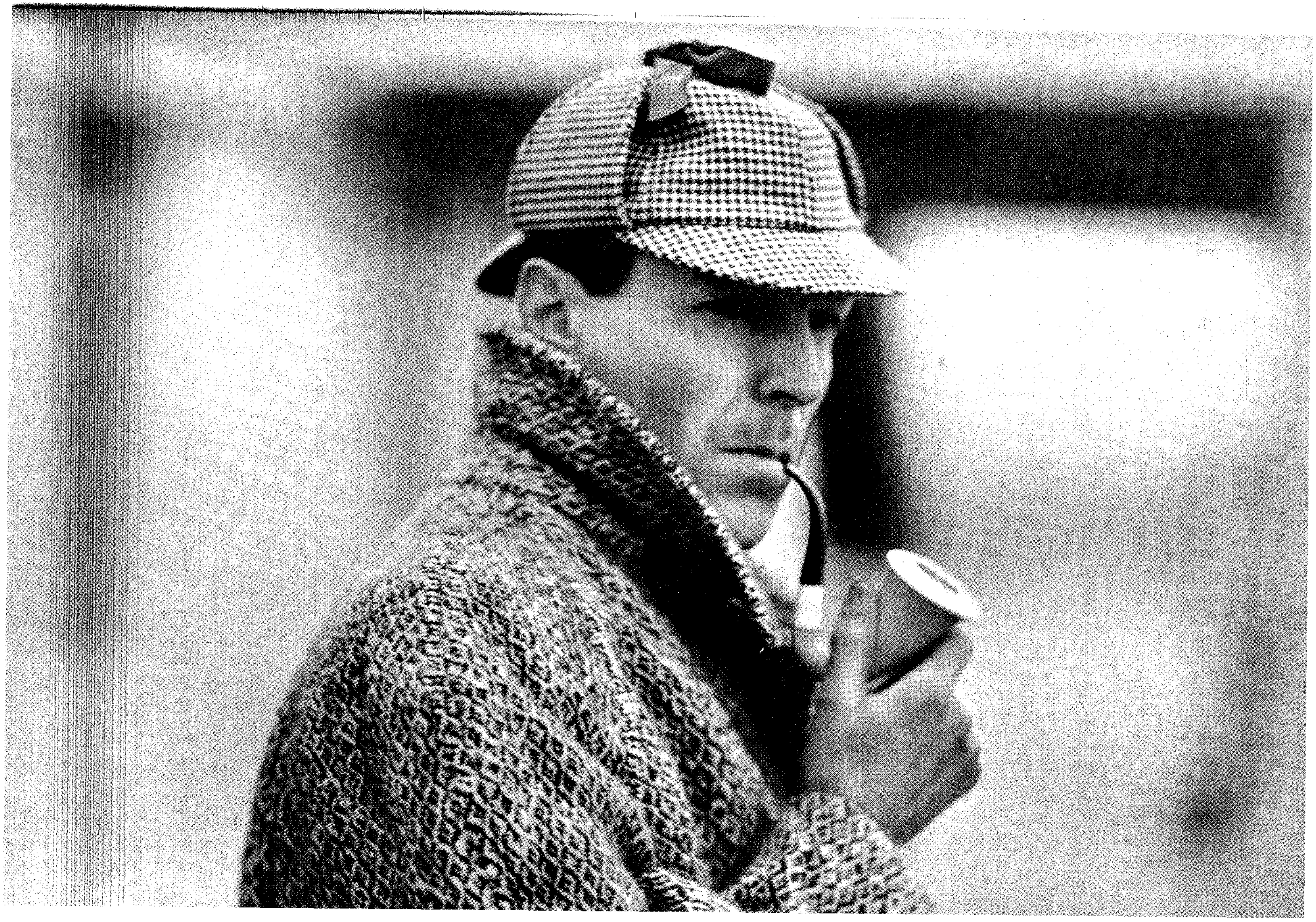
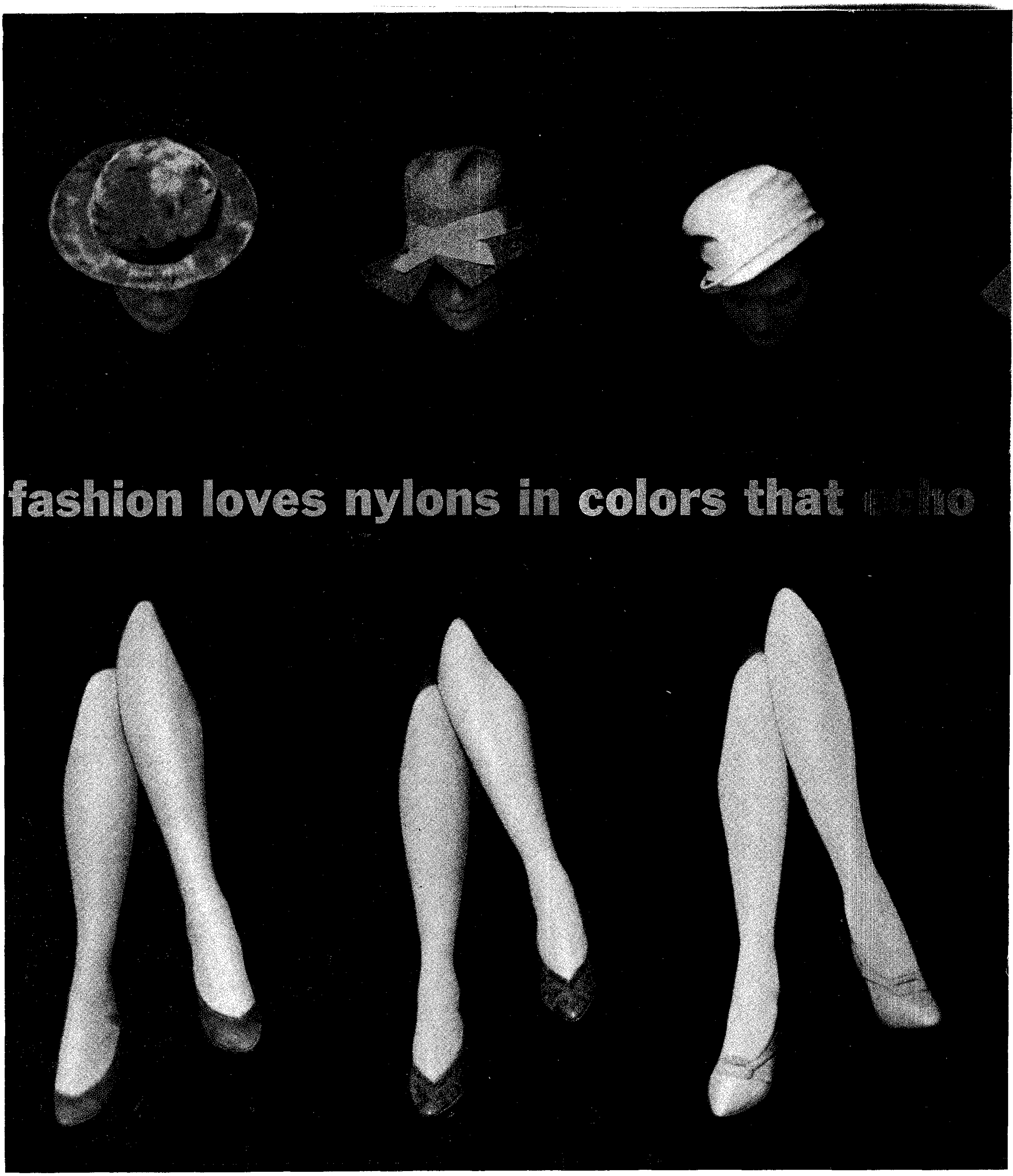
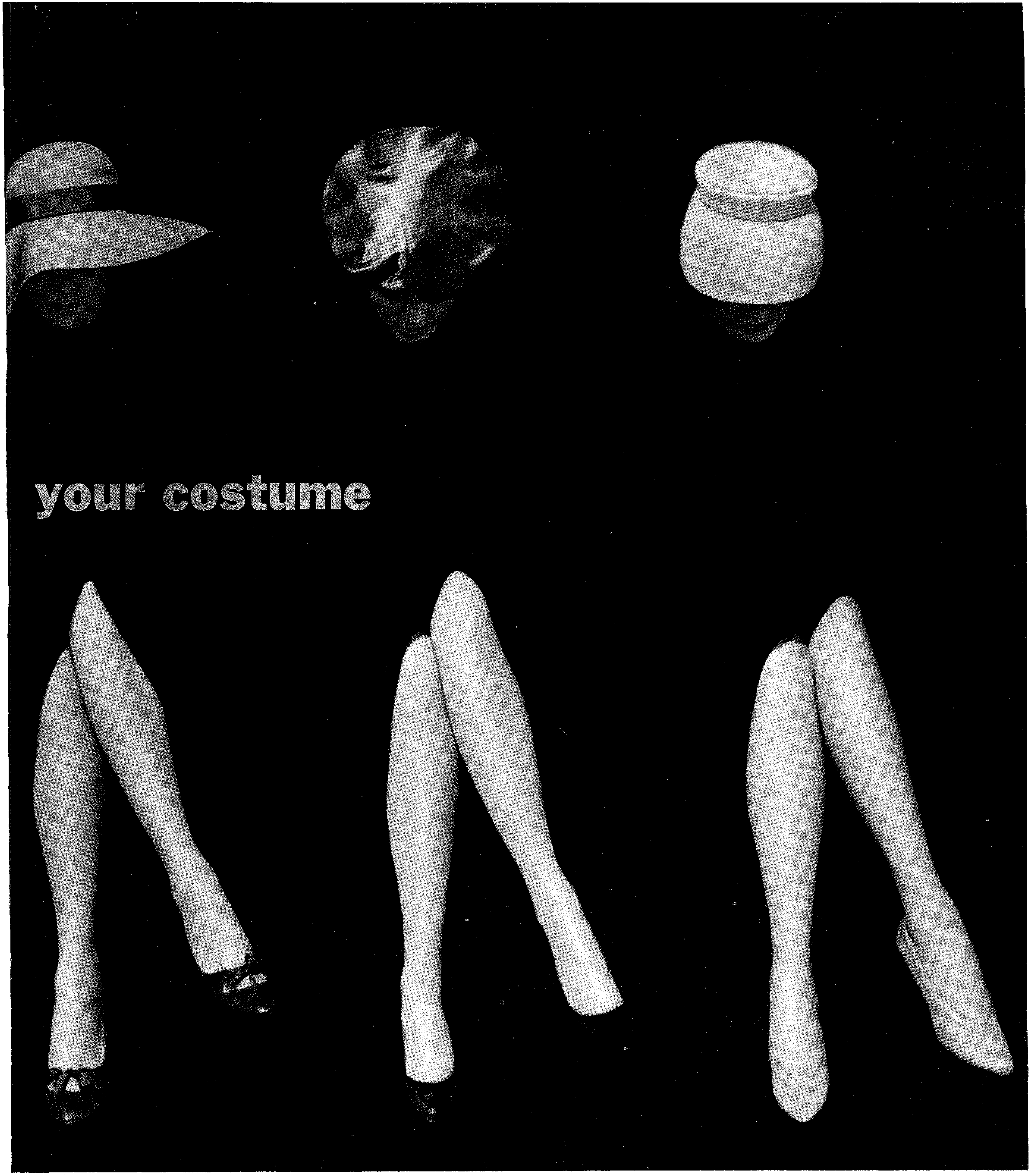
May you rest well, full of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams from dark to dawn. —*Room card in the Hotel Finlen, Butte, Montana.*

What time does it get dark around here?




fashion loves nylons in colors that echo

HATS BY MR. JOHN



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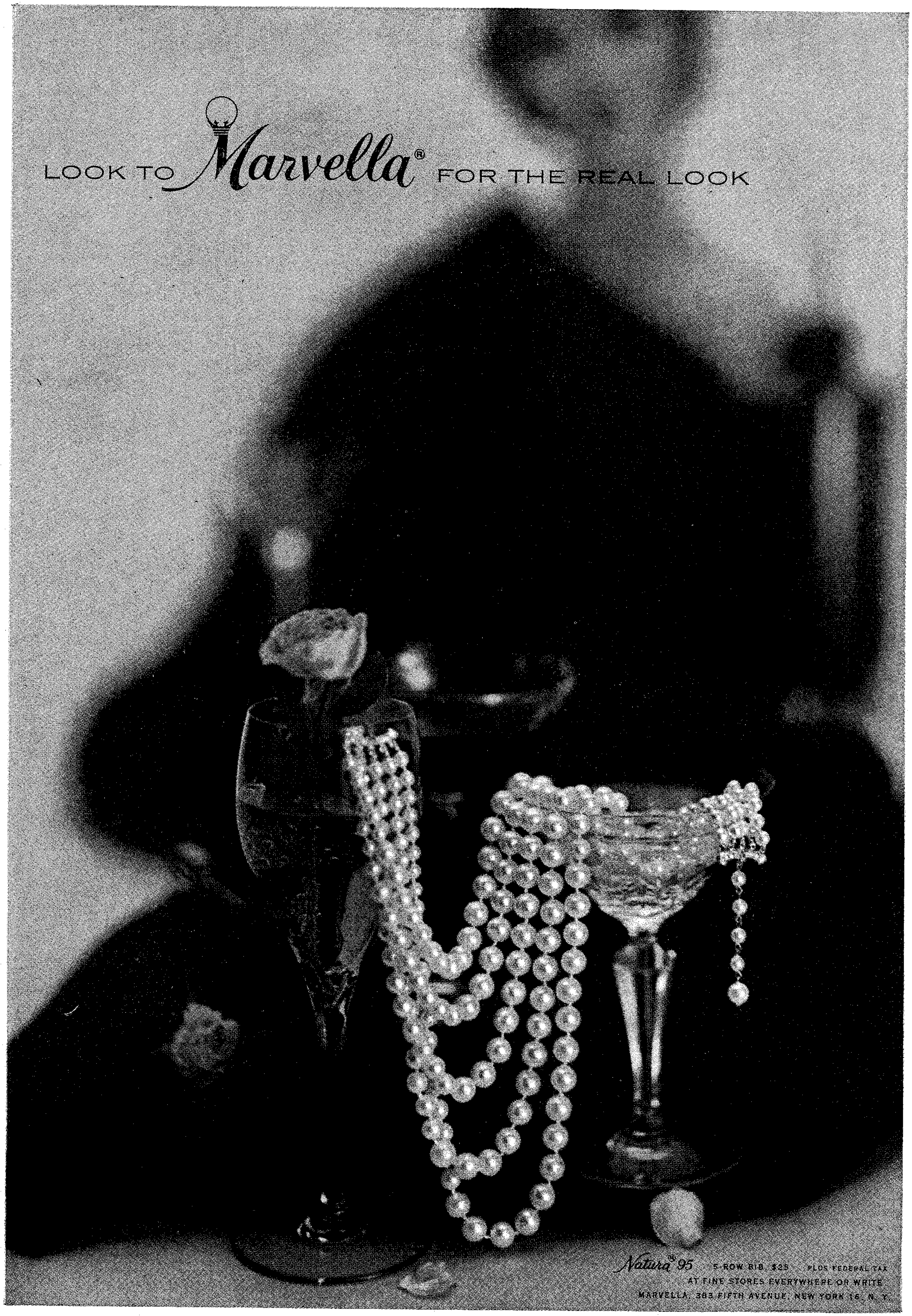
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THE RACE TRACK

In the Long Run

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THE most interesting performance we have to consider this week is that of Reneged, who won the Manhattan Handicap at Belmont last Saturday. He had been improving at a great rate since his return to the races in July, and he had made a gallant try in the Woodward Stakes a fortnight ago, when he lost third place to Bold Ruler by a short head, but even so I thought the mile and a half of the Manhattan would be beyond his powers. He had never gone that far except in slow training gallops. Besides, he would be carrying a hundred and twenty-five pounds, a lot more weight than anybody else in the race except Third Brother, who, incidentally, is getting to look more like his eldest brother, Hill Prince, and run less like him every day. Remembering the Woodward, however, the crowd made Reneged the favorite, and he never left the result in doubt. He took the lead from Cavort about halfway around the track and finished two lengths in front of him. Neither Third Brother, who was third, nor Admiral Vee, who was fourth, was anything to worry about. There were only two other starters—Beam Rider, who was fifth, and Riley, who snapped his right hind leg as he was going round the turn off the backstretch, and had to be destroyed. (Atkinson, who rode Riley, has no idea how it happened. In fact, he thought the colt was galloping smoothly at the time.) It would be easy to go off the deep end about Reneged, but I'll be hard to please and reserve judgment until I see whether he makes the best of his opportunities at Jamaica next month, the most golden of which is the Gallant Fox Handicap. In the past couple of months, he has collected prize money totalling $93,700 for his owner, Woodley Lane Farm, and I'll have to admit that that is nice going.

THE Lawrence Realization Stakes, for three-year-olds, at a mile and five furlongs, should be one of the gala events at Belmont, but it has been shrivelling up over the years, like so many of the older fixtures. (The trend of the times, probably; horsemen prefer hundred-thousand-dollar handicaps with the top weight no higher than a hundred and twenty-six pounds.) Anyway, the sixty-fifth Realization was run off last week, and it was a lively affair, in which a 24–1 shot named Assemblyman led by lengths from the start, only to have Promised Land catch him and head him in the last half-dozen strides. Jocko's Walk, another long shot, was third. Ogden Phipps's entry of Harmonizing and Bureaucracy (they were the public's choice) finished down the course. As for my own fancy, Ben Lomond, his luck was even worse than it was in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City last month; this time, he was going well in the stretch when he suffered a bad cut on one of his ankles. He was sixth. No doubt there's a hex on him.

I'M afraid there isn't much I can say in favor of the Astarita Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, which came off on Monday at Belmont. It was a scramble in which Polamby, Merry Lark, Lopar, and Meant Well—none of them particularly worth remembering—finished heads apart. Much more interesting were some of the winding-up gallops for the Champagne Stakes, the oldest race in the country for two-year-olds, which will have its eighty-seventh running at Belmont on Saturday. In one of these, Llangollen Farm's Rise 'n Shine, who cost $87,000 as a yearling, beat Greentree's Turpitude, and in another Llangollen's Crasher, who finished fourth in the Belmont Futurity, rolled home by six lengths at a mile. The chances are that the Llangollen pair will be favorites—odds-on, perhaps.

LOOKING farther afield—to Suffolk Downs in Boston—Decathlon, carrying a hundred and thirty-three pounds, ran a dead heat with Lord Jeep, a 60–1 shot to whom he gave twenty-two pounds, in last Saturday's John Alden Handicap, at six furlongs. Boston Doge was last. Something I'd like to see would be a race between Bold Ruler and Decathlon at six furlongs—but there isn't likely to be one.

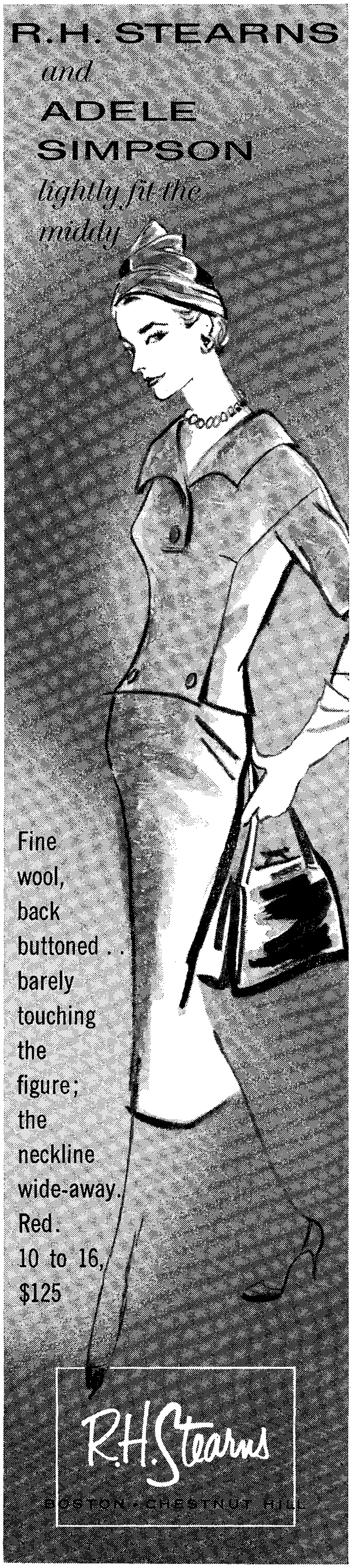
—AUDAX MINOR

•

WHICH WRITER IN "THE LISTENER" D'YA READ?

If war is too serious a matter to be left to the soldiers, as Clemenceau said, then . . .—*Darsie Gillie in the Sept. 12th issue, page 375.*

War, said Talleyrand, is too serious a business to be left to military men.—*D. G. Christopherson, same issue, page 394.*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ENCOUNTER IN PUERTO CORTÉS

FIVE years ago, in midsummer, I sailed aboard a Norwegian freighter that was making a two-week run from New York to Rio. I was one of ten passengers, and we were rather a mixed lot. The others were an extremely attractive blond girl, who turned out to be the youngest princess of one of the royal Scandinavian houses and who could not have more charmingly underplayed her hand; her wealthy commoner husband of a few months' standing, who was somewhat less relaxed; an energetic Brazilian, who was born deep in the head-hunter country of the Amazon, where his father had some sort of government job, and who now owned an import-export business in New York and lived in Brooklyn; his wife, an ample lady of Pennsylvania-Dutch extraction, who had a surprising passion for sun suits; a young French-Canadian schoolteacher on her way to a new job, in a convent school in São Paulo; the platinum-blond California-born wife of a coffee broker in Santos; a shy Argentine girl returning home after a year spent as an exchange student in the United States; a displaced Pole who had hopes of making a go of it in Brazil; and, finally, a short, square woman of advanced middle age, whose appearance was so undistinguished that I find it hard to say what she looked like. A loose pile of hair, a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and a nondescript costume in which she seemed more swaddled than dressed—that's all I remember, and not so clearly that I'd want to gamble on it. I can't recall the color of the eyes behind the spectacles, nor do I know if I'm right in thinking that she had a faint mustache, and, for the life of me, I wouldn't be able to swear to what that day-in-day-out costume of hers consisted of—a gray wool skirt, maybe, maybe a brownish sweater, and maybe gray wool stockings and a pair of heavy walking shoes. I just don't know.

I wasn't quite as friendly to this lady as I might have been—a breach of shipboard manners that I'm not exactly proud of. But word gets around quickly on a freighter, and the word about her was that she might best be avoided. It was the chief engineer who tipped me off. She sat at his table. He told me that she was the Ancient Mariner type, only more so; let her get her conversational hooks into me and it wouldn't be merely for the duration of a wedding feast, it would be for all those days at sea. The chief was a kind man, in his late forties—one of the dark-haired Norwegians, and beginning to go bald. Though he liked the New York-Rio run, away from the storms and the cold of the North Atlantic, he missed his wife and children, who were in Stavanger. He hadn't been there in nearly three years. He kept up a running letter to his wife, adding something every day, and he was proud of a cactus garden in his cabin, grown in a large array of pots. It was unlike him to speak harshly of anyone, but the lady in question had apparently lost no time in getting on his nerves. Her name, I'll say, was Mrs. Schenck, and she was travelling on a Netherlands passport. She would try to corner the chief after meals, and he took to getting up abruptly from dinner and disappearing into his cabin. I'd join him there for coffee, and then a drink or two, and invariably he would start talking about Mrs. Schenck, just as a way of getting rid of his irritation.

By the time we reached flying-fish waters, the chief had managed to convince himself that Mrs. Schenck was slightly mad. Who but a madwoman, he asked me, would have no home anywhere—not even a room in a boarding house? Who but a madwoman would go travelling about the world year after year, never coming to rest? She made him uncomfortable. There was something wrong with her. And the way she talked—on, on, and on. Take his advice and give her a wide berth.

As it happened, this wasn't difficult for me to do, since Mrs. Schenck buttonholed her victims at mealtime, and I was seated at another table, with my back to her. Still, I was close enough to hear her talking, and now and then—even though she habitually spoke a thick, guttural, heavily accented English that wasn't easy to understand—I found myself listening to her accounts of

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her travels. She seemed to have been everywhere. One story would be about the Belgian Congo, another about a village in Japan, another about a train ride in Anatolia. You got the impression that she kept forever on the move—that if she spent as much as two days in one place, it was a long stay. I began to think of her as the Compulsive Traveller. A couple of the stories she told stuck in my mind. One had to do with the time she happened to hear something about the airport at Gander, Newfoundland, and decided she wanted to go there; she got on a plane in Paris, flew to Gander, had a look at the airport, and took the next plane back to Europe. And another time, in the summer of 1939, just before the outbreak of the Second World War, she went to Poland with the sole idea of visiting the salt mines near Kraków. That done, she moved on to Latvia.

One's first impulse was to suspect not only that Mrs. Schenck had a talent for tall tales but that some kind of psychopathic imagination was at work in her. What prevented one from being sure was the fact that some of the rest of us were acquainted with a good many of the places she said she had been to and that she was never caught in even the smallest error. Our displaced Pole had been born near Kraków, our first mate knew parts of the Belgian Congo very well, our platinum blonde had twice come down at Gander, and our radio operator was familiar with Japan. Mrs. Schenck never mentioned a detail that didn't jibe with their first-hand knowledge.

Slightly mad she might be, then, but she was not a fake. That was our verdict. And the explanation she gave for her ceaseless voyaging was perfectly plausible; her husband had been a moderately wealthy millowner, she said, and after his death she had made up her mind to see the world—all the old places she had read about as a girl, and all the new places, like Gander, that she had heard about more recently. She had no children, no relatives, no ties. Travel was solace, family, and friend.

Nearly all this I got from the chief, sitting in his cabin among his cactus plants and photographs of his wife and children. I doubt whether Mrs. Schenck and I exchanged ten words during that whole two-week voyage; I know I saw her on deck only once. She was bent over a long, stringy piece of knitting, which she was hardly ever without, even in the dining room. Her lips were moving, as if she were counting stitches, and

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she lifted her head in a quick, jerky motion—an impatient motion, I thought—as my shadow fell across her work. I never did get a really good look at her.

After I reached Brazil, I caught myself thinking about Mrs. Schenck once or twice—truly a curious woman—and late one evening in Rio, as I was leaving my hotel, I thought I saw her sitting in an overcrowded trolley. I was anything but sure, however. It could have been Mrs. Schenck and it could have been anybody. What faint impression I had of her was already beginning to fade. Eventually, I returned to the United States, where it faded completely, and it was not until a few weeks ago, when I was in the banana port of Puerto Cortés, Honduras, that I had cause to think of her again.

LEST it be thought that I am something of a compulsive traveller myself, I should explain that I went to Puerto Cortés on a journalistic assignment, meaning to use it as a jumping-off place for the ruins of an ancient Indian city near Copán, up in the Honduran hills. That, though, is another story. It is enough right now to say that I had voyaged to Puerto Cortés from New York on a banana boat, that at about one o'clock on the afternoon of our arrival there we were waiting at anchor in the harbor while one of our sister ships finished taking on bananas at the only dock, and that it was blazing, blazing hot. There is almost always some kind of breeze on the water—some faint breath, at least—but not that day. The waters of the harbor looked thick and nearly solid, like half-molten glass. The decks were as hot as skillets. A pair of big black buzzards floated over the town, which was stretched out along one side of a semicircular bay, and you could see the heat shimmering from the tin roofs of the houses clustered beyond the wharf. The hills behind the town were a still, heavy green. The sky seemed never to have known a cloud. As I looked at it, my eyes ached.

Some of our crew had permission to go ashore, and a beat-up launch came to ferry them to Puerto Cortés, along with anybody else who wanted to go. Despite the heat, I wanted to. I had a few letters to mail, and, besides, I was interested in Puerto Cortés. My proposed trip to Copán had already been cancelled by wireless, because of a tangle of complications that I needn't go into, and Puerto Cortés was all I had to fall back on. I didn't feel too put upon, however. I had never been in a Cen-

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tral American banana port before, and this was my first visit to Honduras. When I was first told that my boat would put in at Puerto Cortés, I had begun reading up on the place, and I had developed quite a bit of curiosity about it. As its name suggests, it ties in with Cortés' plundering of the New World. By 1524—twenty-two years after Columbus, on his fourth voyage, first set foot on the American mainland, at a point about a hundred miles down the coast from Puerto Cortés—the conquistador had cleaned up Mexico, and, hearing of more cities to be looted farther south, dispatched one of his commanders, Cristóbal de Olid, to establish a beachhead in Honduras. Around the time Olid set forth, a Spanish adventurer named Gil González Dávila, who was sailing from Santo Domingo to Nicaragua, steered too far to the west, and fetched up off the Honduran coast, about where Puerto Cortés is now. A bad storm arose before he could land, and he was forced to throw some of his horses overboard. He named the place Puerto Caballos, to memorialize the incident, and went on his way. When Olid arrived, some weeks later, he pitched camp some eight miles to the southwest, near what is now the coastal town of Omoa, and, fired by ambitions that had apparently got the best of him during his voyage, announced to his followers that he was through with Cortés, and proceeded to set himself up as an independent operator. This and a few other things caused Cortés to take a strong stand. He led part of his army across the uncharted mountains of Mexico and Guatemala, and, after one of history's most celebrated marches, eventually made it to Honduras, where he took care of the necessary housecleaning, and planted a colony on the site of Puerto Cortés. Dávila's name for the place, Puerto Caballos, seems not to have appealed to Cortés, or perhaps he had never heard of it. In any case, he called his settlement Natividad de Nuestra Señora, but that didn't catch on, and the community was known as Puerto Caballos until 1859, when it was rechristened Puerto Cortés. Mariners know it simply as Cortés.

IN company with a dozen members of our crew, I stepped from the launch onto the dock, near a train of banana cars, from which our sister ship was being loaded, and started off down the railroad tracks toward the town. I knew better than to expect another Lima or Mexico City; banana ports are not known for public monuments or

That he passed the bar at nine and hasn't passed one since is a matter of record. A big head, however, is not the Big Wig's puzzlement at present. Of more immediate interest are his contour socks of Tycora yarn. Their surpassing absorbency he accepts solely on the evidence of his senses. But he cannot calculate why only this one-size hose couples a chivalric kindliness to toe with the inner strength of ten tigers.

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other tourist attractions. But it did strike me as strange that a place that had been continuously inhabited for four hundred and thirty-three years—forty-one years longer than Saint Augustine, Florida—should look as if it had been thrown up, any which way, about the same time as Tombstone, Arizona.

This isn't really much of a mystery, however. Economically, Honduras has always been a sort of Mississippi of Central America, and, what with yellow fever, revolutions, dictators, juntas, freebooters, and just plain nasty politics, Puerto Cortés has never been very well off. It would be even worse off if American enterprise hadn't decided to make bananas part of our national diet. Bananas keep Puerto Cortés alive. There is hardly a person in the town who isn't dependent on the fruit in one way or another, and as many as a hundred and eighty thousand stems, with more than a hundred and fifty bananas on each, may be shipped out in a week, all of them brought down by rail from the big inland plantations, the nearest of which is forty-five miles away.

Puerto Cortés claims a population in excess of twelve thousand, but I find this figure hard to believe. The count given in most atlases is around seven thousand, and that seems a good deal more plausible. Not that the place couldn't easily accommodate twelve thousand people; including its suburbs, it takes up an area of approximately three square miles. Little of this has been built on, however. Weeds and empty lots abound. Some of the back streets run through the rankest sort of brush, and all the streets are dirt. There are wooden sidewalks, broken in places, on both sides of the main thoroughfare, and the dust between them is several inches deep. Except for a small, recently built hotel and the local jail—a stucco structure that used to be the best place for a traveller to spend the night—the town is entirely wooden. Most of the houses have only one story, and many of them are built on stilts. They seem never to have been painted. They all have the pale-gray, bleached look that raw lumber takes on after it has baked for years in the sun. Nearly all the roofs are of tin, and nearly all the tin is rusted. I don't think I have ever seen so much rust anywhere else.

The color of rust, as I walked down the railroad tracks with my seafaring companions, gradually began to assert itself as the color of heat. There were other colors to be noticed—the silvery shine of the tracks, the grimy yellow of the little railroad station, the green of a small tree laden with a flock of roosting buzzards—but all these colors, silver and yellow and green and buzzard, were seen through the bright orange-brown color of rust and heat. Soon I was sweating from head to foot. I thought I knew something about heat—the scorched *sertão* of Brazil, Cuba in July, Times Square during a heat wave—but I couldn't remember any such heat as this.

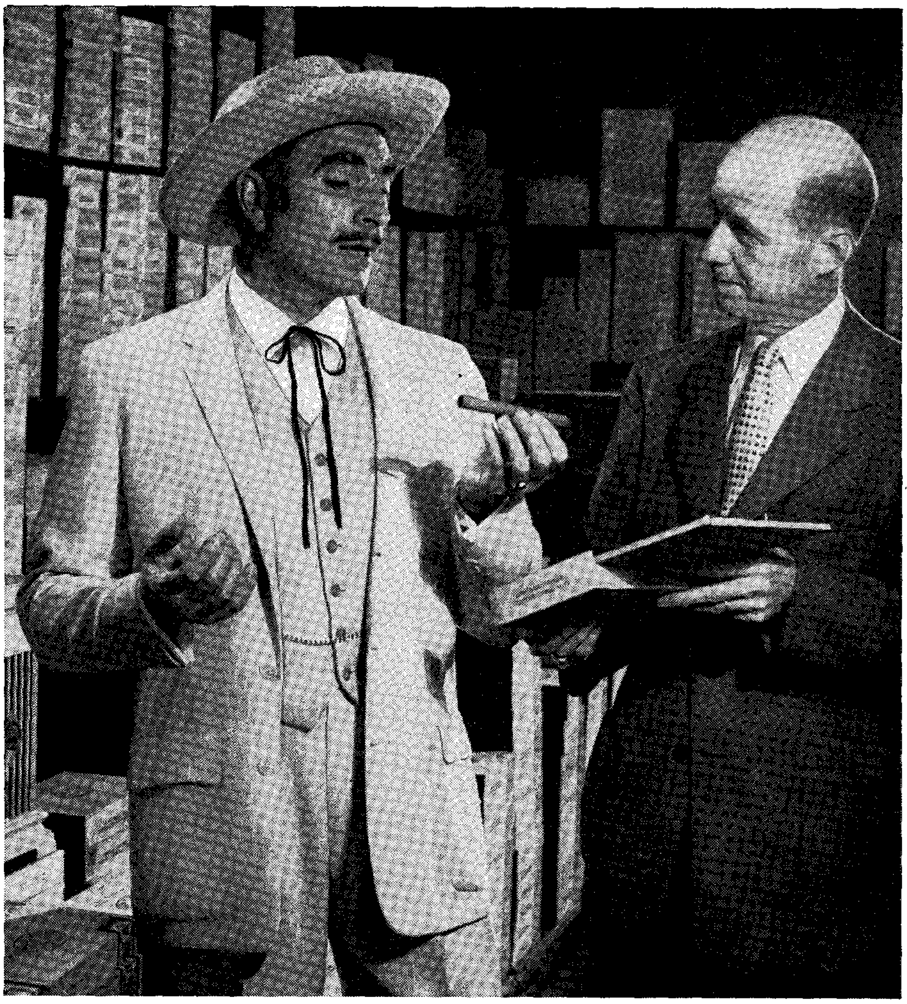
At the edge of town, we came to a side street of bars and other entertaining places, which caused my companions to desert me en masse. I trudged on down the railroad tracks alone, stirring up dust with every step. I tried not to, but it was no use. Puerto Cortés is famous for its dust. I could feel it settling on my skin, and into the pair of torn canvas shoes I was wearing. I was glad I had thought to change into them, and into a pair of old, patched drill trousers and a blue cotton shirt. If I had no more sense than to go out in the sun at one o'clock in the afternoon, at least I had sense enough not to overdress.

My immediate objective was the post office. Nobody on the ship had seemed to know quite where it was—one man said it might be next to the new hotel—and when I reached the main street and stepped up onto the wooden sidewalk, which is raised a foot or so above the ground, I looked around for someone who might give me directions. There wasn't a soul to be seen. The sidewalk was shaded here and there by wooden balconies supported on posts, and in one of the patches of shade a gaunt brown dog with a blunt muzzle was sprawling, fast asleep. I walked past the first shop, a grocery, and then past a barbershop and a one-room hardware store, and all of a sudden it struck me that I had walked past credibility. The grocer was stretched out on his counter, the barber dozed in his chair, and in the hardware store a man and woman, sitting side by side, had their eyes closed and their heads sunk forward on their chests.

Of course, it was only the siesta. Instead of shutting up shop for it, as is the custom in most places where that leisurely tradition prevails, the people of Puerto Cortés simply drop off in their places of business. Others, who have no places of business, simply drop off. Apparently, you take your siesta wherever you happen to be. As I continued down the street to the second block, I passed a pool of shade in which three lean, swarthy men were lying, dead to the world. A man with a vast stomach and an enormous mustache sat in a wicker chair before a tailor shop, snoring gently. Near him lay a wrinkled ancient, with one gnarled brown hand trailing over the edge of the sidewalk into the dust.

A block and a half of this, one sleeper after another, and I began to wonder if the heat had done something to my senses. Siesta or no, I said to myself, a whole *town* doesn't go to sleep. It has been a long time since I have read a fairy tale, but it was a fairy tale that came to mind—one of those stories in which an evil magician casts his spell over everybody in sight. If I had discovered at that moment that I was dreaming, I wouldn't have been surprised, but dreaming I was not. In this shop or that, an eye was half opened or a head half raised as I went by—eye and head heavy with lassitude, with the dejection of endless heat—and in a tiny drygoods shop a lovely, dark girl in an immaculate white dress, dozing next to a grandmotherly woman, shook her head complainingly and uttered a few unintelligible words as the boards of the sidewalk creaked beneath my weight. I found myself tiptoeing as I went past.

Puerto Cortés is one of those places where the stores have no front wall (at night, large metal blinds are pulled down), and though I didn't want to stare into the shops—it came too close to prying—I did notice some things. Most of the shops were neat and clean, though their stocks were meagre. Practically all the goods were American-made—drugs, razor blades, fountain pens, toilet articles, radios, an electric refrigerator, and one of those new frying pans with thermostatic control. Every fifth establishment seemed to be a barbershop. The feature at the movie house was the Spanish version of some-



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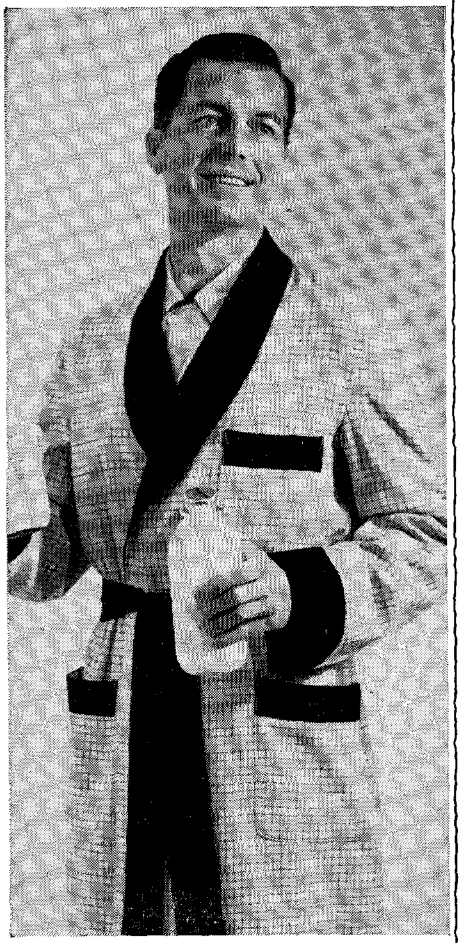

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thing starring Kathryn Grayson, and across the street from the movie house there was a combination lodging house and bar that reminded me of Spartan inns I had seen in the villages of Spain. I paused at one of the store fronts long enough to look at a thermometer hung up outside. It was shaded by a balcony, it advertised Coca-Cola, and it said that the temperature was a hundred and two degrees.

At the next intersection, where two men were asleep in the cab of a rusty half-ton truck drawn up near the sidewalk, I came across the first person I had seen on the main street of Puerto Cortés who seemed sufficiently awake to put a question to. He was a short, squat Negro with a pock-marked face, and he was sitting on the sidewalk, in the shade of another balcony. His eyes were open—half open, anyway—and he raised his head as I approached. I wondered whether he had insomnia or had been awakened by a bad dream. Spanish is one of the politer languages, and I like to think of myself as a polite person, but that man got one of the politest greetings I have ever addressed to anyone, in any language: "Good afternoon, sir. I hesitate to trouble you, but, if you please, will you tell me where the post office is?"

Almost immediately, I regretted having spoken. He looked displeased. Plainly, he objected to being disturbed. He was wearing a pair of black wool trousers, an old-fashioned white shirt without a collar but with a big gold collar button, a black vest, and a pair of heavy shoes. His shoes were covered with dust. He got slowly to his feet, still looking displeased, and pointed down the street. Straight on for three blocks and then a block to the left, he told me, and there I would find the post office, next to the hotel. He mumbled something further, which I did not catch, and then, after I had thanked him, eased himself to his former position on the sidewalk. I looked back after walking a few feet, and his eyes were closed.

The post office, when I got there, was shut up tight, and though I had more than half expected it to be, I felt undone. I could hardly have been dirtier or sweatier, the sun beat down, and I was beginning to be oppressed by the silent, sleeping town. The letters I wanted to mail seemed of absolutely no importance. Nothing else seemed of any importance, either—except getting out of the heat. There was a square across the street from the post office, and in it, beyond some shrubs splashed with violent red and purple and orange, I saw

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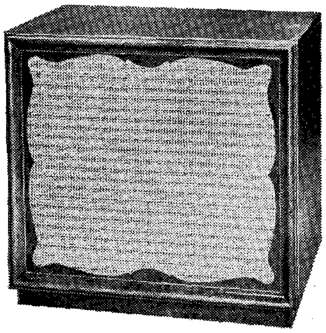

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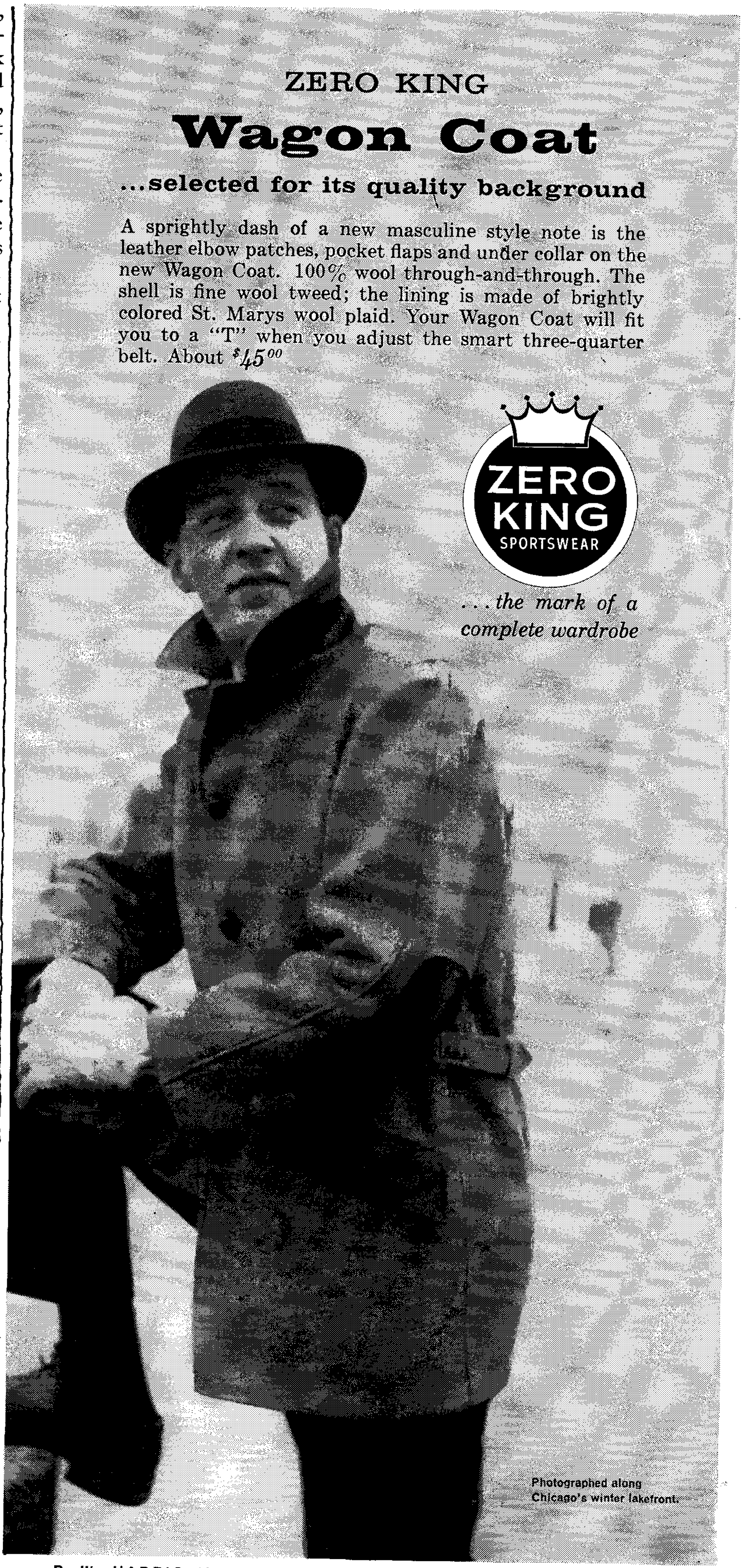
a circle of palms planted close together, and, inside the circle, unless I was being victimized by a mirage, a pitch-black oasis of shade. I crossed the street and made for it. The shade wasn't a mirage, and the square was one of the most attractive I have ever seen.

In its center, and in the center of the circle of palms, grew a huge, wide-spreading tree, with the densest foliage imaginable. It looked hundreds of years old, and it completely shut out the sky. Around the tree, at a radius of about fifty feet from its trunk, a colonnade had been built, its slender pillars holding up a roof of pinkish tiles. The circular space enclosed first by the colonnade and then by the palms was paved with flat, smooth tiles in a pretty blue-and-yellow design. The general effect was that of a roofed-in patio, with the branches and foliage of the tree—which I later learned is known in Honduras as *Laurel of India*—forming the roof. I was so grateful for the shade, drinking in such deep draughts of it, that it took me a few moments to realize I was not alone. Concrete benches stood at regular intervals along the edge of the colonnade. I counted seven benches, and seven men. Each had a bench to himself, and each was fast asleep. Dirtier, raggeder, more abject fellows I have seldom encountered. They were all dressed in those white, or once white, cotton garments that are something of an official uniform for the peon class, and none wore shoes. Travel long enough in the tropics, and your mind works out a sort of mathematics in which poverty is one of the coefficients of heat. I had seen the same kind of thing before, and even worse. This, though, was something different. These men—the companions and inheritors of poverty—were asleep, with all their defenses down. I could not look at them. I didn't want to be in the same place with them, for fear I might be tempted to look. The square wasn't for me. I had to be on my way.

Out in the sun again, what I wanted most—what I actually craved—was a beer. The malty invitations of the baseball broadcasters back home rang in my ears. I crossed the street, went past the post office, and entered the hotel. It, too, was asleep. In the otherwise deserted lobby, silent as any tomb, two men were slumped in armchairs—one with his mouth wide-open, disclosing a modest fortune in gold teeth, and the other with the Spanish edition of *Life* in his lap. A door led from the lobby into a bar. I could see that the bar was empty, but I went into it anyway;



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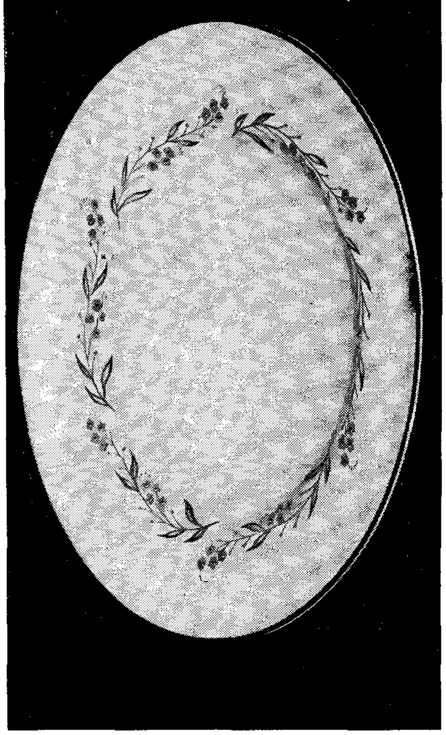
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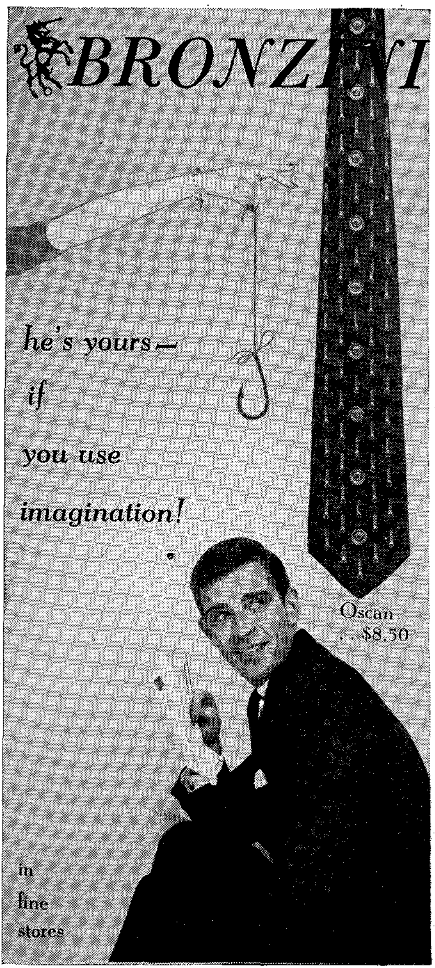
somebody, I told myself, *had* to appear. But no one did. I sat on one of the stools, and waited, and I could have been the only man awake—or even alive—on earth. After a few moments, I couldn't take it any longer, and I got myself out of there and walked to the dock through the back part of town. It was dead to the world, too.

MY little adventure had lasted about forty-five minutes. When I returned to the dock, my ship was still riding at anchor. The other ship, now loaded, was just casting off. There could be no complaint about lack of life on the dock. A gang of banana carriers—some five hundred of them—had reported for work. It was a rough-looking crowd, and the scene reminded me of one of those movies in which a bandit army takes over a town. Indian types predominated, with a number of Ladinos, or half-castes, mixed in. I saw just a few Negroes and hardly any mulattoes. Though I was the only foreign male on the dock, I was not made conscious of it. In fact, their colloquial greetings and ready companionship gradually brought it home to me that they assumed I was part of the group. Now that I think of it, I don't suppose I could have looked more like a banana carrier if I had tried; I needed a shave, a week at sea had brought out a lot of old tan, my face was caked with dust and sweat, my shoes were among the more run-down on the dock, and my tour of Puerto Cortés had given my patched trousers and blue cotton shirt a decidedly lived-in look. I didn't mind my protective coloring. Just as glad not to be conspicuous, I found a place on a rough wooden bench where two other men were sitting. They made room for me in a comradely way and I listened to their talk. I didn't get all they said—they went too fast—but I gathered that they had both had bad luck at monte the night before.

Then I noticed two white women sitting on a bench nearby. One was thin and scrawny—the image that came to mind was a strip of pemmican—and the other was at that perilous stage where plumpness is about to get completely out of hand. The first had blue eyes, and straight black hair caught up in a bun at the nape of her neck. I'm not very good at guessing ages, but I took her to be in her late forties. The second was considerably younger. She had large, slightly protruding gray eyes, with a sort of stare in them, a hooked nose, and not too generous an endow-



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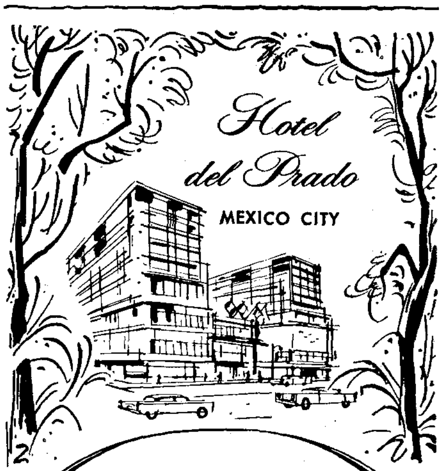

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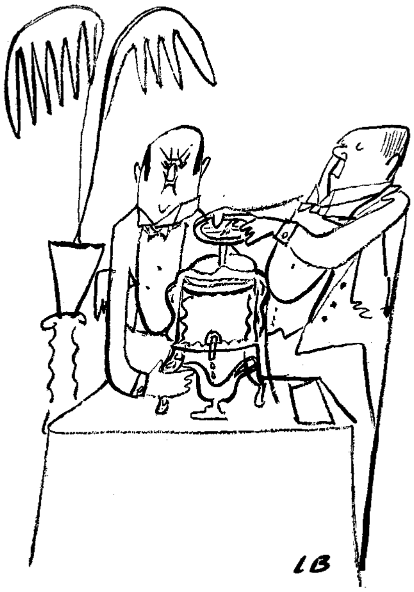
ment of chin. The women wore cotton dresses, faded from many launderings, and high-heeled shoes. It seemed odd that they should be there, two foreign white women alone in the midst of that bandit army, but, hot and tired as I was, drained and parched from the effort of my walk, I don't think I would have paid them any further attention if the younger one hadn't been shuffling a deck of cards. This was more of an accomplishment than it probably sounds, because I have never seen a limper, dirtier, more played-out deck of cards. It would have been just as easy to shuffle a stack of pancakes.

The women spoke in low voices, almost under their breath, and I couldn't hear what they were saying—not that I cared—but eventually the older one piped up in a louder, more animated tone to call her companion's attention to something or other that was happening aboard the just-loaded vessel as it slid away from the dock. There was no mistaking her accent. It was as flat as the prairies. You could see the Middle West. Again, I wondered briefly what had brought them to this unlikely spot, but then I decided that there was probably some prosaic explanation, and thought about other, happier things—a shave, a shower, a change of clothing, and a long, cool drink. A boy came up, pure Indian, selling small paper cornucopias filled with thin cross-sections of banana fried to a crisp. He offered his wares to me as casually as he offered them to my two benchmates. I was still one of the gang. Fried banana was the last thing I wanted. I said no to the boy, as did my companions, and then, as I sat there, my eyes began to close. A moment later, or what seemed to me a mo-



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ment later, I forced them open again, and when I did I couldn't believe what they saw: my ship, her steam up, was heading out to sea, and there on the dock, speaking to the women with the deck of cards, was my old friend the Compulsive Traveller.

Or was it? The woman my eyes had fallen upon had the same square bulkiness that I hazily recalled, she wore what could have been the same odds-and-ends costume, and there was the same loose pile of nondescript hair. Even that night in Rio, when I thought I saw her on the streetcar, I hadn't been able to say for sure, and now, after five years, I was even more uncertain; the world is full of square, bulky women with loose piles of nondescript hair. And yet . . .

But suddenly I awakened to what was even more mysterious—and catastrophic. For a moment, I could not believe—reason cried out against it—that my ship was steaming out to sea. Again, I wondered whether I could be dreaming, but it was no more a dream than my stroll through the siesta had been. I stared after the ship, asking myself what in the world had happened, and waiting for her to turn, but straight down the bay she went, picking up speed. I was stranded in Puerto Cortés. And more than merely stranded. Practically broke as well. I had four dollars and some loose change in my pocket ("Enough for a cable?" I asked myself. "Enough for a night at the inn?"), and I was overtaken by the sickening realization that I had come ashore without any of my papers—not even the landing card that I was supposed to carry and that no one had asked for. I'm afraid that for a moment I panicked. I had no name, no nationality, no home, no birthplace, no occupation. I was my own ghost.

What could I do? I could go to the police and tell my story—but would they believe a word of it? I looked like a tropical tramp. And my four dollars and loose change, American, could easily work against me. My fears raced ahead of my reason. It could be suspected that I had stolen it from one of the sailors who had just left port. I had no proof of anything. I was nobody. Honduras is one of the countries that still require a visa. It doesn't like people without papers. I could see myself rotting for months in jail. It wouldn't be the first time a man had disappeared in the tropics.

Ah, but wait a minute—the Compulsive Traveller! *She* would be able to vouch for me. True, five years had

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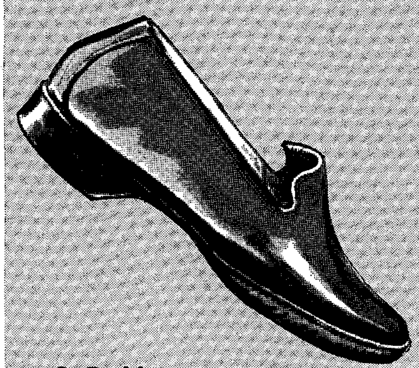

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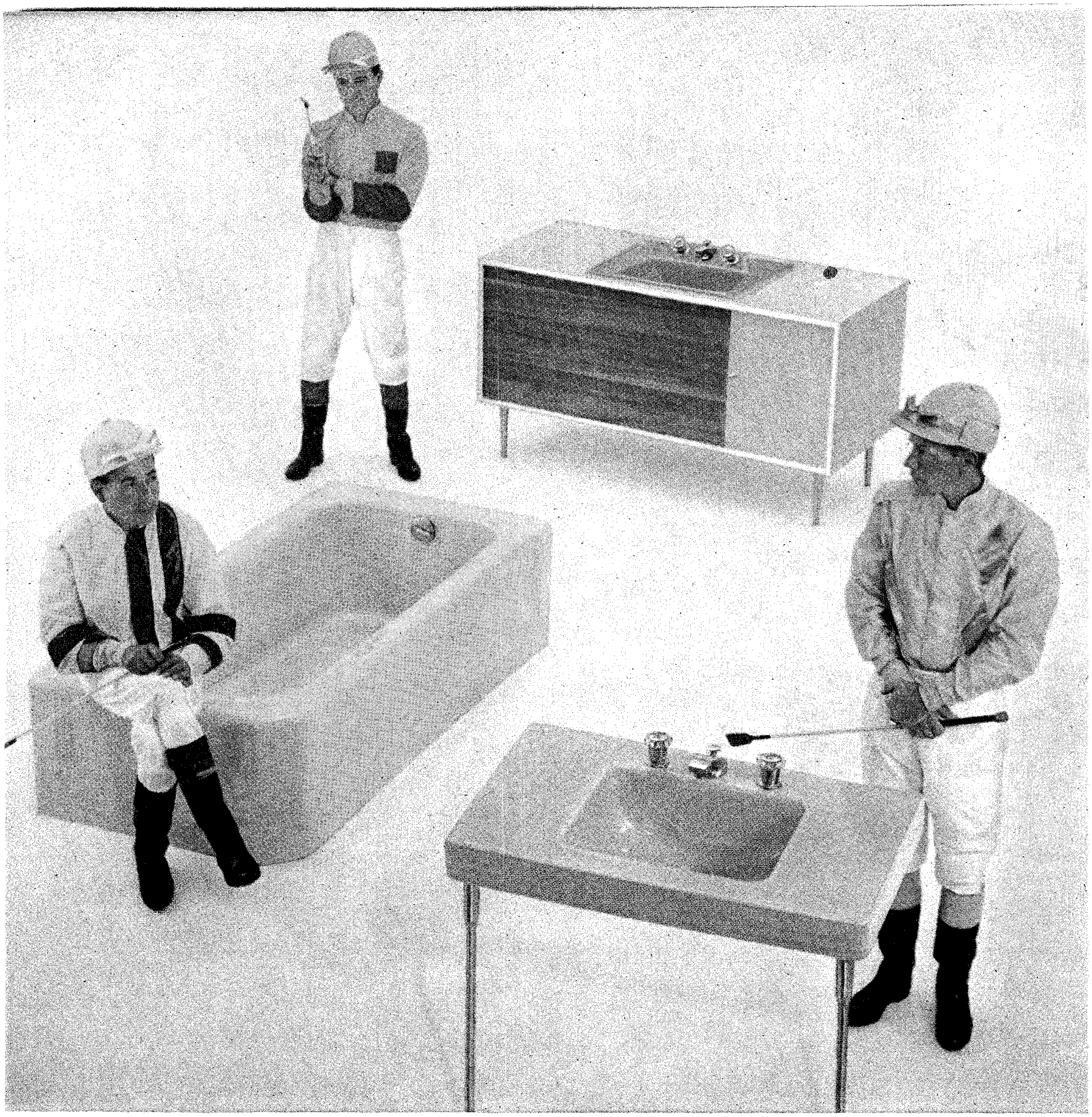

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passed since we were on the boat to Rio, and she probably wouldn't remember me (why should she?), but I could tell her the name of the vessel, the name of the captain, the name of the chief engineer, and the name of the princess. I could even remind her of some of her stories. That should persuade her, surely.

But was it really she? Now that I wanted it to be, I was less certain than ever. I looked hard at her, trying to decide, and my gaze must have been more intense than I realized, because she returned my look, and looked a little longer, and then looked through me. What she saw was only too easy to surmise—a renegade white man, most probably a drunkard, sunk into the depths and washed up on the shores of Puerto Cortés. There was no disdain in her look, and no dislike. I was simply a piece of flotsam. There was no way out of it. I would have to give myself up to the authorities.

IT didn't work out that way, I'm glad to say. My ship didn't sail off and leave me after all. What had happened was that, in order to tie up properly, she had had to turn around, and the channel was too narrow for that, so she had gone almost to the end of the bay, a distance of two miles, to make her turn. Once that was accomplished, it was only a matter of fifteen minutes before she was securely moored. I went aboard, had my drink, my shave, and my shower, and then fell asleep. I didn't wake till dinnertime.

After dinner, I stood by the rail and watched my old associates of the bandit army at work. They were to be at it all night, and the dock was brilliantly lighted. Trainload after trainload of bananas clattered down to the dock. The fruit was in slatted boxcars, similar to the stock cars used on railroads in the United States. We were to take on forty-eight thousand stems, each of which came from the plantation in a plastic bag, to protect the bananas from bruising.

The carriers were divided into two gangs, of about two hundred and fifty men each. One gang worked the forward hatches, the other the hatches aft. They labored without letup, forming two constantly moving lines. Each man, hoisting a stem of bananas onto his back and shoulders, carried it to a conveyor belt, alongside the ship, which, in turn, carried it down into the hold. It is hard work to budge a stem of bananas, let alone carry one, but the loaders had a knack of doing it, and quite a few

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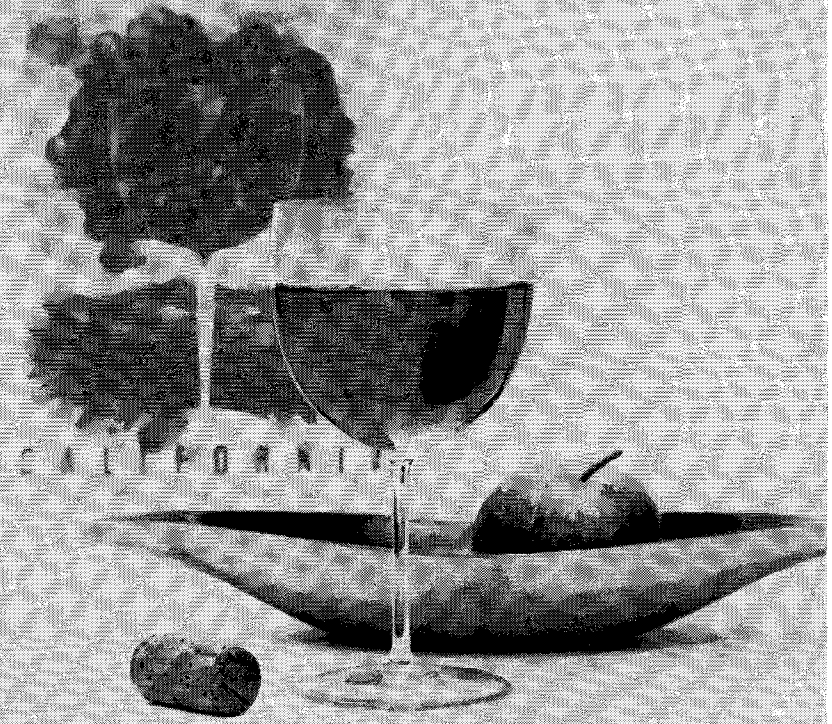

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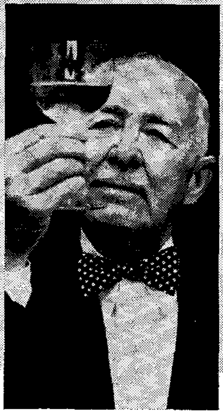

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of them weren't even perspiring. However, they all faced a hazard that I wouldn't much care to face. When the banana bunch is cut from the tree, a sizable part of its long, tough stem is left on, and this protrudes from the bag, giving the loaders something to grab hold of. The difficulty is that the bunches can't be conveniently fitted into the hold of a ship with all that stem, so at the dock most of it must be lopped off. This task is assigned to one of the workers. Armed with a machete, he stands midway between the railroad cars and the conveyor belt assigned to his gang. As each carrier passes before him, he makes a single swipe with his machete, the razor-sharp blade coming within inches of the head of the poor fellow bent under his load, and—slash!—off comes the stem. It's an unnerving process to watch, but I understand that the machete-wielders practically never miss. In fact, they are so expert that with their stroke they can usually send the severed stem flying straight into a bushel basket kept there for the purpose. Each basket is attended by another worker, who scrambles for the stems that go wide of the mark. Not many do. I kept score on one of the machete-wielders, and he hit the basket thirty-nine times out of fifty.

On toward eight o'clock, in what could pass for the cool of the evening, I decided to have another turn around the town. I wanted to see what it was like at night, and, besides, I thought that I might be lucky enough to get another look at the woman I believed to be my fellow-voyager to Rio. Down on the dock, the captain of our ship, a barnacled veteran named Grant, was talking with the two women I had seen when I returned from my afternoon stroll. Apparently, they had been on the docks ever since. I joined the group, and found the women a puzzling pair. According to their story, told by the one with the Midwestern accent (she was from Ohio, it turned out), they were fortune-tellers. She said that her companion had studied with the gypsies. They had told fortunes all through Nicaragua and Guatemala, and were now trying to tell enough fortunes in Puerto Cortés to get back to the United States. A yarn like that would be good enough for a touch any day, even without a fortune thrown in, but I had my fortune told (within two weeks I was going to meet a ravishing heiress who would lead me into all kinds of interesting mischief, and here it is more than a month later and I'm still waiting), and after that I asked about the Com-

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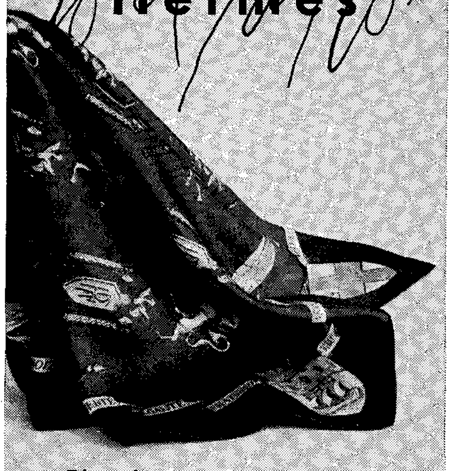

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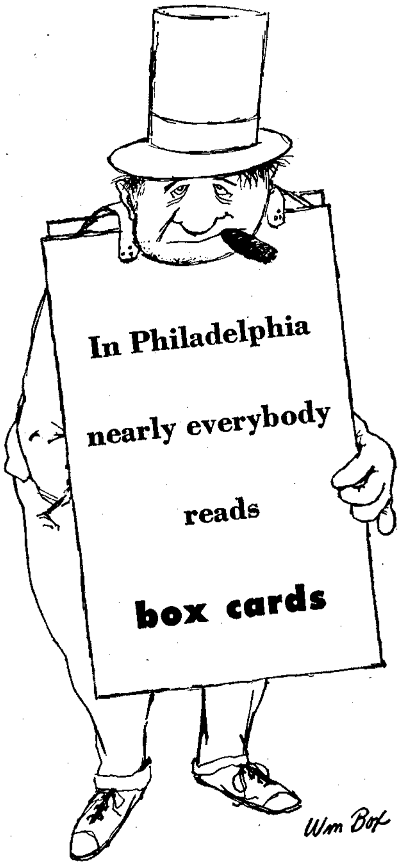
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pulsive Traveller—or the woman I had taken for her.

The fortune-tellers recalled her saying that she had recently spent a day in Guatemala City, and that she had also visited Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital. What she was doing in Puerto Cortés they didn't know. She hadn't said and they hadn't asked. They remembered that she had watched the earlier part of the banana loading, and had left the dock just before dark. They imagined that she might be at the hotel.

She wasn't, though. I can be positive about that, because I went to the hotel and inquired. The clerk told me that he didn't have a lady registered, and hadn't had for weeks. He remarked that there was the inn, of course, but that it would be useless for me to look for a lady there, since the inn catered only to a male clientele. Very rough. Very noisy. Sometimes fights. An unthinkable place for a lady.

Leaving the hotel, I wandered around the town. Puerto Cortés at night bore little resemblance to Puerto Cortés at siesta time. Whoever it is in the fairy tale who overcomes the wicked magician and liberates the bewitched town had been on the job. The stores were busy, the bars were full, and knots of men sat crowded together on the wooden sidewalks, playing cards. Everywhere I went, I kept an eye peeled for that loose pile of nondescript hair. I had no luck, though, and after an hour or so I decided to give up. But just before returning to my ship, I went back to the hotel. I still had my letters to mail, shoved into one of my pockets, and anyway there were a few questions I wanted to ask. The clerk, a thin-faced man in white trousers and a white shirt, seemed rather surprised to see me again. He was extremely sympathetic, and most anxious to help. He was so sympathetic and anxious to help that it dawned on me what he was thinking—that I had arranged a date in his hotel and had been stood up. He said that he would be glad to post my letters, and then, taking one last crack at tracking down the woman, I asked him if there had been any passenger trains out of Puerto Cortés that afternoon. There hadn't been any since early morning, he told me; however, a bus—privately owned but most dependable—was due to leave at ten o'clock that evening for San Pedro Sula, fifty miles inland. There was an airport in San Pedro Sula, he said, and from there one could arrange to go anywhere.

The more I thought about it, the more easily I was able to persuade my-

"I'm tempted...
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Mr. Smith is the backbone of our country, a small businessman. He has a small office, and keeps a small stock of stamps in a small stamp box. Today, with his secretary ill and invoices to go out, he ran out of stamps. So Mr. S. had to pedal to the postoffice, buy stamps, and affix same... Utterly unnecessary! No office is too small to have a postage meter—now that PB provides a low-cost desk model.

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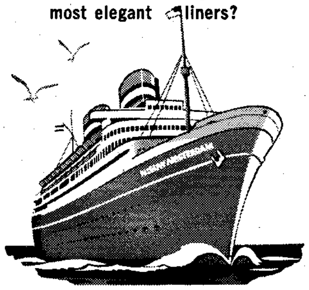

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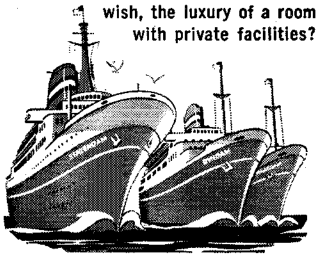

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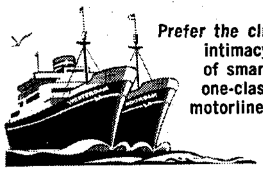

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"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

self that it was the Compulsive Traveller I had met up with. Everything hung together—the bit I got from the fortune-tellers about Guatemala City and Tegucigalpa, the fact that she never stayed in one place for any length of time, and now the bus to San Pedro Sula. The clock over the hotel desk said a few minutes before ten. I asked the clerk where I might find the bus station, and was told that there was no bus station. He explained that the bus made two stops in Puerto Cortés to pick up passengers—one in the main part of town, near a bar, and the other at a corner of the square just across the street. The bus should be coming along any minute, he said. Bidding the clerk what I suspect he hoped was a final good night, I crossed over to the square. A radio there was going full blast with something noisy on a marimba—free entertainment provided by the town fathers—and the square, like the rest of Puerto Cortés, had been released from its spell. It was lighted by street lamps along all four sides, and in its patiolike center, where the big tree grew, there was a string of electric bulbs. More women than men were in evidence, and this didn't surprise me when I remembered the convocations of card-players on the sidewalk and the gang of men loading bananas. Some well-behaved teen-agers were dancing on the tiles. Babies crawled around. Young men and young women visited with one another discreetly. Venders were going around with baskets. The radio stopped, took a deep breath, and started up again. This time it gave out with "La Giralda," one of the *paso dobles* often played at bullfights. There isn't a bull ring in all of Honduras, but somebody in the control room must have been wishing there was. It was in the middle of "La Giralda" that I realized the bus had arrived. I was so interested in the little fiesta that I hadn't seen it drive up. The sound of its horn was what attracted my attention. It was a Volkswagen bus, and the driver had pulled up at the corner nearest me, right under a lamppost. Only one passenger was preparing to board—a thin Indian woman dressed all in black, who had a tense look concentrated between high, gaunt cheekbones. She was carrying an infant, a basket, and a large parcel wrapped in newspaper. Standing on the sidewalk, I could easily see into the bus. I looked, and there, sitting by one of the open windows, was the Compulsive Traveller. But was it, really? I wasn't six feet away from her. She peered out the window through her steel-

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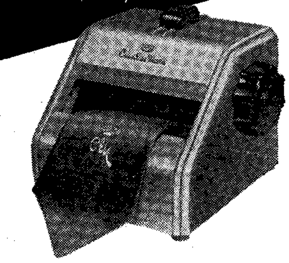

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rimmed spectacles, seeing what was to be seen, and then, no longer interested, picked up a long, stringy piece of knitting from her lap. I remembered another long, stringy piece of knitting, carried about everywhere, and it was the knitting that finally did it—the knitting, and one thing more.

She must have felt my eyes on her. Anyway, she looked up from her knitting, and the motion of her head, quick and jerky, gave an impression of impatience. It was exactly the same motion I recalled from the time my shadow fell across her work when we were on the boat to Rio. I couldn't possibly be mistaken. Now I was sure. The Compulsive Traveller had been having a look at Puerto Cortés.

Our glances held for an instant, and then, feeling good, I ventured a smile. She didn't smile back. She looked at me an instant longer, however, and the expression on her face—puzzled, almost worried—made it seem that she was trying to recall where she had seen me before. I would have gone up and explained everything if, at that moment, the bus hadn't left. It drove off just as "La Giralda" came to an end. I watched the small red glow of its taillights until they disappeared, wondering where my old friend was off to this time. Ecuador? Finland? Vietnam? Anybody's guess is as good as mine.

—HAMILTON BASSO

•

White was standing in the doorway when police arrived. When he refused to surrender, the cops formed a flying cauldron and rushed the cottage.—*Long Island Daily Press.*

A bubbling cordon is a lot more effective.

•

DEAR MRS. POST: In attending a church other than one's own, is it proper to conform as closely as possible to the ritual of that church, or just sit without participating in the service?

Answer: You conform to the extent of standing when they sit.—*Vancouver Herald.*

And singing when they're quiet.

•

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get it right the FIRST time. We have the equipment, man-power and know-how to deliver every job RIGHT on time!—*House adv. in the Spring City (Pa.) Inter-Borough Press.*

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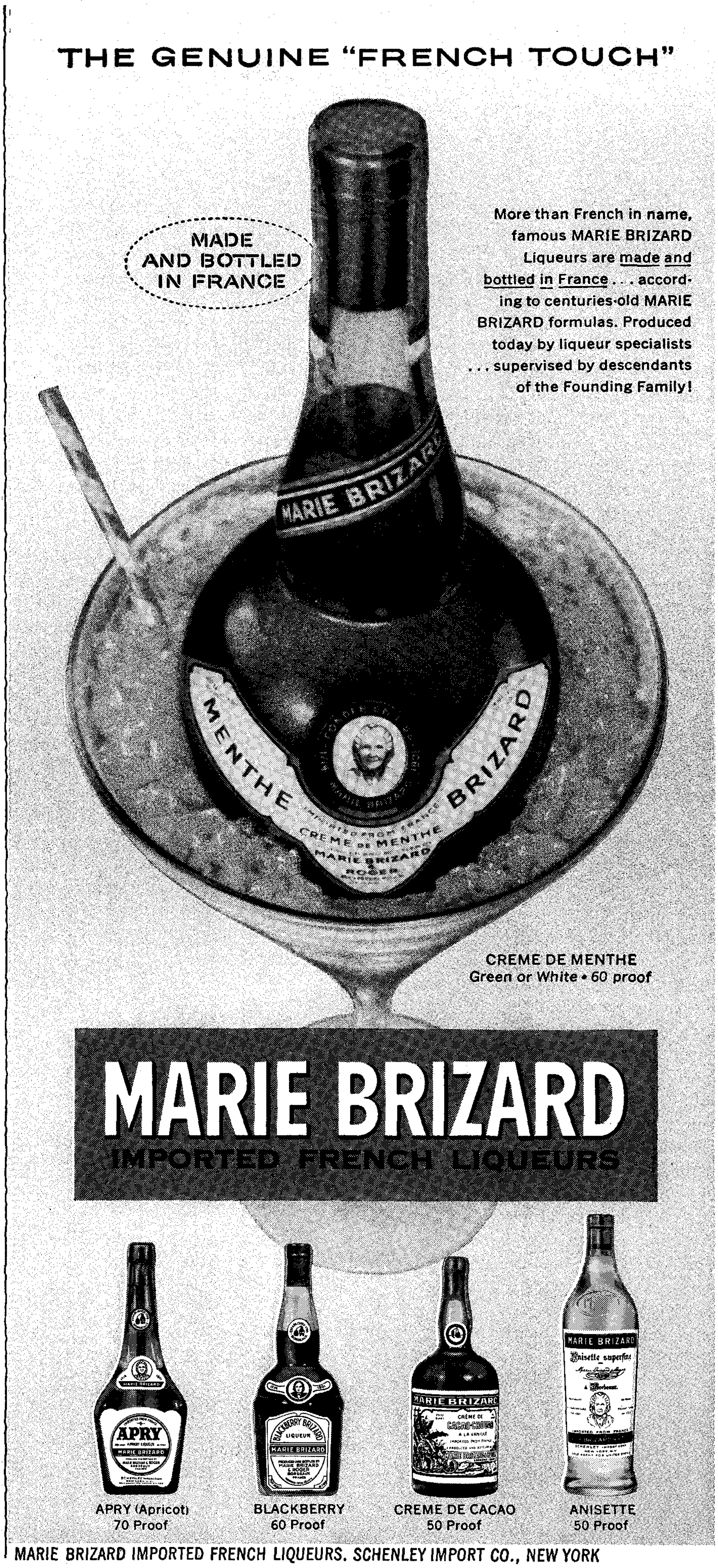

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

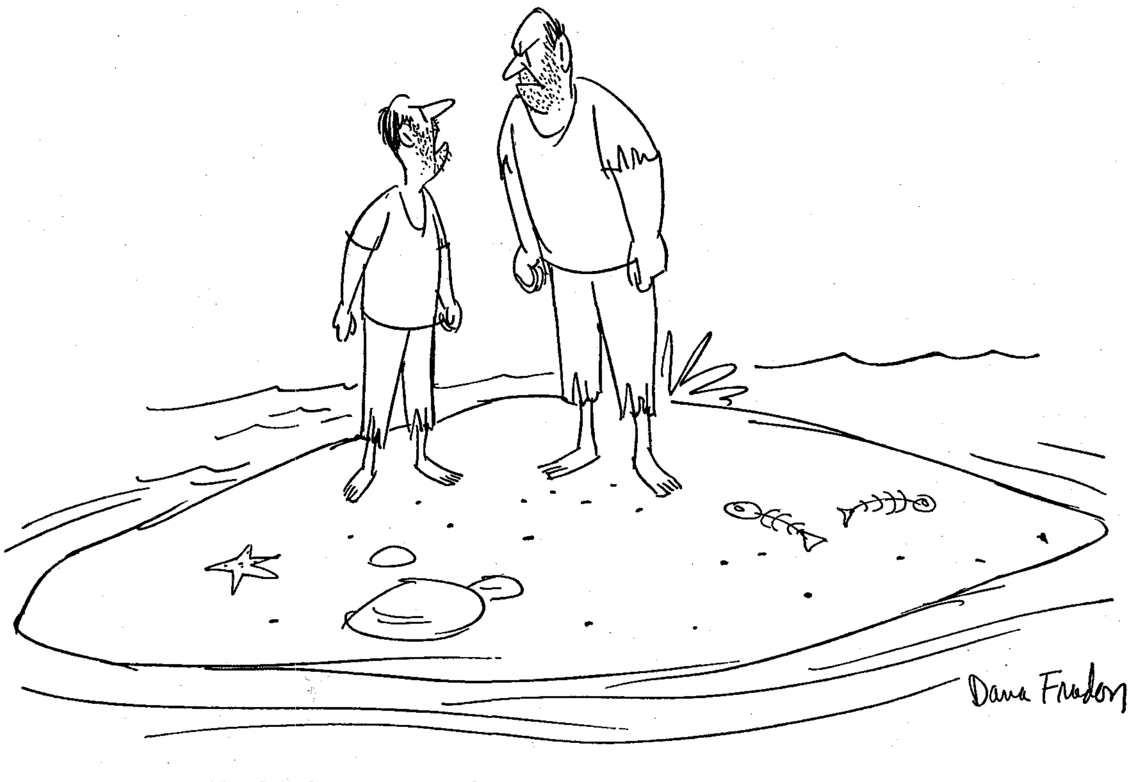
NOT everything is grandeur, magnificence, splendor, Paris fashions, and custom-made, even on Fifth Avenue, which seems always to have a lot more than its quota of g., m., s., P. f., and c.-m. There are other things in the shops, too, some of them just homey.

We take you now to Macy, which is enthusiastic about wool-knit sweater-coats and chemise dresses made for its Little Shop in Italy and France. Belts accompany the dresses, for women who have not yet made up their mind whether to accept the new, straight-up-and-down look, or women who know they are not tall and willowy enough for it. Though straight and narrow, most of these dresses follow the line of the body. Included in the array is a bulky coat of coffee wool in an openwork knit like crochet. Under it goes a shift of coffee wool knit in a very fine rib. This has a tab closing. A chemise dress of black wool knit (you get into it through the band collar) is best for those with short locks, because there isn't much headroom. With it comes a black sweater-coat in a heavy stockinette stitch, or a button-down-the-back jacket of cheetah fur; $280.55 for the jacket, including the luxury tax, and the fur is from Somaliland. Raspberry wool-knit dresses hang from sunburst-ribbed yokes, and there's a wool-knit sash at hip level. The tailored necks of dresses of wool knit in green and royal-blue pinstripes can either plunge or snap shut modestly at the chest. T-shirt dresses of sheer wool knit striped in pumpkin, green, pearl, and charcoal are ornamented with little pleats at the hem. Heavy box jackets of oxford-gray wool knit are edged with gray-and-white Glenurquhart wool broadcloth (yes, broadcloth) to match the trim skirts. The lowest price for this sort of thing is around $50, the highest around $100.

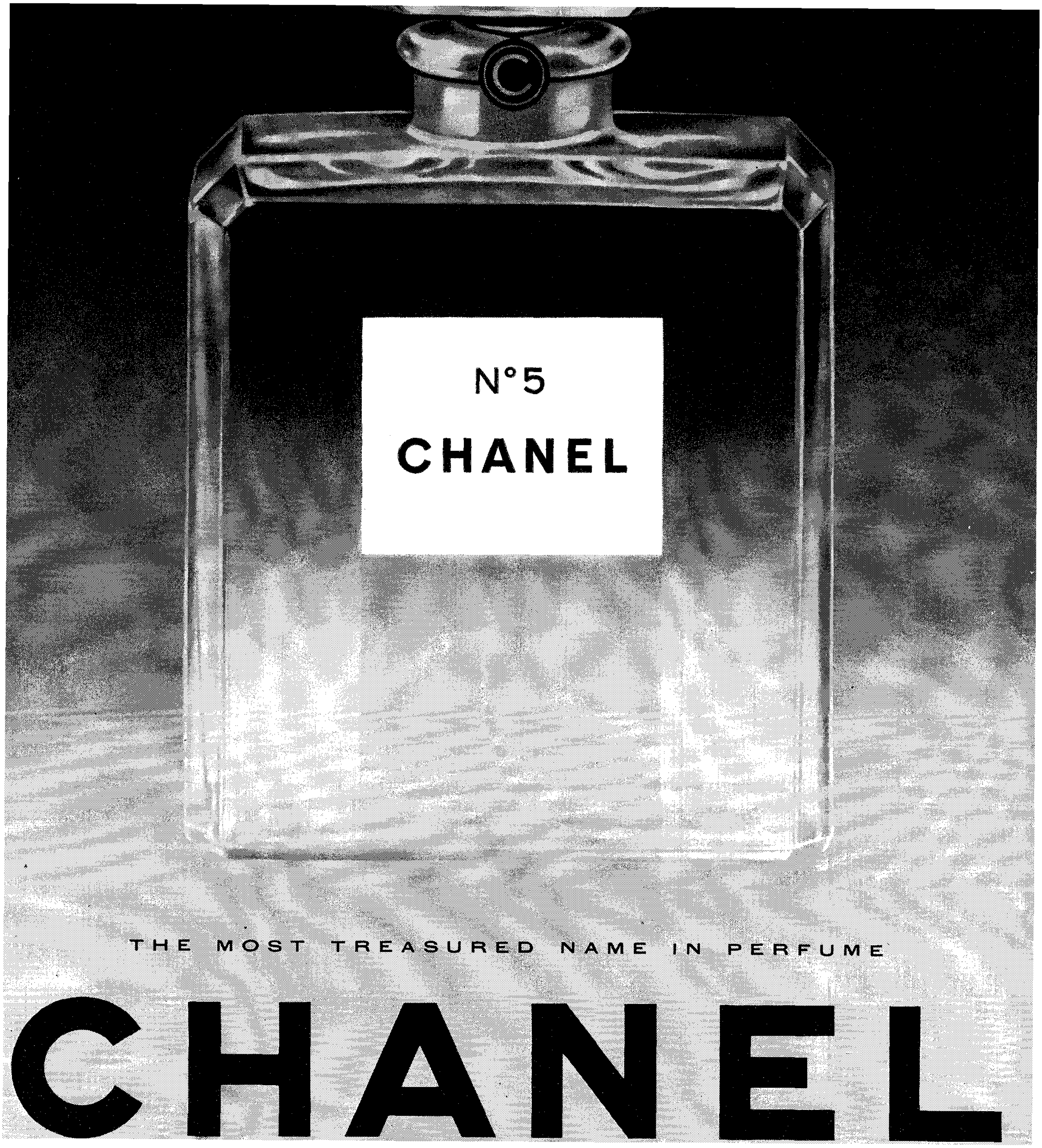
A LA CARTE, at 780 Madison Avenue (66th), specializes in semi-fitted sheaths turned out in its own workrooms. Most of them have split hems filled in with panels. Sizes are 8 to 16, and orders take two weeks. One, with a tuck around the knees and a bertha to hide the short sleeves, is of white wool challis striped with jade green, olive green, mauve, and mustard. The lining is yellow surah in a leaf print. Some collarless princesse sheaths are of bright-red challis that goes in for wine-red roses, or else of black crêpe lined with a festive silk in a flower-garden print. An off-the-shoulder sheath of make-believe leopard fur may sound too Tarzan, but it would look urbane as well as striking on the right civilized blonde or brunette. This is $110, the price at which the sheaths begin. (They go up and up.) To enliven dark sheaths or slacks, boxy boleros with a zipper closing in back appear in challis patterns, including crimson and mulberry scroll wallpaper designs; $45.

PECK & PECK's overcoats are touched up with real and/or almost real fur. Double-breasted greatcoats of gray, black, and white cobblestone tweed have coachman collars of Canadian beaver dyed black, and the black orlon lining is furry enough to pass as seal. Raccoon makes the shawl collars of coats of camel fleece. A double row of bone buttons goes down the front, and a belt is inserted in back. These are $110, a representative price. Slimmer coats of black wool ($85.95) would be pea jackets if they weren't street length and lined with plush in a leopard print. A three-piece ensemble, at considerably more ($250), is a long-sleeved jersey blouse of black wool, a slender skirt of black-and-white herringbone tweed, and a seven-eighths tweed coat that could be worn with almost anything anywhere, for the lining is white lapin.

GUNTHER JAECKEL's new Evenings-at-Home corner, on the first floor, is full of stuff from around the world. Pajamas of Paisley cotton splashed with gold come from Honolulu. Their billowy overskirts are cut away at the front, but they float to the floor at the sides and in back. Peasant skirts of hand-woven black cotton-and-wool come from Portugal. Vertical garlands of black, white, and beige abstract flowers decorate the middle. Box-pleated skirts, also Portuguese, are of wool in giant blocks of orange, purple, and bright blue everywhere but in



"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?"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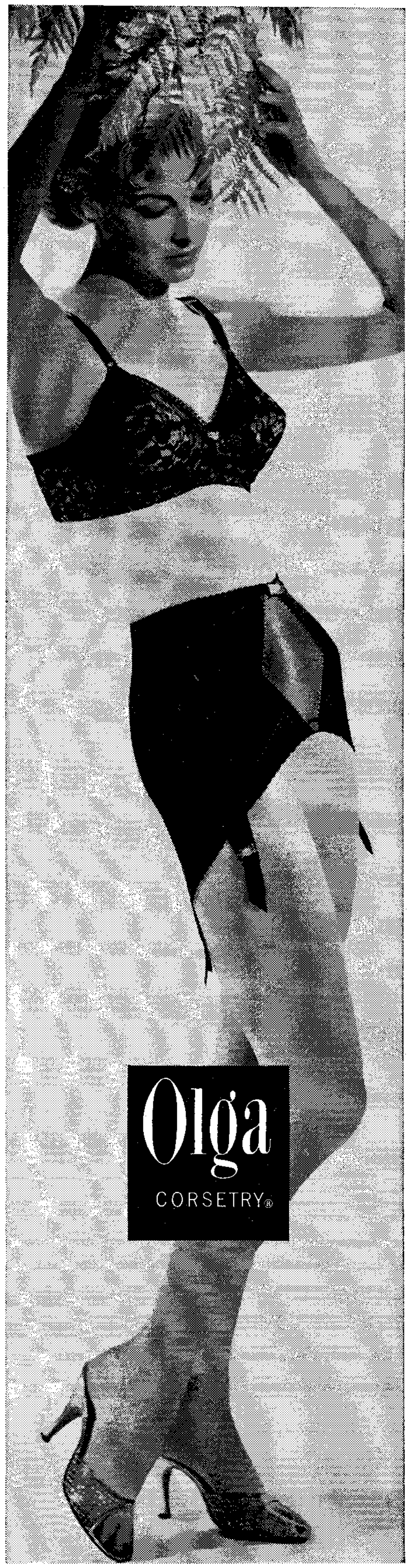

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back, where they're black. From Ireland come shirts of sheer tweed in off-white, tangerine, blue, or mauve, as well as pullover blouses diagonally striped in rainbow or precious-stone hues. G. J. provides V-neck blouses of nubbly black cotton and off-white basketweave-wool slacks to go with these Portuguese and Irish confections. Nothing in this whole lot is very expensive.

NATALIE, who recently moved to 831 Madison Avenue (69th), has been knee-deep in children's clothes for three generations. Her brother-and-sister sets are for the just-walking generation—shirts of white Pima cotton, with cotton trees, mushrooms, and houses appliquéd on the chest, and button-on shorts of red corduroy, for brothers, and red corduroy skirts attached to white cotton bodices that have the same décor at the waist, for sisters. They're $22.95 each. Another prize for this age group is a dress of white Viyella flannel printed with blue rosebuds and piped with blue cotton. Mothers who have athletic (to say nothing of Presidential) ambitions for their sons may want the white corduroy suspender suit whose left leg bears a minute but unmistakable golf bag of Viyella flannel, filled with tiny clubs that have embroidery heads and pearl-button shafts. For little girls without brothers, there are dresses of red Pima cotton with plaid cotton tam-o'-shanter hip pockets on which blue pompons perch. These are in sizes 3 to 14. Apple-blossom embroidery and the appropriate foliage cover the chest and the perky skirt of a tailored party dress in sea-foam-green rayon taffeta; sizes 3 to 6X.

DE PINNA has got its hot little hands on a bunch of splendidly made and rugged Swiss outdoor clothes for children of from six to fourteen. Slim, clinging gray or navy wool-knit trousers have stitched-in creases down the legs. Ski trousers of copenhagen-blue or scarlet gabardine are supplemented by a swatch of the fabric, just in case. Hooded raincoats constructed of two layers of copenhagen-blue or cream-beige cotton poplin and capable of defying most elements are outlined with wool ribbing. The poplin is also employed for reversible ski jackets—white sprinkled with red skiers, snowflakes, reindeer, and fir trees on one side, and solid red on the other. Skaters could probably use the white corduroy skirts and the accompanying red wool sweaters, which have a zipper closing across the left shoulder. There are arrowhead-shaped

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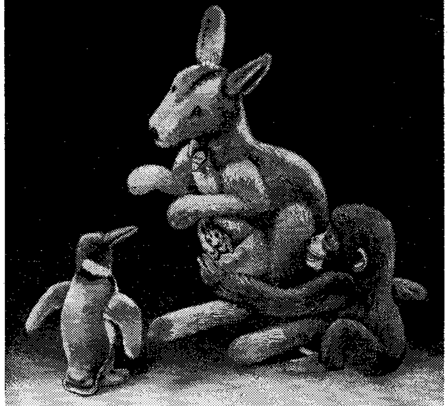
facts of life
by Margarete Steiff



It's common knowledge among Steiff Animals that people don't grow up. Toddlers, teens and codgers all enjoy Steiff Animals—so lifelike, they're almost alive. How many a Steiff Plush Animal has survived nursery hard knocks to adorn a college room, and then to pass as an heirloom to the next generation! Lucky that Steiff Animals are sturdily handmade to last as long as their fascination does. On sale at F. A. O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue, New York City, and at all other better toy and department stores.

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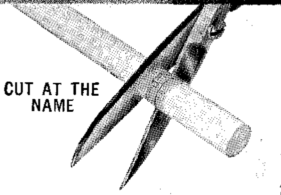
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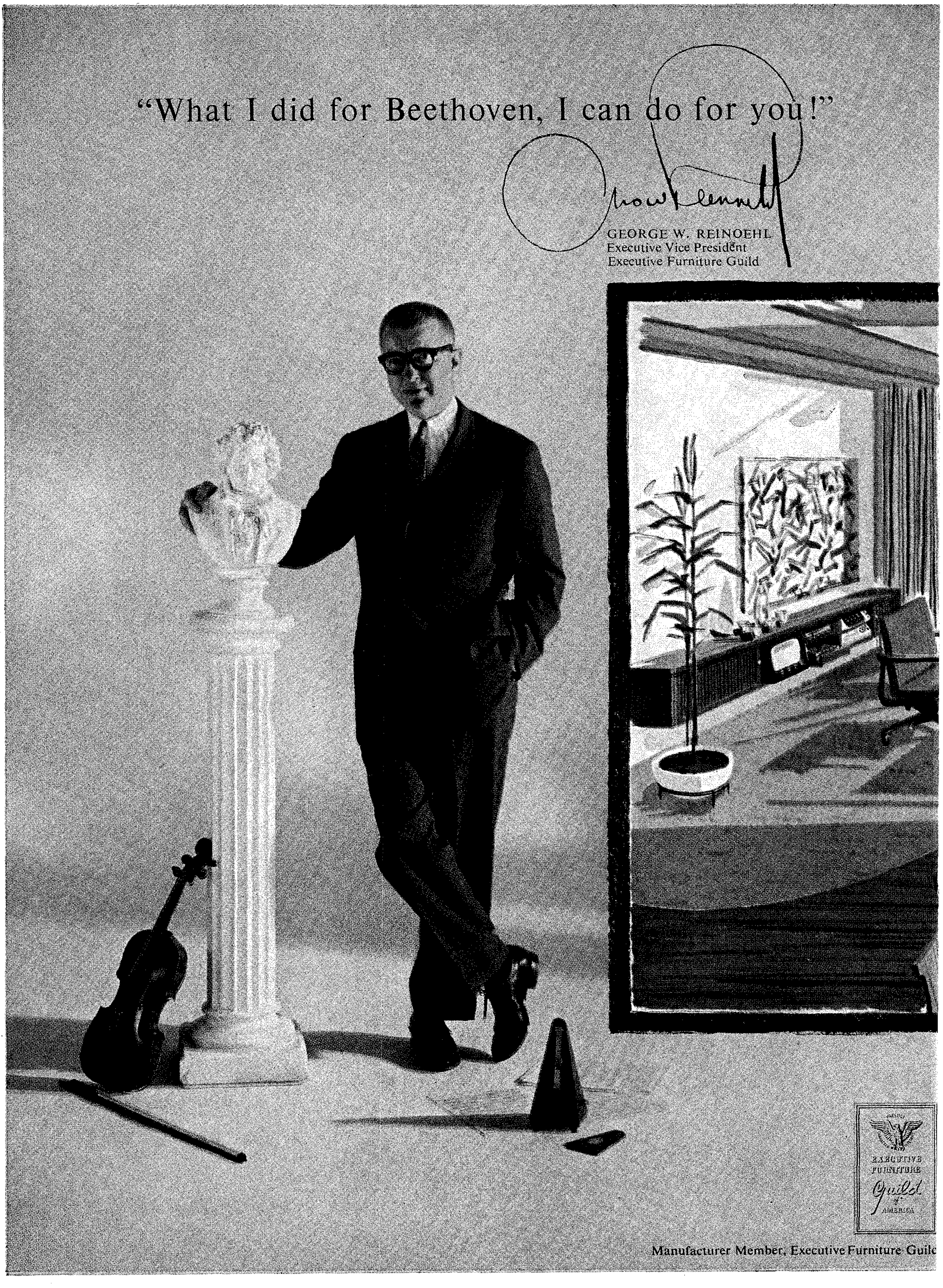
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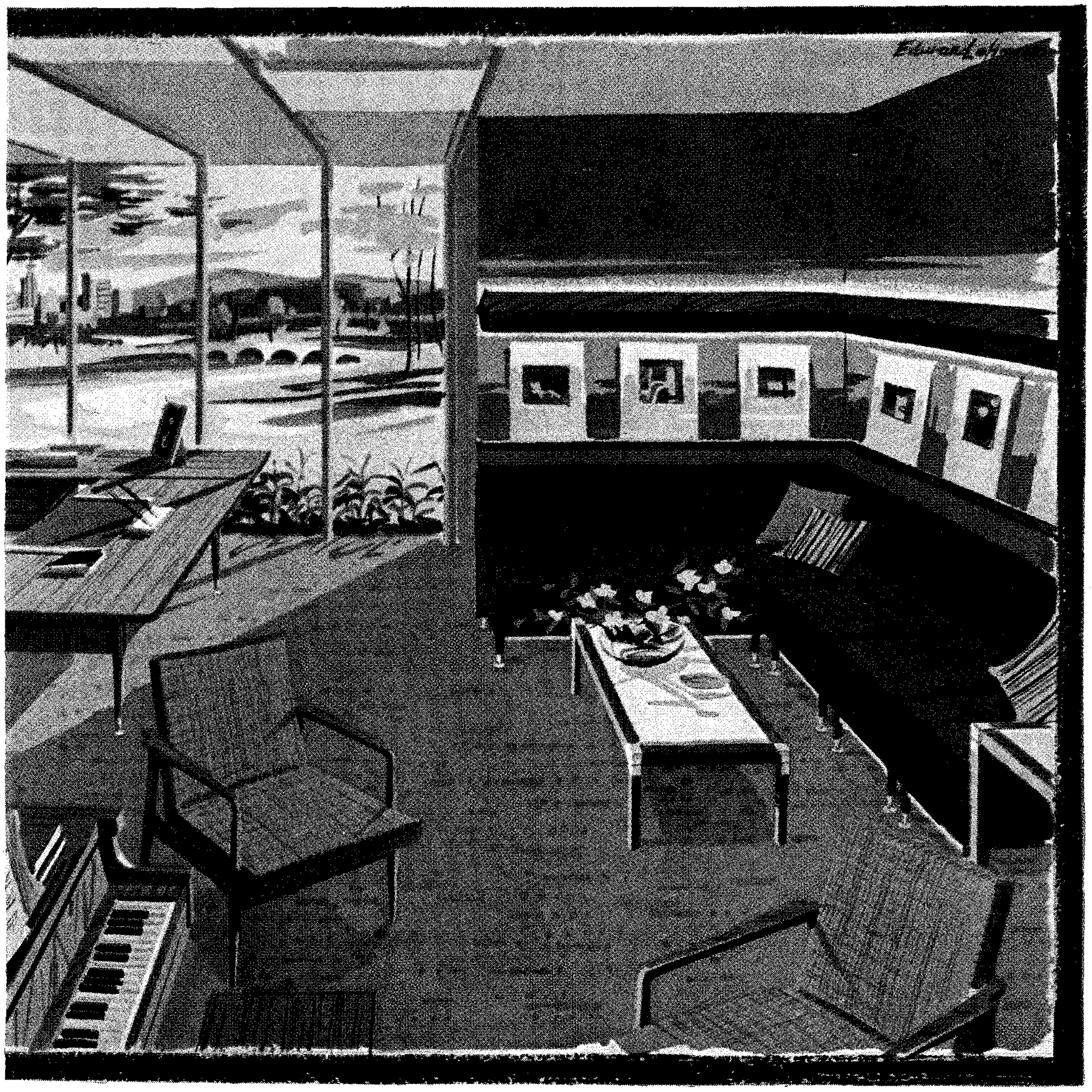

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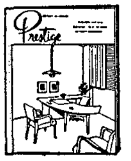

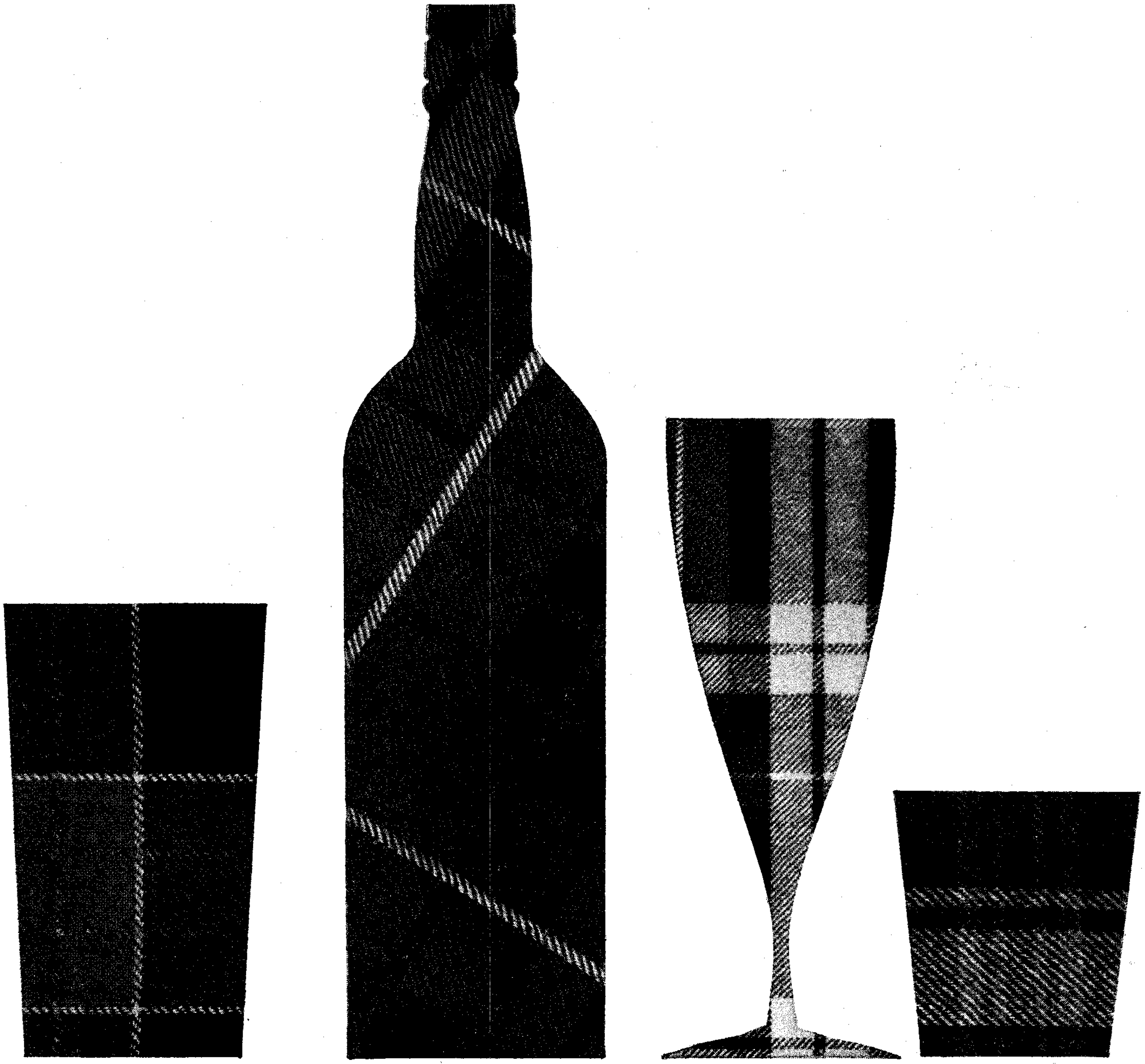

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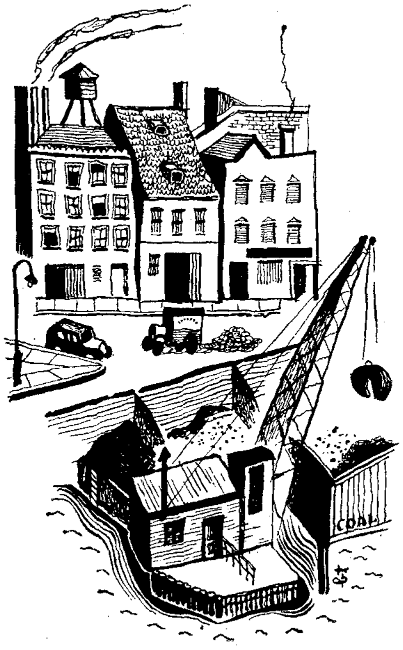
pockets on one side of the chest and on the opposite hip; a matching cap has arrowhead ear muffs.

ONE thing leads to another so damned easily. Now Merry Mites, which are clothes for boys, have a new baby sister, whose name, I'm afraid, is Gay Sprites. Pat-Rick, at 930 Madison Avenue (74th), is haunted by both Mites and Sprites. Not that you'd ever get the idea from the names, but these clothes are both well tailored and long-playing; that is, they can be enlarged vertically and horizontally simply by unbuttoning and rebuttoning various tabs and fooling around with some other devices, so they'll grow up, for a year or more, along with your mite or sprite. Among the items for girls are tapered corduroy overalls, box-pleated corduroy skirts with suspender tops, and corduroy jumper dresses with criss-cross straps in back. There's a choice of blue, red, gray, or brown. The dresses are also available in black or scarlet velveteen, for more impressive occasions. Short-sleeved, long-tailed blouses of écru cotton decorated with a harmonizing Peter Cottontail print, or of white cotton with autumn-leaf embroidery, go with them. Sizes run from 3 to 6X, prices from $3.95 to $12.95.

GEORG JENSEN, a shop that's riding off rapidly in all directions, is now toying with its version of the smocks worn by French schoolchildren—navy or blue-gray chambray, with two red plastic buttons at the back of the neck, red cotton piping on the high, round yoke, and elasticized ruffled cuffs. The price is $5.95; the sizes are 2, 4, and



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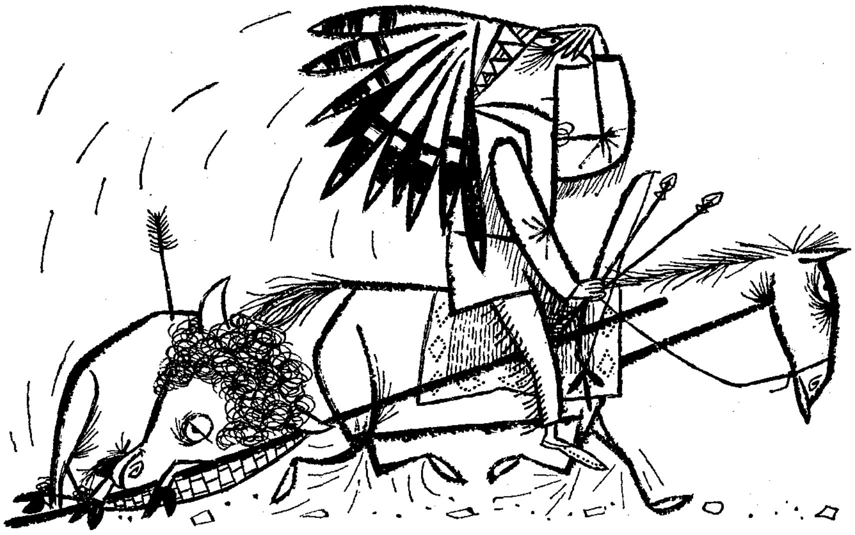

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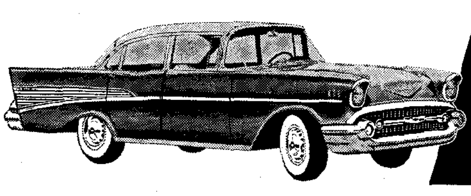

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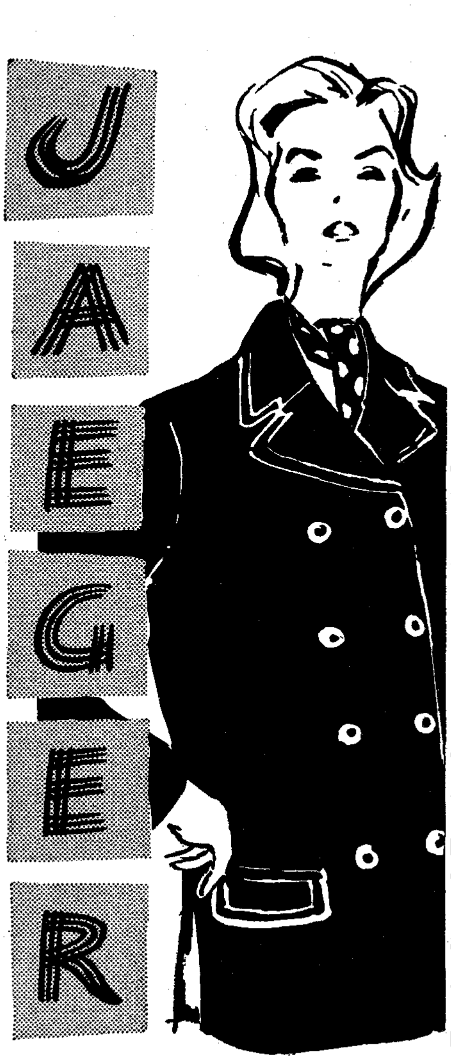

Above:
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6. Schoolbags of red felt, lined with checked oilcloth, for books and lunch, are hung with appliquéd pockets that look like the implements they contain—rulers and pencils. The pocket that looks like an apple, though, is big enough only for handkerchiefs or coins for apples-on-a-stick.

MOSSÉ'S *pied-à-terre* is now 605 Fifth Avenue (49th); the old homestead is being torn down, and the new one isn't ready. A baby's suit of white cotton, from Switzerland, needs just a light going over with an iron. Pastel posy embroidery strolls across the frilled collar, the fly front, and the cuffs of the jacket, but the tiny shorts are perfectly plain; $6.

LET'S get back to things for senior citizens, such as the buckles and bows and pointed toes in the fourth-floor shoe department of Saks Fifth Avenue. Gray covert cloth is the substance of high-heeled two-eyelet oxfords that tie with black leather cords, and of high-heeled pumps with spaghetti bows of black calf spilling over the tips of the toes; $24.95. One-eyelet oxfords of charcoal suède are tied with black laces, and their stiletto heels are at least fashionable enough for lunch dates; $36.95. Walking shoes get more than the usual attention; Cuban-heel pumps of red grained calf with narrow straps have square buckles of the leather appliquéd across the toe, and pumps of black grained calf have miniature belts and gold-metal buckles at the throat. Long, tapering pumps with long, tapering heels (Italian, and $42.95) are circled, just above the soles, by matching or contrasting featherstitching—tan calf with beige featherstitching, rust or black suède with black featherstitching, navy suède with navy featherstitching, and so on and so forth. Red-rose embroidery trickles over the left vamp and the right heel of a pair of dashing black cut-velvet evening slippers.

SEYMOUR TROY is at 46 East 57th Street—walk up one flight, but save no money, because he makes custom shoes, and good ones. Now he has invented the Geometric pump, which is raised in a modified wall last along the outer half of the foot, and is so artfully built that it isn't a bit off balance. The toes are narrow and square, the slender heels are two and a quarter or two and three-quarters inches high, and the ornament is a little twisted tab at one side of the throat. Troy does the Geometric in taupe calf with a taupe

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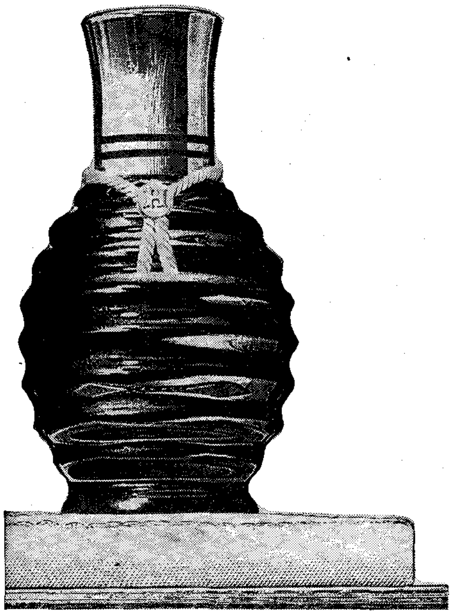

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grained-calf tab, in red calf with a black patent-leather tab, in black suède with a black patent-leather tab, and in black or brown calf with a lizard tab. It's $50.

ALTMAN's pet color for girdles and brassières is beige. Beige is the color of Warner's strapless plunging brassière, almost as long as a corselet, of nylon lace; $25. And beige is the color of Warner's step-in girdle of nylon power net, with a nylon lace panel in front, a satin Lastex one in back, and net ruffles encircling the hem; $8.95. Fortuna's calf-length underdrawers of beige nylon knit are tight enough to wear inside toreador trousers, and miniature bowknots of brown nylon velvet garnish the waist and legs. That's the end of foundations. The hosiery counter has little time for anything as bland as beige. Sheer evening nylons by Phoenix are emerald, ruby, sapphire, and topaz. Sports stockings (to wear with tweeds) of nylon stretch yarn, in alternating rows of ribbing and a shadowy cable stitch that suggest lisle, are flame, green, blue, and a couple of more subdued hues. If you don't discover the color you want, be your own chemist with Larkwood's package deal. The package holds three pairs of champagne nylon stockings and four capsules, each capable of producing a seething mass of dye; $4. These are mauve-pink, blue-gray, tobacco brown, and black with plum undertones, and you lighten or darken the hues by regulating the amount of dye the stockings absorb. And there's nothing to keep you from mixing colors and working out your own mutations.

BITS AND PIECES: Capezio's nylon stockings, to go with low-heeled shoes, are knit so they won't bag at the ankle or the instep. They're in quarter sizes, like gloves. Lord & Taylor has them in beige, red, and moss. . . . Cameo's nylons, as sheer as a spider web, are at Bloomingdale and Macy. They duplicate the charcoal of Balenciaga's recent Paris show. . . . Bonwit Teller's pointed suède flats with composition soles and heels keep the feet as dry as a pair of rubbers. Black, charcoal, or beige, and I'm told you can wipe smudges off with a wire brush or cloth. They're $7.95 in the hosiery department, and they live in a plastic tweed drawstring pouch. . . . White canvas sneakers lined with nylon fleece might do for driving a husband to the train, riding in a sports car, cleaning a chilly house, or strolling on campus; $5.95, at Alt-

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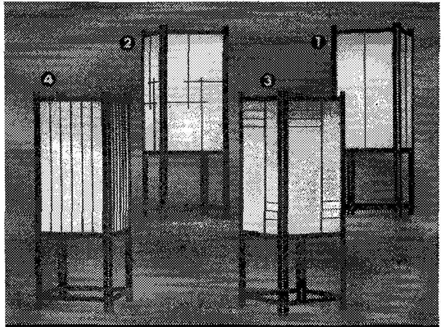

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man and Abercrombie & Fitch. . . . Peck & Peck's short washable kid gloves (black, white, or beige) arrive from Italy on pink plastic stretchers, so they'll hold their shape when they're drying; $6.50. . . . Lastic Life, a cold-water liquid soap for elastics, is useful for girdles and brassières, and helps keep white from yellowing and colors from fading. There's a rumor that it also removes tar stains from elastic bathing suits. It's $1.50 for eight ounces, at Altman, Lord & Taylor, Bloomingdale, and Stern. —M. M.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM THE ATHENS OF AMERICA

[*From the Boston Traveler*]

Shhhh! We're going to let you in on a secret! But don't breathe a word of it to Dixon B. White before the sun goes down.

For Dixie, who is 30 years old today, is being honored tonight at the surprise party to end all surprise parties.

It's being given by his wife, Sally (the former Sarah Metcalf Eaton), and his brother, Christopher.

And guests at the party will include six of the 13 friends who ushered at Sally and Dixie's wedding in 1953.

Plans for the affair are as elaborate as anything we've heard of since the Rainier-Kelly nuptials.

Dixie's parents, the Webb B. Whites of Weston, have been enlisted to help keep him in town until everything's ready at his Duxbury home.

At their insistence, he'll join them for "a birthday drink" at Christopher's Pinckney street apartment. There, the four will toast the occasion until about 6:30 p.m.

Chris will then drive his brother home, stopping for gas and a call ahead at a station conveniently located five minutes away from the party.

Arriving home, Dixie will be greeted by his two-year-old daughter, Deborah. She will be "pulling" a jeep load of guests down the drive with a fragile piece of string.

Later surprises include a dramatic skit (the brainchild of Christopher White), entitled "This is Your Wild Life."

This will recall dramatic incidents in the celebrant's history—such as the time he gouged Nelson Hooe in the eye with a screwdriver (age 3).

It will also deal extensively with Christopher's own arrival in this world—for reasons best known to the author.

Incidentally, the "wild" in the title refers to Dixie's passion for hunting and fishing.

So fond is he of these pursuits that he's endowed both his children with the names of game birds. "Debo's" middle name is Woodcock—and young Bradford's is Partridge.

Former ushers at the soiree (with their wives) include Wilmot Whitney of Weston, Charles G. Carothers III of Duxbury and Lawson T. Hill, Jr., of Lincoln. Others present, John Bartlett, William M. Driscoll and Joseph E. Eaton.

Happy birthday, Dixie!

Good show! 36 years of experience!
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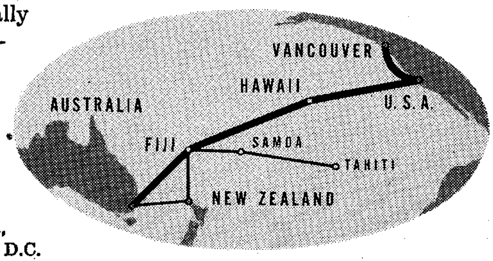

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MESSIEURS, FAITES VOS JEUX

As far back as I can remember, a cozy intimacy has prevailed between travel and golf. A perennial sports-page feature of my boyhood was an interview with some golf nut who had ranged the world collecting out-of-the-way golf courses much as an ordinary gadabout might collect baggage labels, and who, having returned to his home club, was now holding forth rhapsodically on the subject of the fourth hole at Singapore or the fourteenth at Tierra del Fuego—each to him as heady a discovery as a rare wine might be to an oenophilist touring the *domaines* of his dreams.

Until recently, my own travel habits took no account of golf. During various trips abroad, I callously bypassed—possibly because I cared nothing for the game—heaven knows how many intoxicating fairways. But in the last couple of years my oldest sons—Terry, aged ten, and Joey, eight—have badgered me into taking frequent notice at least of golf's own irrepressible offspring, miniature golf. I guess I have become something of a connoisseur of midget links, though up to four months ago my excursions in this obstacle-ridden field were confined to Westchester County. If *Sports Illustrated* had asked me back then to reminisce about my golfing experiences, I should have been limited to such far from far-flung courses as the one at the drive-in theatre at Harmon, which—except, perhaps, for its tricky asphalt greens—is not the sort of place a travelling golfer would burble over. Now things are different.

Playing miniature golf in the fierce, competitive, no-strokes-conceded fashion prescribed by my sons can be fairly harrowing if one does it regularly, and it was with considerable relief that, last June, I took my wife and the boys on a vacation visit to France. The trip would be a good change for us all, I thought. But we hadn't spent even one night on the Continent before I began to have misgivings. My children had never been abroad before, and they had been instructed to look at everything. Gazing out the windows of the boat train from Le Havre to Paris, they spotted three or four miniature-golf courses. Their squeals of delight were so shrill that a French customs official passing along the corridor paused to express his appreciation of their appreciation of the glory of his native Norman countryside.

We reached Paris and checked in at our hotel, and Terry and Joey hardly had their land legs back before they got wind of a miniature-golf course tucked into a corner of the Bois de Boulogne. They and I spent two entire afternoons there (the fifth hole, I must confess, is rather a beaut), and we were thus obliged to eliminate a visit to Montmartre from the uplifting itinerary I had mapped out. Still, I wasn't too disturbed. It was doubtless the influx and influence of the American military, I told myself, that accounted for the presence in northern France of this Yankee roadside pastime. In a few days, we would be out of range, for we were then to drive down to the Atlantic fishing village of Ciboure—a suburb of Saint-Jean-de-Luz, just above the Spanish border—where we had rented a house for a month. There, among the proud and notoriously independent Basques, the children would be exposed to a novel way of life. I knew, or thought I knew, that the principal sports of the region were bullfighting and pelota, and I looked forward to the carefree role of a spectator sportsman.

En route to the Pays Basque, we naturally relied for guidance on the comprehensive guidebooks put out by the Michelin tire company. It was Terry, I believe, who first observed that among the many helpful symbols used in the Michelin books to mark the towns in which there are three-star restaurants, cathedrals, châteaux, tire-and-tube sales agencies, and other points of special interest was a symbol for miniature-golf courses. (Terry cannot read French, but he was not hard pressed in making this discovery; the French for "miniature golf" is "*golf miniature*.") I myself was unaware that he had come upon this intelligence until we drove, one evening, into the outskirts of Les Sables-d'Olonne—a beach resort that Terry had earlier selected as a promising spot in which to spend the night. "Ah, there it is," he muttered.

"Where is what?" I asked.

"The golf course!" he shouted. "They had it in the Michelin!"

Terry and Joey were all for stopping at once and playing a round, but they deferred sulkily to my insistence that we first find overnight accommodations. Once we had arranged these, I stalled the boys off until after dinner, by which time the course they'd seen on the way into town was closed for the day. They were disconsolate. To cheer them up, I took them for a walk. As we went, I said magnanimously that if the course hadn't been closed, I'd have played it with them. It was by then past ten o'clock, and the only public gathering place that still seemed to be open was the casino. I felt safe. With a son's hand in each of mine, I was strolling lightheartedly past the casino when Joey, guided by some intuition, broke loose from my grip, dashed behind the building, and returned with a smug, triumphant grin. He had found a *golf-miniature* course back there, and it was open for business.

There were no other people around when the three of us teed off, but before we had holed out on the fifth, a crowd of onlookers had assembled—paupers, I surmised at first, straight from the roulette and baccarat tables, and with nothing better or cheaper to do than gape at foolish alien night owls. It was soon clear, though, from our gallery's cries—now of "*Bravo!*," now of "*Dommage!*"—that, whatever their economic status was, they were avid miniature-golf fans. I have never heard of anybody in the United States getting a kick out of watching strangers play miniature golf, but the way that gang in Les Sables carried on, you'd have thought they were following Snead and Hogan in the Masters, or Jim Hagerty at Newport. As a matter of fact, they threw me off my game. On the twelfth hole (a corker, by the way—a dogleg to the left, with the cup cunningly guarded by two iron pipes), I blew up. Terry had a three and Joey a four; I took a seven. Later, my wife found it hard to believe me when I told her I'd have had the kids back at the hotel earlier but for the pleas of our aficionados that we play a second round.

I WAS too tired the next day to grasp the full implications of Terry's gleeful announcement, as we started out on the road once more, that the Michelin reported *un golf miniature* in Saint-Jean-de-Luz. When we got there, I discovered that "*un*" did not quite cover the situation. I have never seen such a hotbed of miniature golf as the Basque country—or, at any rate, the Basque country of France. (Spain is not hospitable to such frivolity.) It is indicative of the seriousness with which the French regard the sport that the score card at one of the two courses in Saint-Jean itself carries the printed injunction "*La direction se réserve le droit de rembourser le prix des tickets à toute personne dont l'attitude deviendrait gênante pour les autres joueurs et de les prier de quitter le jeu.*" (The main Saint-Jean

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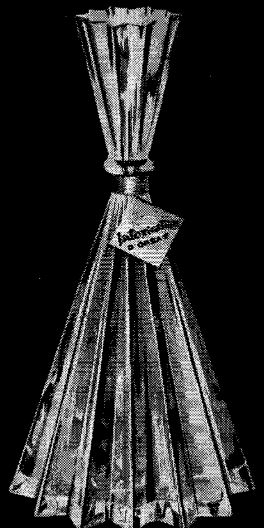

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course, again located within a chip's throw of the municipal casino, is a real toughie. Par forty-eight, and devilish hazards. I have bitter but respectful memories of the hole where you have to drive across some water into a heap of wire netting, whence your ball, if you are lucky, dribbles onto a winding ramp that leads toward the cup, a good ten yards away.)

In addition to the two courses in Saint-Jean, the boys quickly found one in Ciboure, within walking distance of our house—and a mighty familiar walk it became, too. All three of these installations were jammed day and night—for the most part with non-English-speaking players—and at one or another of them a tournament was usually under way, the winners' scores being solemnly proclaimed in the local papers the next day.

Soon after we arrived, I read a news-story about an impending tournament. It said no pros would be admitted. I had never thought of there being miniature-golf pros, but thereafter, not wishing to compromise our amateur status by getting mixed up with even a semi-pro, my sons and I steered clear of the tournaments. We generally had little trouble getting onto one or another of the many courses that, along with the towering Pyrenees and the sweeping ocean, make the Basque landscape distinctive. (Some of the neighborhood boosters have an unusual scale of scenic values. According to a miniature-golf item put in the papers by a town father of Guéthary, a resort just north of Saint-Jean, "*Notre golf constitue vraiment une attraction de premier plan et contribue au renom de notre station.*")

At nearby Biarritz, the fashionable summer playground of King Edward VII and his set, the boys and I found two courses, and in its northern suburb, Anglet, two more. (Anglet is a small community, but it harbors two firms that specialize in the construction of miniature-golf courses.) The Anglet courses lie side by side in its beach area, which is called La Chambre d'Amour—in memory not of Edward VII but of two ardent, ill-fated lovers who chose to dally at the water's edge and neglected to pay attention to the incoming tide.

Both of the courses at La Chambre d'Amour are spacious, well-tended, challenging layouts, comparable, in their way, I should say, to the Pebble Beach and Cypress Point links in California, which, between them, occupy a good deal of the acreage of the Monterey Peninsula. These are universal-

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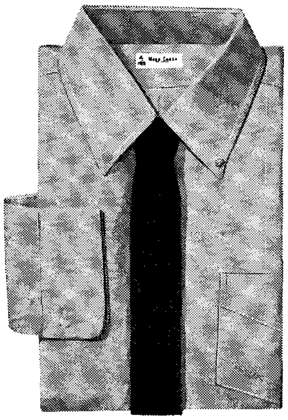

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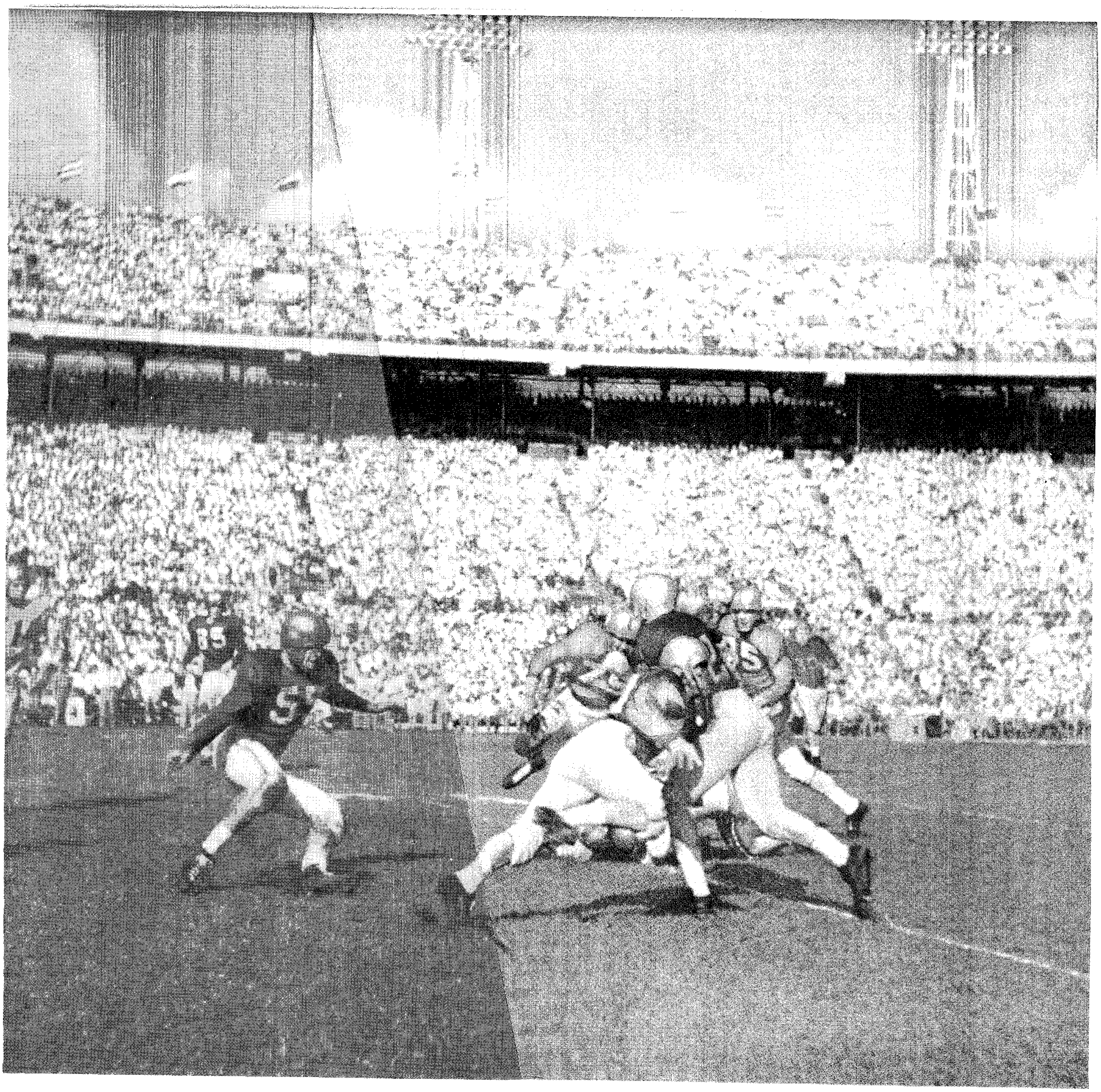

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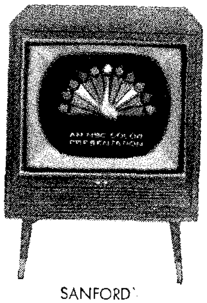

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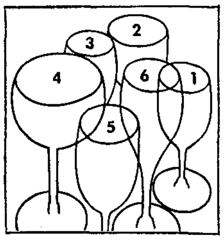

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ly recognized as elegant courses, and the pair at Chambre d'Amour are equally high-class. For instance, the fine for losing a club there is two thousand francs, compared to a mere thousand at Ciboure—not that I am certain how one would go about losing a club in miniature golf.

Yielding to Terry's and Joey's entreaties, I took them to lunch one day at a Chambre d'Amour restaurant situated next to one of the courses. The food was excellent, but the main reason for my sons' interest in the spot turned out to be their having heard that its patrons were allowed to play the course free after a meal, going around as many times as they liked. I took a nap in the car after lunch, and so cannot supply precise statistics, but it is my impression that before I dragged the boys out of there, toward sunset, they must have come close to emulating the feat of a Stateside fellow who this summer was said by *Sports Illustrated* to have played eight rounds of full-scale golf without a rest.

NOW that my family and I are back home, people keep asking my sons if they found the Basque country appealing. They usually reply that it was wonderful, and that they will never forget it. And they probably never will. Some of the details of our adventures may fade from their memories, but I don't imagine anybody *could* forget a shot the likes of the ace Terry sank one afternoon on that maddening sixth at Ciboure!

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

THE NEW ARMY IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR

[*From the Fort Belvoir* (*Va.*) *Bulletin*]

8. Attention Unit Commanders—The practice of using mattress covers to gather up leaves is not an authorized use of this organizational equipment. Where evidence of such use exists on mattress covers received at the Quartermaster Laundry or turned in at the Quartermaster Property Warehouse, the mattress covers will not be processed.

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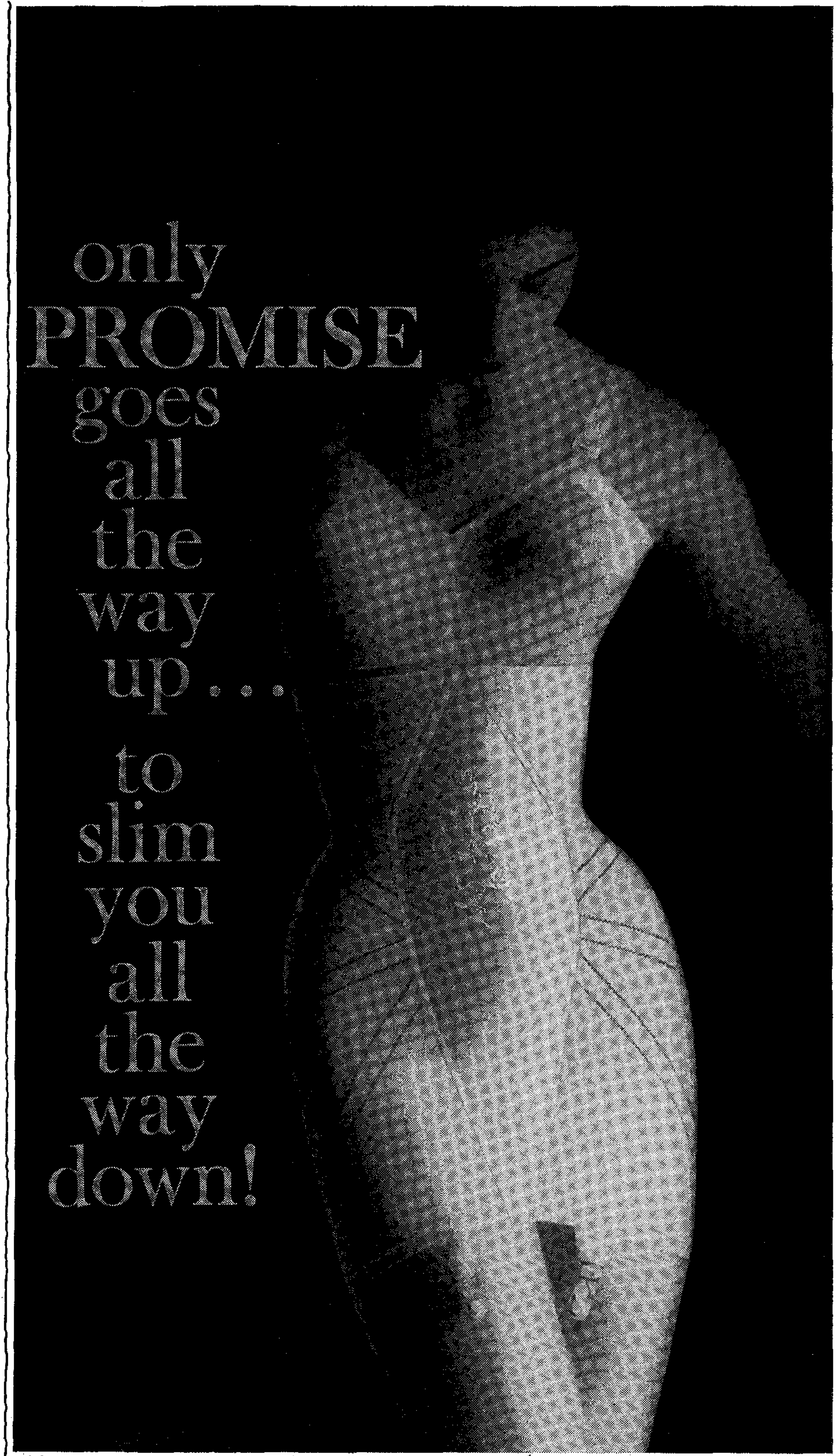
The Elvis Presley Club was entertained at a party held at the home of Joyce Parks in Brownhelm after school. After a short business session the group played games, and a contest, "Pinning the sideburns on Elvis Presley," was held. Winners were Barbara Champion and Marie Snider. The hostess served refreshments to 10 members.—*Oberlin* (*Ohio*) *News Tribune.*

They have to eat, the same as the rest of us.



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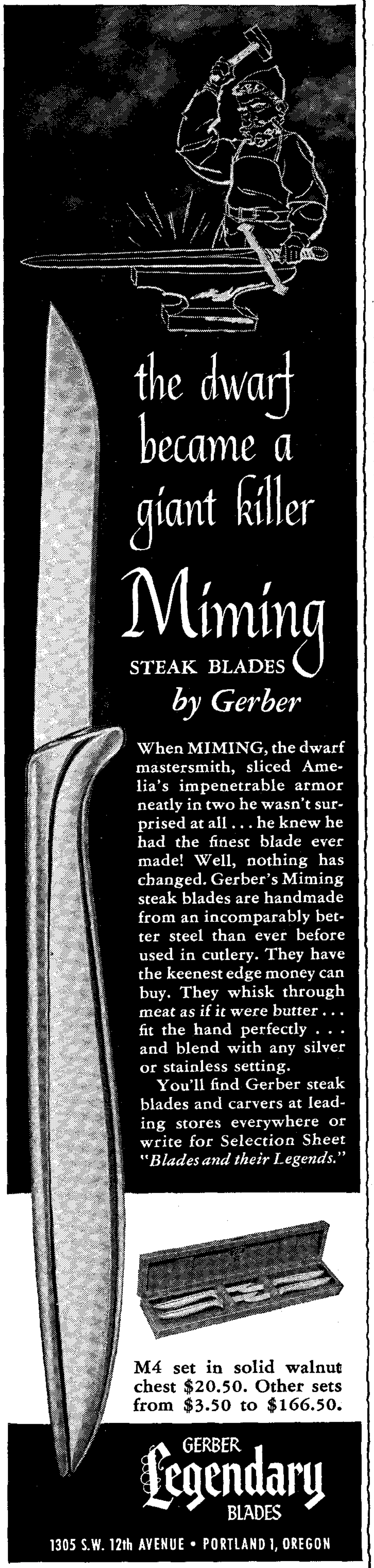
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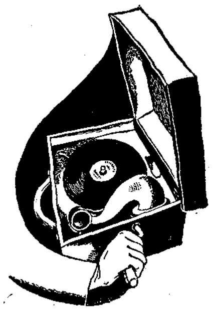
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



"Pelléas et Mélisande" has never been one of my favorite operas. Despite a lot of talk and writing to the effect that Debussy was the leader of the big revolt against the Wagnerian tradition, this long stage work has always struck me as being typically Wagnerian in its dependence on protracted and musically formless recitative, while at the same time lacking those moments of vigor and grandeur that make Wagner's operas great. It is an emotionally pallid affair, devoid of contrast, accent, and well-defined singable melody, and its musical elements are everywhere subject to the exigencies of prose declamation—a situation that makes it not so much an opera as a play very intricately set to music. For these reasons, it has always seemed to me something of a bore. But it is an extremely subtle bore, with some patches of orchestral magic, and the work has never failed to have a small circle of fervent worshippers. To them I can highly recommend Angel's new, complete recording of "Pelléas," in which the principal roles are admirably declaimed by Jacques Jansen, Victoria de los Angeles, Gérard Souzay, and Pierre Froumenty, while the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, under André Cluytens, handles Debussy's gauzy orchestral textures with the utmost clarity and scrupulousness.

Among the other full-scale operatic recordings that either have just been released or have accumulated during the summer, there are a couple that seem to me of considerable interest. Angel has brought out a new version of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," which inevitably invites comparison with Victor's Toscanini interpretation. It is, as might be expected, not quite up to the latter as a controlled, incisive, and dramatically compelling performance. But it has Maria Meneghini Callas in the role of Amelia, and Miss Callas is a far more brilliant singer than Herva Nelli, who sings the same role in the Toscanini version. It is, in fact, Miss Callas's extraordinarily supple, accurate, expressive, and slightly feline voice—coupled with some eloquent singing by Giuseppe Di Stefano—that gives this recording its chief interest. The performance, with the Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala, under the direction of Antonino Votto, is hearty and exuberant in the Italian manner. Angel has also brought out a similarly hearty recording of "La Bohème," done by the La Scala company, and in this, too, Miss Callas shines brightly, conveying all her abilities as a sensitive singing actress—another facet of her richly endowed artistic personality.

London Records has recently been busy with a worth-while project involving a large series of albums devoted to the music of Spain, a country whose peculiar isolation from the main currents of European culture has tended to make a great deal of its finest music unknown, or at least unfamiliar, to the rest of the world. These albums go a long way toward dispelling the popular notion that Spain is primarily a nation of guitar players and flamenco singers, for they give a fascinating glimpse into that nation's traditions of art music, as opposed to folk music. The latest recordings in this series illuminate the tradition of comic opera known in Spain as the *zarzuela*—a tradition that goes back all the way to the seventeenth century and that reached something of a peak in the nineteenth. Four nineteenth-century *zarzuelas*, in as many albums, have been issued, and though their librettos—romantic intrigues, aristocrats disguised as peasants, and so on—can best be described as innocent, their music is surprisingly fresh and melodious, slightly Italian when it is not identifiably Spanish, and, on the whole, quite engaging. Of the four, the best, in my opinion, are "El Barberillo de Lavapies" and "Jugar con Fuego," both by Francisco Asenjo Barbieri (1823-94), a composer who deserves to be far better known than he is. Barbieri's music, though one would not mistake it for that of a major master, has real melodic elegance, painstaking workmanship, and great charm. Its interpretation demands singing of truly operatic calibre, and just such singing is provided on these records by a number of Spanish performers whose names are unfamiliar to me, among them a first-rate soprano named Pilar Lorengar. The performances are conducted by Ataul fo Argenta, who I am told is Spain's leading maestro, and who is obviously a conductor of outstanding gifts. London has also issued a fine recording of a more familiar Spanish operatic item—Granados' "Goyescas"—performed under Señor Argenta's baton. "Goyescas," since its world première at the Metropolitan in 1916, has never attained any great international success as a stage work, probably because its libretto is somewhat carpentered and its music, at times, a little diffuse in structure. But its composer was a haunting melodist, and this recording contains many moments of unforgettable inspiration.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

RULES OF THE GAME

1. This game is played with bowls, 2.8 to 3.2 Inch. diameter; Each player has 2 bowls, goal consists in a small box sphere, 1.2 inch. diameter.

2. Players are divided into 2 camps, with 4 players maxima on each side, and the first team to play is ballotted.

3. Starting ground is determined by a circle, about 2 inch. diameter drawn on the ground. When playing, players should stand inside the circle, feet closed together.

4. One of the players of the ballotted team enters the circle, sends the goal away to a distance varying from 4 to 10 yards, then throws a bowl, endeavouring to draw as near as possible from the goal.

One of the players of the second team takes then his place and tries, in his turn, to draw nearer than the bowl of the opposite team. The players of this team are called in turns to play, until one of their bowls draws nearer the goal. It is now up to the other team to play, until, again, the manage to be placed nearer than the others.

This result may be obtained either through shifting the opposite bowl, or shifting, the goal, etc... Players may also address the opposite bowl and try to drive it away by throwing their own bowl at it (this is called "to shoot."

5. When one of the teams has no bowls left, the other one goes on alone. All the bowls having been played, each team scores as many points as it has bowls nearer the goal than the nearest adverse bowl.

The winning team gets the advantage of throwing the goal at the new starting ground is drawn in the place occupied by the goal at the end of the preceding game. —*Instructions for playing bowls, found on a counter top at Abercrombie's.*

Anybody rather play slapjack?

•

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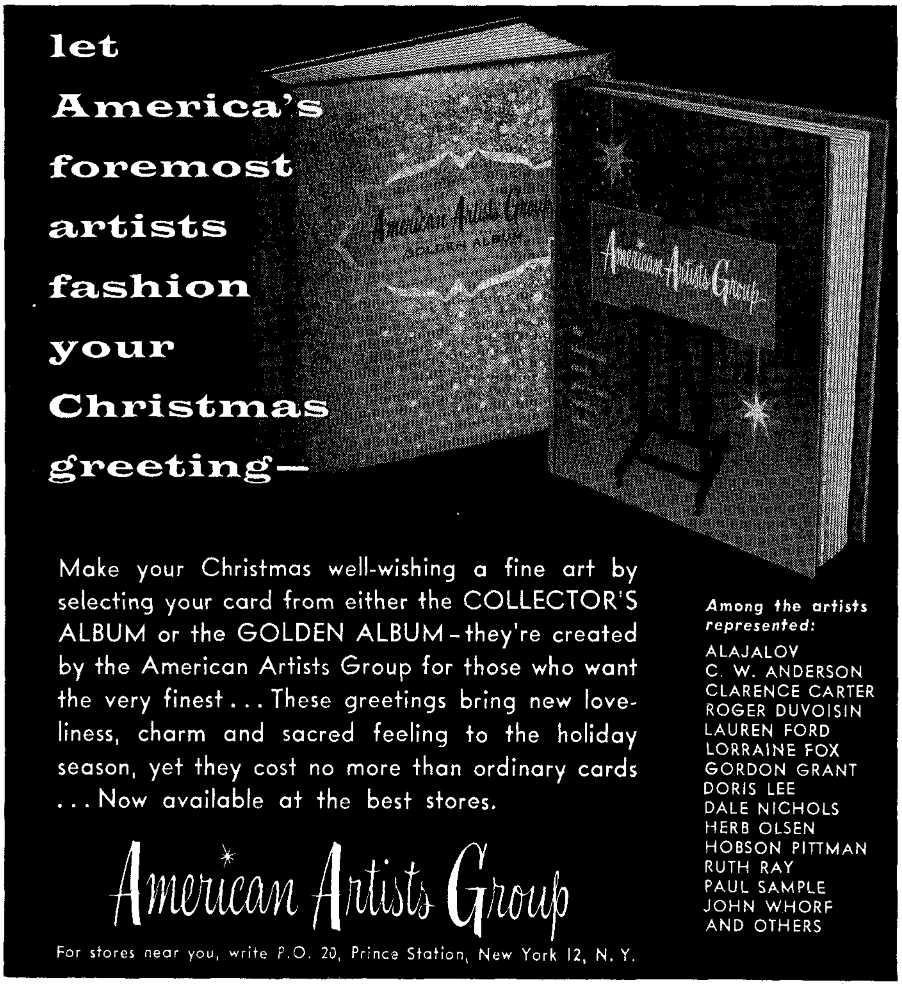

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AND OTHERS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THEY MUST TAKE ME FOR A PROPER MUGG

WHILE reading my habitual London newspaper, the *Times*, not long ago, I strayed from the kind of story I prefer, such as "Getting Facts About the Elizabethan Playhouse" and "Chinese Writers Denounced for Deviations," to the portion of the paper that Englishmen refer to as "sporting news," which deals largely with cricket. I found little, at first glance, to set my pulses surging with emotion, an effect American sportswriters strive for even on a dull day, but in the investment, or racing, section, just under "Birmingham Selections," I came upon what I thought a promising headline:

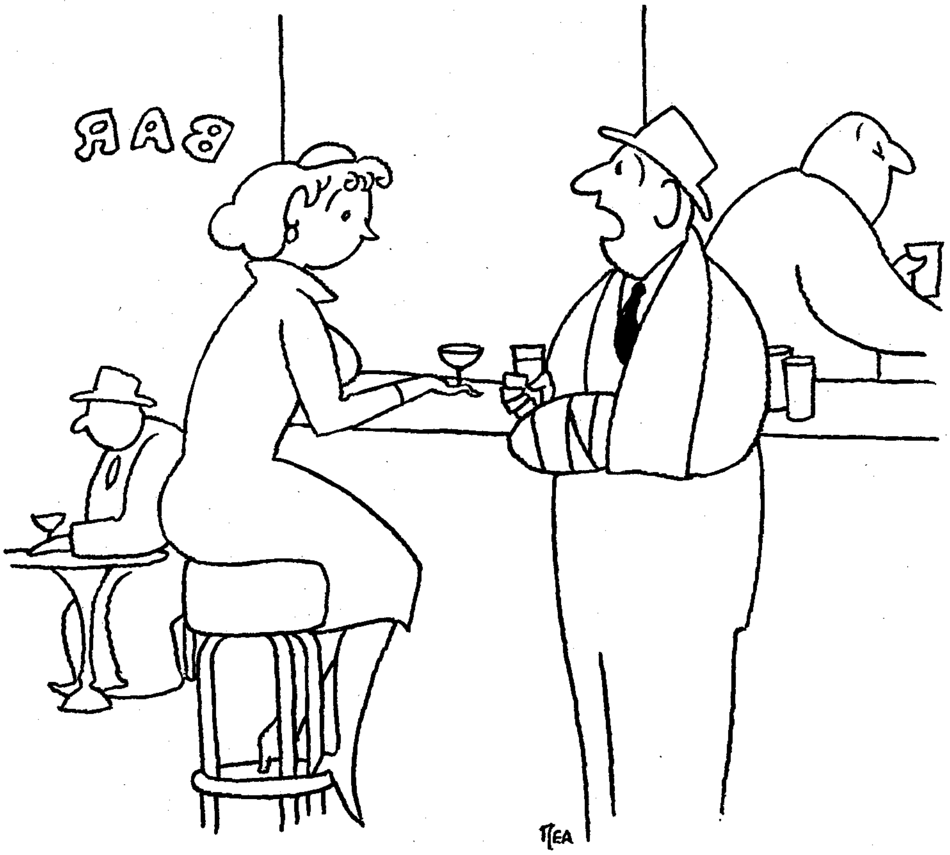
BOXER MAY RIDE AT MANCHESTER

TWO MOUNTS OFFERED TO TERRY SPINKS

It is unusual for a professional athlete to engage in two such specialized activities concurrently, and I read the story that followed this announcement with some interest:

> Terry Spinks, the 1956 Olympic flyweight champion, and now a professional boxer, has been invited to ride two horses at Manchester on Friday—Luing, a five-year-old, in the Cromwell Selling Handicap, and Dominion, a six-year-old, in the Loom Handicap. Both horses are owned by Mrs. E. Schmidt-Bodner and trained by E. Gifford at Skipton. Spinks, aged 19, a former stable lad and apprentice jockey, has accepted both mounts subject to permission from Mr. M. Marsh, the Newmarket trainer, who has him under apprenticeship. It will be Spinks's first public appearance as a jockey, though he has ridden training gallops on many occasions. He spends much of his time between fights at the Newmarket stables and hopes to be a full-time jockey when he retires from boxing. He will fly to Manchester on Friday morning after training for a fight at Shoreditch four days later. Mr. H. Grossmith, promoter of next Tuesday's fight at Shoreditch Town Hall, London, between Spinks and Ivan McCready (Belfast), said yesterday that he had objected verbally to the Boxing Board of Control against Spinks riding on Friday. "I can't take any chances against Spinks getting injured," he said. "This is to be his first fight over eight rounds."

My first reflection after reading this was that it was odd of an owner to offer two mounts in one day at a major race meeting to a boy who had never ridden a race. My second was that the story was not calculated to deter *Times* readers from attending Mr. Grossmith's show, if *Times* readers ever venture as far afield at night as Shoreditch, which is a fried-fish-and-jellied-eel-consuming autonomous borough about a mile inland from London Bridge and northeast of the Whitechapel district. Customarily, what a press agent seeks from the *Times* is consecration, rather than direct profit.



"My dog doesn't understand me!"

When I turned to Lord Beaverbrook's *Express*, one of the less serious London papers that serve as morning garnish to my *Times* reading, I saw that its boxing writer had gone for the story in an enthusiastic, Beaverbrookish way. The *Express* sports page carried a picture of Spinks, looking young and truthful, over the same data I had read in the *Times*, plus a bit of extrapolation: "What a row Spinks started when he let out this stable information." According to the *Express*, Spinks' manager of record, a recently retired boxer named Sammy McCarthy, wanted Spinks to ride, but the story did not make clear whether this indicated unlimited confidence in his boy's horsemanship or a heroic indifference to his fate. "I will offer Mr. Grossmith a three-figure sum as a guarantee for Terry's appearance at Shoreditch on Tuesday," the paper quoted McCarthy as saying. "It would well compensate him if anything did go wrong." But, the *Express* added, "Promoter Grossmith, heavily armed with a rulebook marked at clause 14, which refers to the right of promoters to restrain a boxer from endangering himself—and incidentally the box office—marched up to the offices of the Boxing Board of Control yesterday ready to do battle for his idea of a square deal. . . . And yesterday Spinks, the lad who wants to become a champion jockey as well as a champion fighter, was hoping that his racing licence would be granted before Friday." The author of the *Express* piece was Sydney Hulls, who is the son of a famous old-time boxing promoter and takes a kindly view of impresarial inventiveness.

The boxing expert of the Labour Party's *Herald*, which I generally read as a political counterweight to the *Express*, is Tom Phillips, whom I first met at the Helsinki Olympics in 1952. He took an Opposition line in his Spinks story, which was headed "HORSE LAUGH." Phillips, who has eight children, a couple of them considerably older than the galloping flyweight, also took a paternal line, advising young Spinks in

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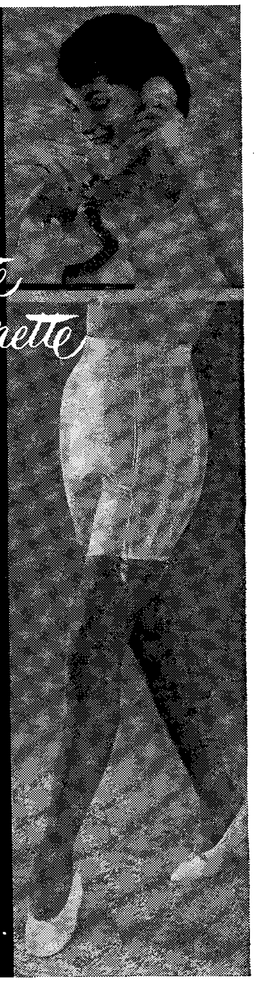
a fatherly way not to lend himself to "silly publicity stunts" and ballyhoo. The story, he wrote, was "a dilly"—all "bunkum"—and in corroboration of this bit of intuition he reported that the husband of the owner of the two horses concerned had been a boxing promoter himself.

The *Times* had said that Spinks the horseman was currently apprenticed to trainer Marsh. But Phillips, who was a straight reporter before he became a sportswriter, had phoned Marsh, and the trainer had told him that he no longer had any hold on the boy—adding, however, that in his opinion Spinks had no more chance of riding at Manchester on Friday than he had himself. Spinks, Marsh said, couldn't ride unless he got himself indentured to another trainer, and that isn't the sort of thing one can arrange overnight in England. As for Grossmith, the promoter of the Shoreditch fight, Phillips wrote, "Somehow I don't think he need worry."

Phillips' story, I thought, was the best plug of all for the fight, because it pictured McCarthy, Grossmith, and the others as resourceful and charming characters, who would not be out of place in the Neutral Corner Bar & Grill, on Eighth Avenue—a cultural haven to which my thoughts fondly turn when I tire of getting the facts about the Elizabethan Playhouse.

I phoned Mr. Phillips to congratulate him on his exposé and found him still sputtering with honest North Country indignation over the situation he had unearthed. "Bloody Barnum could have doon no better!" he said. He pronounces all double "o"s as in "good." Phillips likes to remind his readers that he is a Geordie, or coal miner, from County Durham, north of Yorkshire. The Geordie devotes himself to British boxing with the selfless passion that Dr. Schweitzer lavishes on his African lepers. Many of Phillips' nights are spent riding on wretched sleeping trains bound for places like Swansea and West Hartlepool to make connections with buses that will carry him to still more peripheral pest spots, where promoters tout him on the local advent of a future British world champion, usually a coal miner. Phillips often arrives just in time to see the fellow being carried out of the ring, though occasionally, if he misses a connection or his bus is late, the phenomenon has already been revived and is back on the night shift in the mine by the time he gets there. This sort of thing never disheartens the idealist.

When Phillips' paper sends him to



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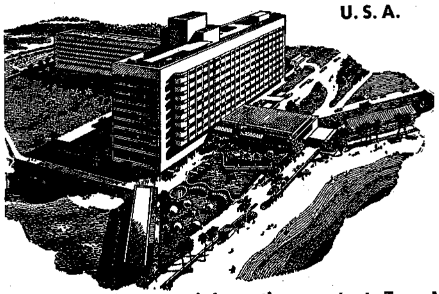

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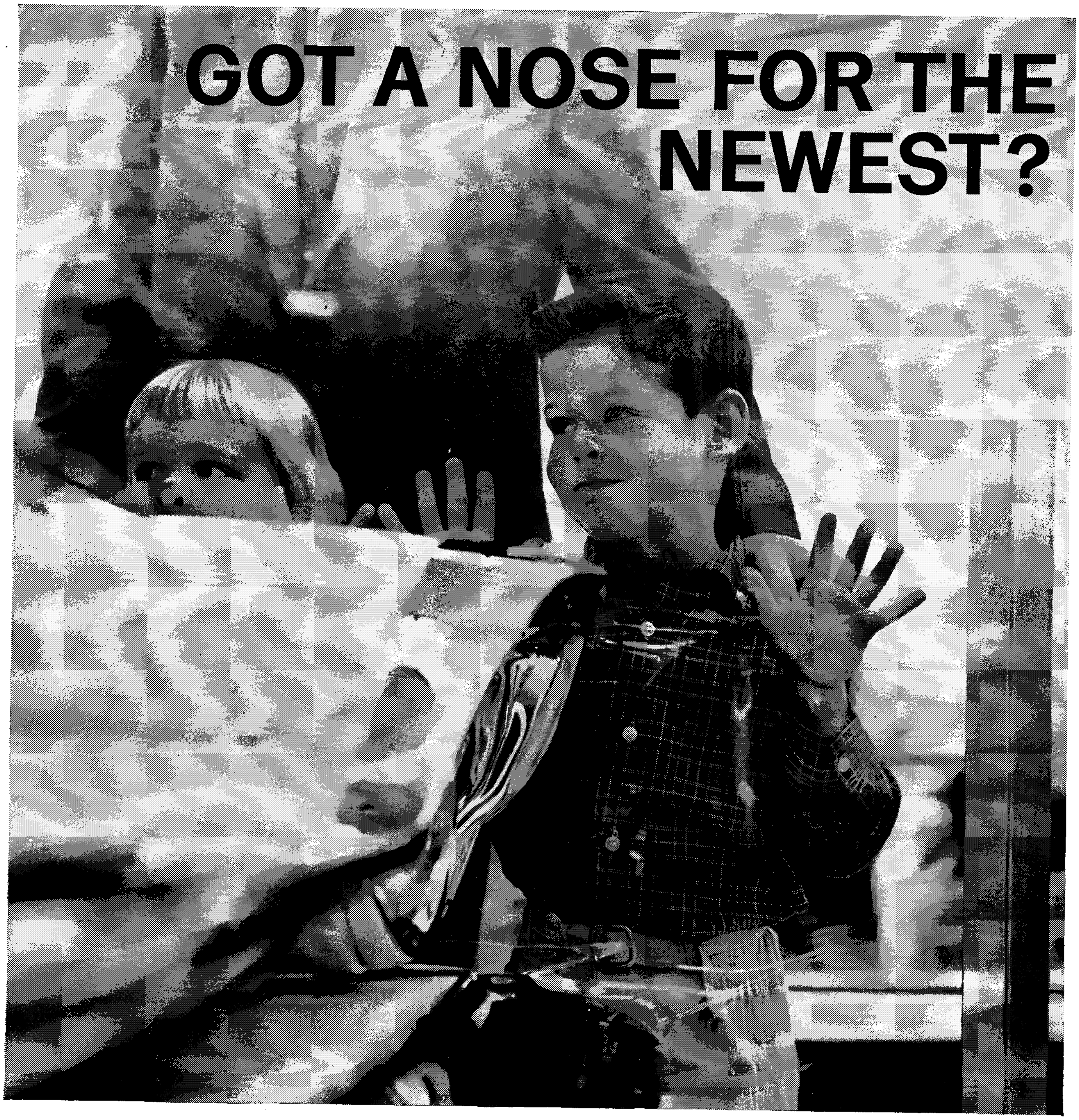
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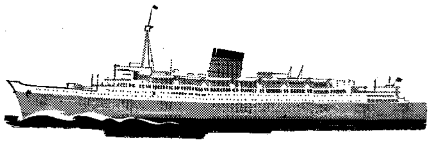

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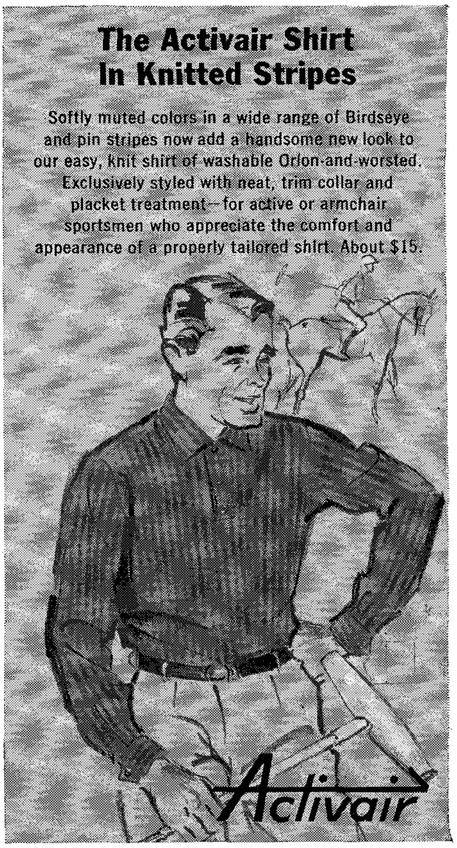
big bouts in the United States, he repeatedly corners his American colleagues to confide, "There's a lad in Llanelly"—or Newton Abbot or Eccleston—"who can bash like Jack Dempsey, but the question is can he take a punch?" The answer is invariably in the negative, but the next time Phillips shows up, he has another false Imam in South Leeds or Birkenhead. No great heavyweight has learned his trade in Britain within the memory of any living man under a hundred. Bob Fitzsimmons, who won the championship in 1897 and lost it in 1899, was born in Cornwall, but he did all his fighting in the Antipodes and in America. As late as the election of Warren Gamaliel Harding, though, there were a few top-notch men in the lighter classes. The last of these *illustrissimi*, Jimmy Wilde, was, like Spinks, a flyweight.

Over the phone, Phillips said that Spinks was a good boxer, of the stand-away, quick-moving classic type adapted to amateur bouts, which are limited to three rounds, but that it had not yet been established whether he had professional toughness. He was tall for his weight, Phillips said, and, like all boxers built that way, he looked fragile, but there was no telling about him until he had been further tested.

WHAT I had read and heard about Spinks made me want to see him box. I was happy, therefore, to learn from Friday's *Times* that he had been spared the perils of the turf; he had decided not to ride that day. (Of Mrs. E. Schmidt-Bodner's two runners at Manchester, I noted the next morning, Luing was scratched from the Cromwell Selling Handicap, while Dominion, carrying a weight of eight stone three, or a hundred and fifteen pounds, ran dead last in a field of ten in the Loom Handicap. This may have been due to the fact that he was ridden by A. J. Russell, one of the most accomplished jockeys in England but obviously an inadequate substitute for the boxer.) Grossmith must have been as relieved as I was at the fighter's decision, and on the following Tuesday afternoon, when I rang through to the Shoreditch Town Hall, the telephonist there sounded as pleased as though she had a piece of Spinks. She said that the first bout would go on at seven-forty-five and that I had better come along early, because the house was nearly sold out.

London is made up of a galaxy of autonomous boroughs that operate within the framework of the London County Council and that—as any visitor who



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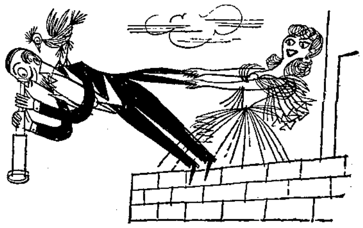

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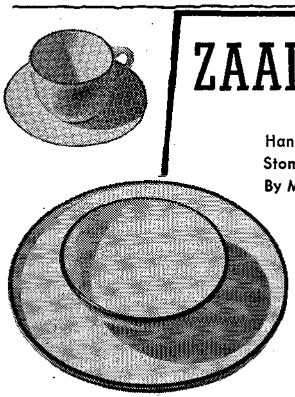

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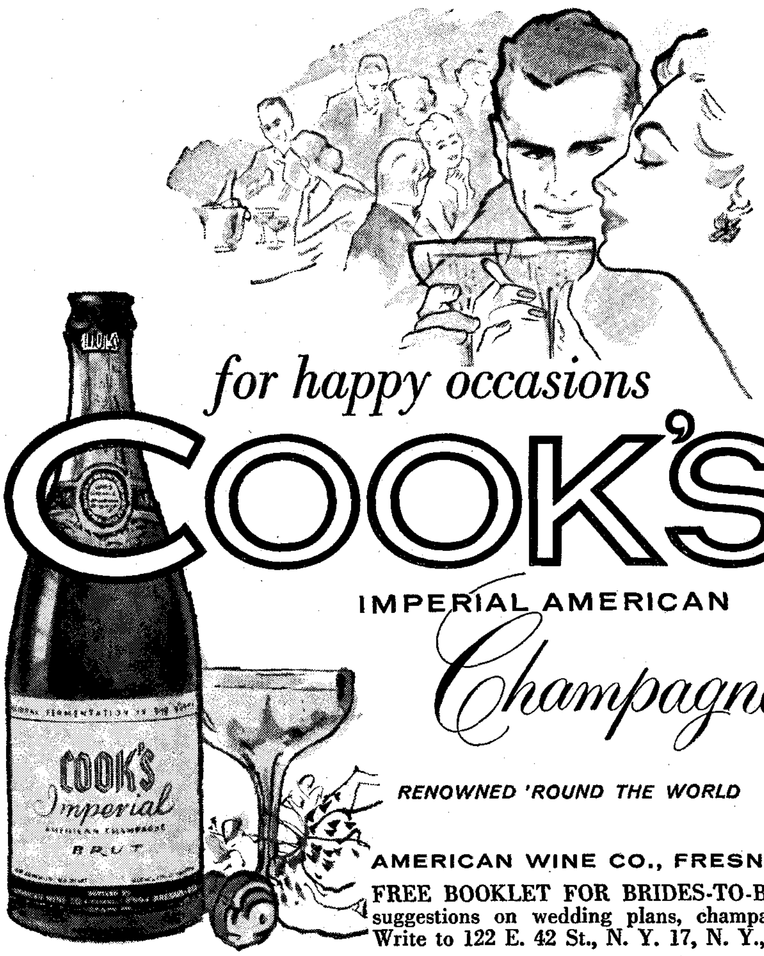
has strayed much beyond Mayfair and the Strand knows—have strong individualities. To pass, for example, from excitable Jewish Stepney—which includes Whitechapel—on the north bank of the Thames, to dour autochthonous Bermondsey, directly opposite it on the south bank, is nearly as striking a transition as crossing the Channel. (The populations of these two boroughs refer to each other as "the people across the water.") Shoreditch is a borderland where the rowdy old urban boroughs along the river shade into the faceless respectability of the boroughs that used to be suburbs. In Defoe's day, the breadth of London was reckoned to be "from the Haberdashers Alms Houses in Newington Butts," on the south, "to the Stone's End in Shoreditch." The stone's end was not half a block from Shoreditch Town Hall.

Forewarned by the cheerful woman on the switchboard, who had also kindly given me directions for reaching the scene of battle, I took the tube in time to get down to Old Street, in East Central London—the nearest stop—by seven. A bleak and silent thoroughfare, Old Street was made all the more discouraging by a filmy London rain that threw a protective glaze over the quarter's grime. From the tube station to the Town Hall is a fair walk, and as I plodded along, it seemed strange to me that anybody would think of putting on a prizefight in this metropolitan equivalent of a Yorkshire moor. But after ten minutes or so I saw an unmistakable municipal building—at once pretentious, inharmonious, and depressing—with vertical human figures covering the steps of a long stairway leading to it. The crowd spilled down across the pavement and over the curb, like people waiting in front of a church to rubber at a bridal party, its components as indifferent to the rain as the English always are. Inquiry revealed that instead of going into the hall, they were waiting for the arrival of Spinks—a small free part of the evening's entertainment, to be savored separately, like the pleasure of standing in a queue for an hour before entering a moving-picture theatre.

I made my way slowly up the steps, careful not to jostle any of the men, which would be "taking a liberty," and they slowly pulled out of my way, one by one, waiting until the last moment but not blocking me absolutely, because that also would be "taking a liberty." Among the common people of this freedom-loving country there is no social offense so heinous as the one they call



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

"taking a liberty," or "making free." Trying to sneak into the middle of a bus queue, seeking to attract a barmaid's attention before she has finished serving another customer, and asking a man for more cigarettes in the course of a year than you proffer him in return are specimen crimes. Pushing in a crowd is an aggravated form. So is offering unsolicited advice, although in a crisis an altruist may dare it. At Sandown races one day, a small man who had been shadowing me so persistently that I thought he might be a pickpocket at length came within speaking range and said, "Pardon me, sir, I hope you'll excuse me, but your shirt is hanging out, and I thought you'd rather I told you." Nobody else had taken the liberty, and if I hadn't chanced into the path of this bold eccentric, I don't suppose anybody ever would have. He scuttled away crabwise in the crowd, looking horribly ashamed of his inability to control his tongue.

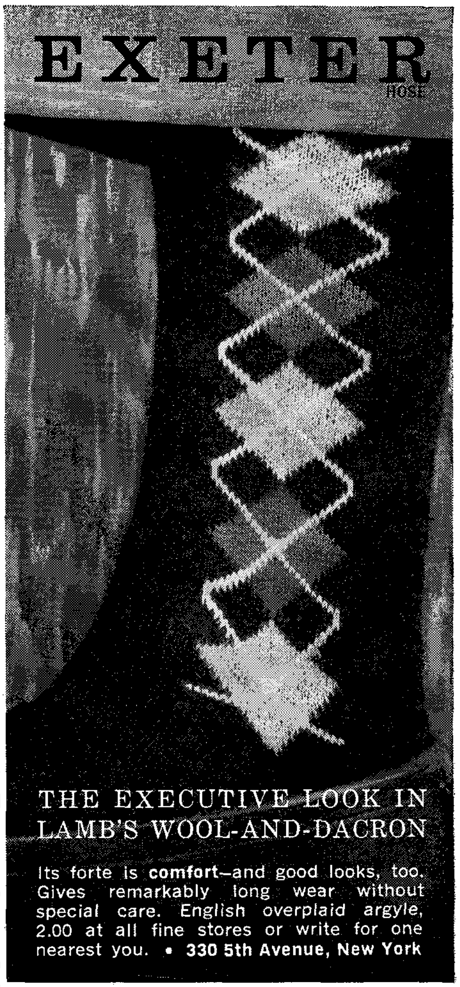
Once, in a share-taxi returning to London from another track, I heard a man say to his companion, "You keep your eye on 'im. 'E's a liberty-tiker, and once you let a liberty-tiker tike liberties with you, 'e'll tread on you."

"Not much bloody fear," the other fellow said.

This cult of respect for the other bloke is diluted in the lower middle class, and at higher social levels it is as weak as Scotch whiskey bottled for home consumption. Britons trying not to seem common can be uncommonly rude.

PUSHING open the glass doors of the Town Hall, I headed for the box office—in ordinary life, I suspected, the information booth at which taxpayers are directed to the borough officials they want to see—and there a bulky gentleman, obviously in good humor, told me that the only seat left in the house was one at two guineas ($5.88), in the first row ringside. I said that would suit me fine. "The plice is packed out," he said. "Never saw such a hinterest in a contest." At the moment, I thought this was a dodge to make me buy the two-guinea ticket instead of a cheaper one, but I later discovered that the ticket seller was truthful. The place was sold out.

Near the box office, I saw a number of fellows I had met at other fights. Among them was Phillips—a slender man with a pointed head, an iron-gray mustache, and wavy silvery hair. He introduced me formally to the ticket seller, who turned out to be Grossmith. I remarked that it was too bad Spinks hadn't ridden, since it would have made



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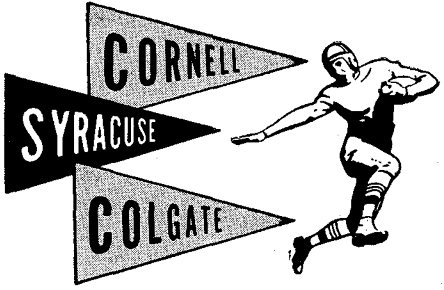

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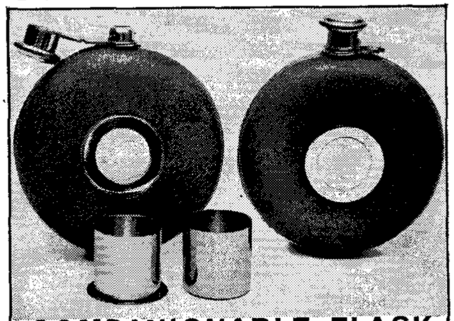

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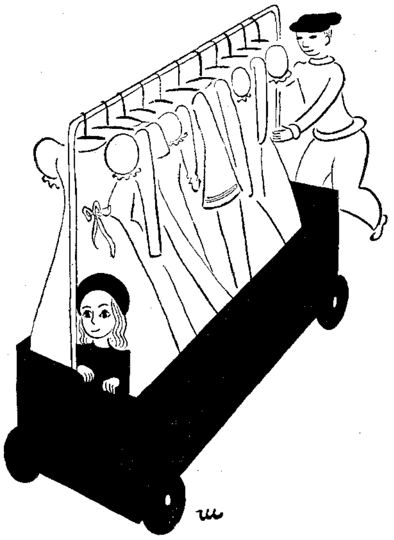
an unusual sports story, and Grossmith said, "The fellow oo 'ad the 'orse was very keen to 'ave 'im ride, but I couldn't chance it, what with 'aving already sold out the 'ouse."

"He couldn't bear to think of refoonding all that lolly," Phillips said. "Proper bloody Barnum!"

The glass doors now swung wide to admit Spinks and his faction. The fighter, a blond boy with cropped hair like the down on a duckling, had the face of a malevolent cherub. As Phillips had said, he was tall for his weight—perhaps five feet five inches. The members of his entourage had the air of men who surround a big fighter, although Phillips told me that the lad had had only seven bouts since turning professional. Still, he had won the Olympic title in his class at Melbourne. The English in the last twenty years or so have had such a thin time in international competition that a home boy who beats foreigners at anything is halfway to being a national hero. Spinks, who comes from West Ham, a Labour constituency a couple of miles east of Shoreditch, wore a cap, a long overcoat, and a suit that did not look out of place in the neighborhood. An English athlete who wishes to remain popular must avoid outward show of the Big Head—or 'Ead—which is a syndrome nearly as fatal locally as Liberty-Tiking, or Miking Free.

Spinks pressed along toward the dressing rooms, and the fellows who had been standing in front of the Town Hall pushed through the glass doors behind him. They did not wait to see McCready arrive—or maybe he was there already. I had not given much thought to Spinks' opponent, who had been barely mentioned in the thrilling yarn about the two dark horses at Manchester, but now I asked Phillips what sort of boy he was. Phillips said that he



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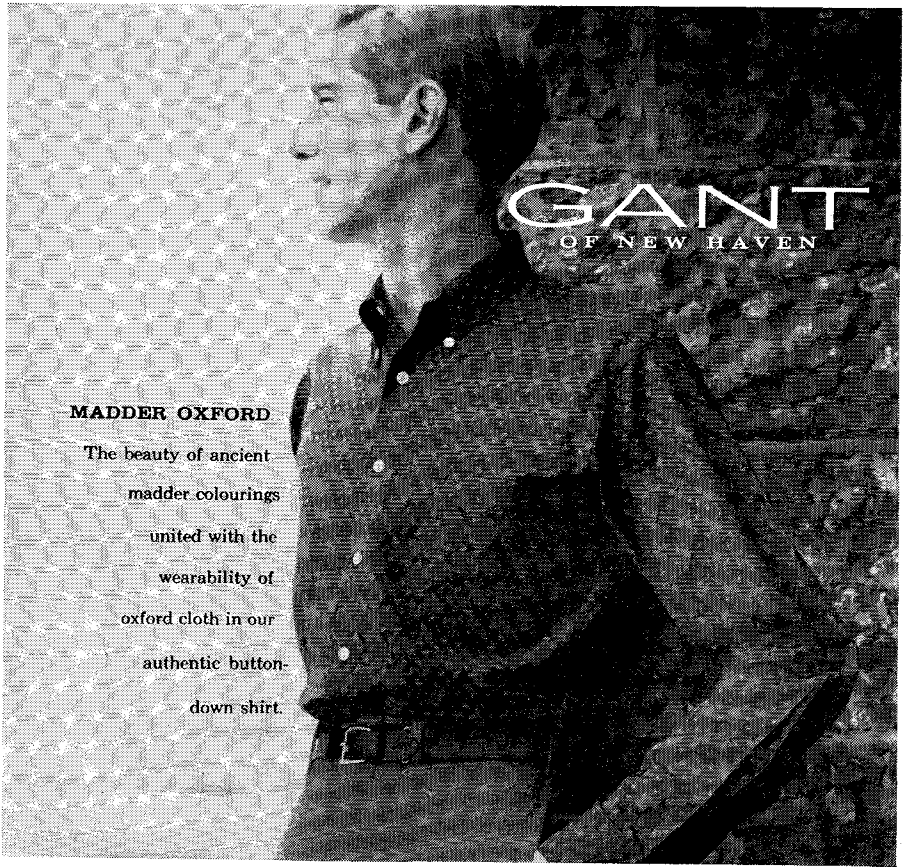

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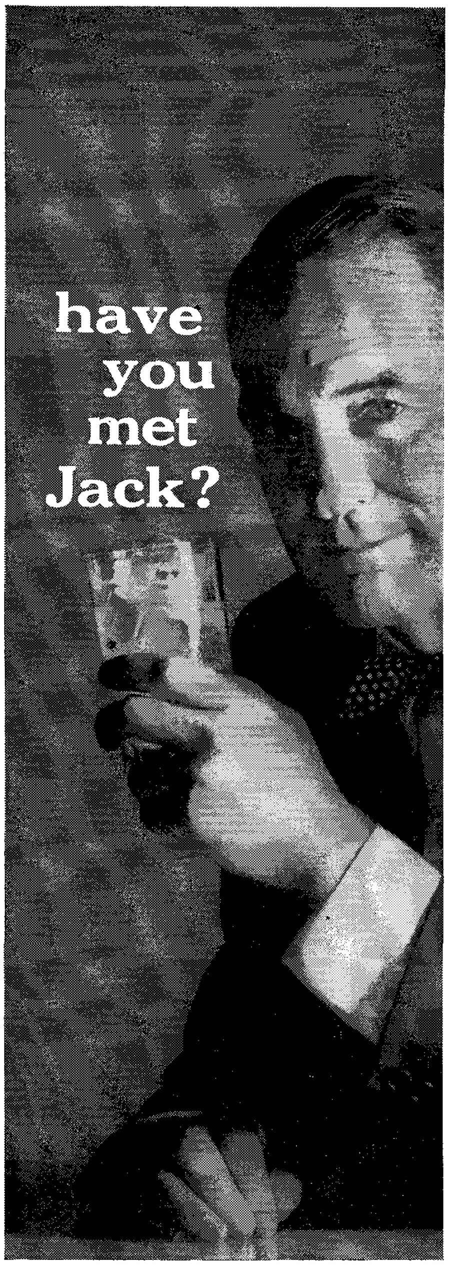

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was reputed to be tough, and that he had had a good number of bouts as an amateur in Northern Ireland and, like Spinks, seven professional matches.

We all moved up a wide stairway leading to the scene of the evening's entertainment, a large chamber ordinarily devoted to balls, meetings of local associations, big wedding receptions, and amateur theatricals. It had green plaster walls and molded, gilt-painted decorative motifs, and a balcony and gallery—both full up, I noticed as I made my way to my seat, which was just under one of the two corners to be used by the boxers. There were vacant seats in my row, but they were soon filled with prosperously rounded citizens and their wives, who evidently had bought their tickets well in advance. The hall holds only nine hundred, and nine hundred spectators in a space designed to hold just that many set up a closed circuit of emotion that you don't get in a bigger cadre. (A cockfight in a fetid, crowded cellar benefits by the same *ambiance;* a cockfight in a high, well-lighted place like Madison Square Garden would be a bore.) The quality of British professional boxing is so rudimentary that it will not bear exposure to more than nine hundred and ninety-nine persons at a time.

I was flanked and backed by a number of chaps who appeared to know one another well. On my right, one of them was relating to a companion the disappointing course of a fight that he had witnessed at some other arena, unspecified.

"'Work awye, Joge,' I told 'im," this fellow was saying. "'Pound awye, Joge,' I says. '*Be* the guvnor.' But Joge wouldn't use that right 'and only in a clinch. 'E insisted on reservin' 'isself." Joge means George, just as a potable typewriter means a portable.

"What price was 'e?" asked the other fellow.

"Five to two on," said Joge's unheeded adviser, meaning that he was the favorite by a margin of two and a half to one.

"Cor," said the second man. "What was 'e reservin' 'isself for?"

"Cost me two fivers, and 'e wuhn't even 'ave a go," said the first. "'E's a bit of a dodger, I fear—our Joge. Don't fancy 'avin' 'is 'andsome fice bashed."

THE program I had just bought for sixpence informed me that the first bout would be a "6 (3 min.) Rounds Feather-weight Contest at 9–4," or nine stone four, or a hundred and

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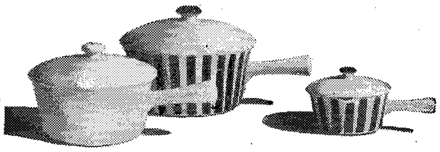

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thirty pounds. It listed the participants as "Terry Brown, West Ham, former A.B.A. champion, first pro fight," vs. "Billy Alport, Walsall." Brown proved to be one of those snub-nosed, good-looking, eupeptic, round-muscled boys who are so frequently adept at sports and so infrequently exceptional. Alport was spindle-limbed, flat-chested, and heron-necked. He looked unhappy—as if he had to live by writing book reviews at *New Statesman* rates. The contrast, considered in conjunction with his modest billing and the international practice of giving an amateur champion an easy professional début, made it certain he would fall. For this reason, I was offended when the chap on my right, the chap who had been telling the story about Joge, said, in a loud voice, "Two to one Brown, two to one on!" I wondered if I looked so completely a Hick, as the term is defined in the New Canting Dictionary of 1725: "Any Person of whom any Prey can be made, or Booty taken from; also a silly Country Fellow; a Booby." It developed, however, that Joge's detractor was seeking to make no Prey of me. He was aiming his offer over my head, howitzer-fashion, at my neighbor on my left—a small, nervous, sharp-faced young man, who wore thick-lensed glasses and had a reddish Groucho Marx mustache, and who was already under the stress of an excitement I did not at once identify. He twisted his hands.

"Three to one, Ginger," a man in the row behind us said to him.

"*Four* to one," the first fellow now bid.

"Mike it five," Ginger said, in the voice of a member of Alcoholics Anonymous backsliding.

"Five it is," the tempter behind Ginger said. " 'Ow many times?"

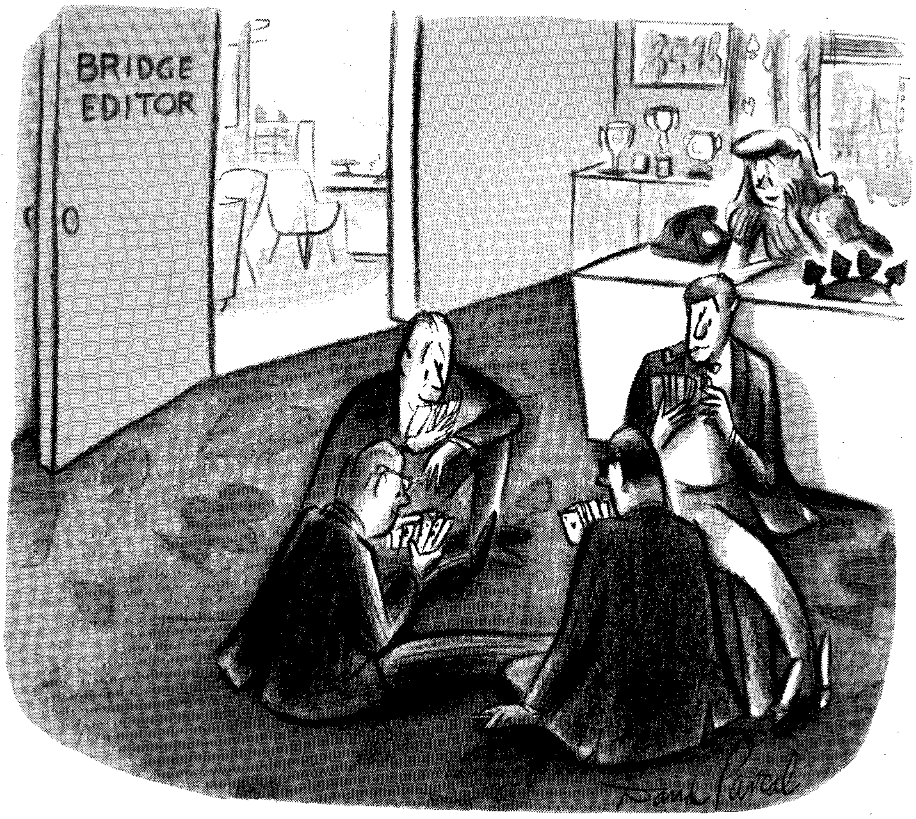
The boxers, who had been called to the center of the ring for the paternal spiel from the referee, now returned to their corners to await the bell.

"Wite!" Ginger pleaded. "I want eleven to two."

"Eleven it is for two nicker," the layer in back of us said quickly.

I found all this astonishing, since my program stated, in clear black letters, "Betting Strictly Prohibited."

For a couple of rounds, the ex-amateur pummelled the boy who looked like a book reviewer. The latter was hopeless. The referee stopped what the program misleadingly referred to as a contest before there was a knockdown. He was quite right. Ginger handed over two limp pound notes to the man in



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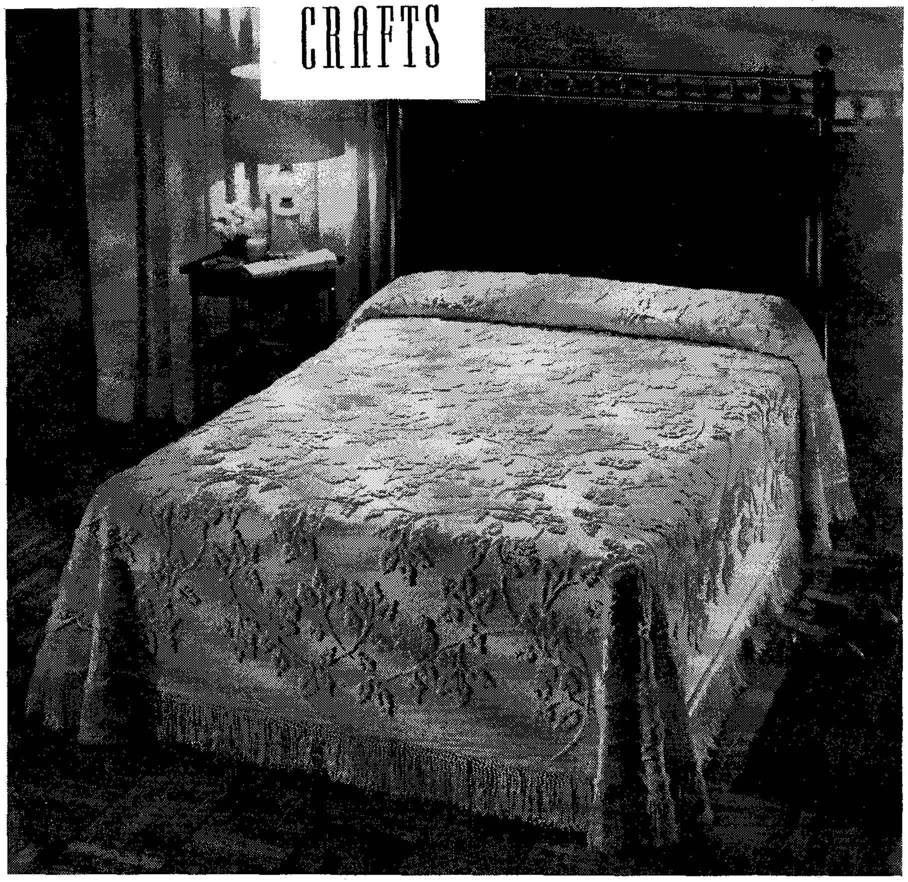

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EDWARD T. DICKINSON
Commissioner of Commerce

back of him, and I now recognized Ginger for what he was—an incurable short-end bettor. I wondered how he earned the money that I was sure he sacrificed, night after night, to a vice that can be more expensive than dope. The short-end addict is a man who can never resist a long price, even when he knows it isn't long enough. In the case of the short-endomaniac subjected to daily temptation, the disease takes a galloping, or geometrically progressive, form. When he has lost a hundred short-end bets, he needs a 100–1 shot to bring him even. He never lands the 100–1 shot.

On the motivation of the short-ender there have been many theories. One is that he is too fundamentally greedy to contemplate risking five dollars to win one under any circumstances. Another is that he has a craving for distinction that drives him to accept a thousand losing bets in the hope of being able to say in his old age that he made a killing on Jim Dandy or Harry Truman. A third is that he is an anti-social sadist, eager to rejoice in the discomfiture of the majority. I was, of course, unaware of the etiology of Ginger's case, but he had a peach. His false friends knew it, and they went for him like piranhas for a swimmer with a nosebleed.

Before the next bout—"Johnny Kidd, Glasgow, KO'd Dick McTaggart in One Round, vs. Roy Hill, Hammersmith, a Tough Two-handed Fighter"—it was pitiful to watch Ginger struggle against his compulsion. Like Spinks, the Dick McTaggart whom Kidd had knocked out had been an Olympic champion. The blurb writer had been able to find nothing comparable to say for Hill; you would hardly expect a fighter to have only one hand. And in addition to the documentary evidence there was the ocular. Kidd looked like a fighter—impassive and confident, with sloping shoulders and loose-moving limbs.

"Five to one on!" the first tormentor cried. "I'll tike Kidd five to one!"

Ginger managed a weak smile and a feeble shrug.

"Six to one on," the fellow behind said as the fighters came out of their corners.

After the Hammersmith boy had remained upright for the first thirty seconds of the bout, Ginger accepted 7–1 against one pound. A moment later, the Glaswegian hit Hammersmith with a left hook to the body, and the two-handed fighter went down.

"Fifteen to two 'e don't finish the round," another of Ginger's undoers

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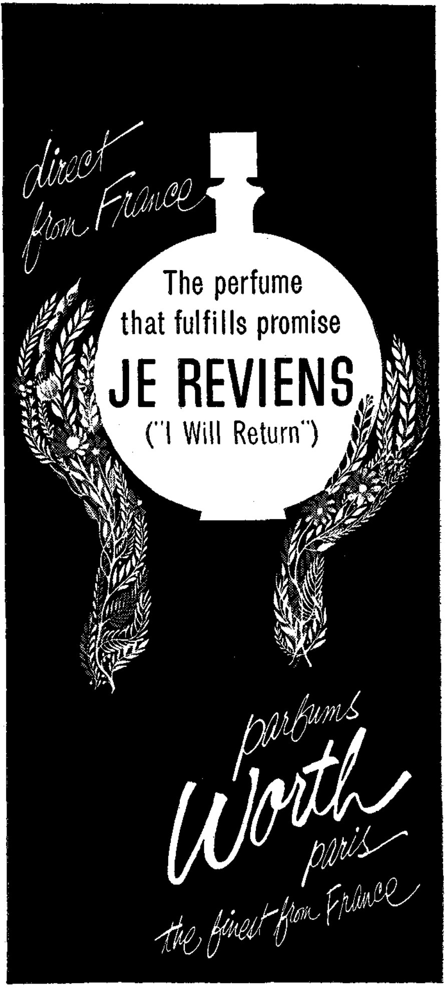
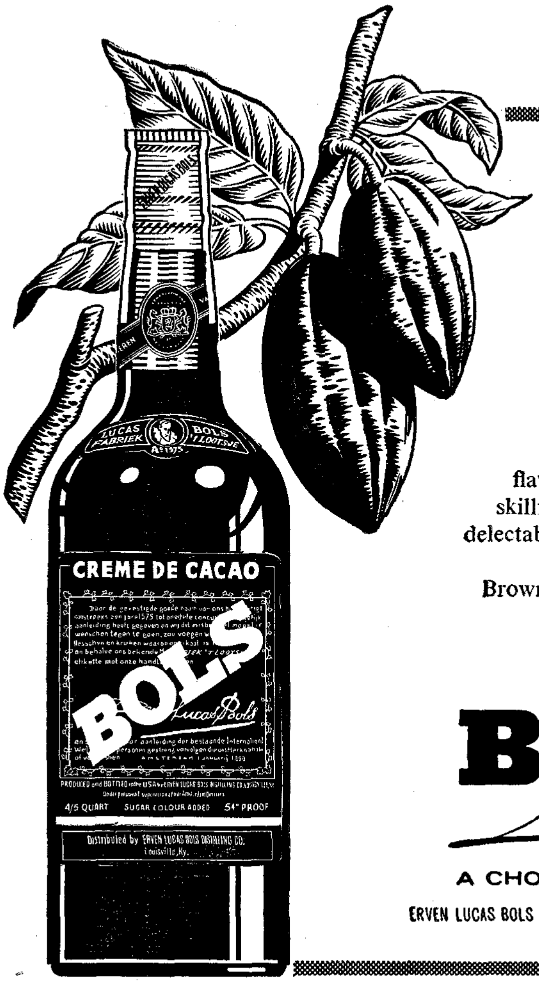


said, and the short-ender, leaping at the chance to pull out, cried, "Done!" The Hammersmith boy got up at "nine," and Ginger came to life as a rooter. "Box 'im, 'Ammersmith!" he shouted. "Don't tike no chances!" 'Ammersmith was still shaking his head when Kidd nailed him a second time and knocked him out. Ginger handed over a total of three pounds.

These first two matches were the votive sacrifices with which the games began. In the next one, at eight rounds, one of the contestants was listed as "Dennis Booty, Bethnal Green, Challenges the winner of Lazar & Downes," and the other as "Johnny Woolard, Glasgow, Gave Terry Downes a great fight here." The fighters were middleweights.

The borough of Bethnal Green adjoins Shoreditch on the east, and Booty had a strong faction of supporters in the house. He is a rarity in contemporary boxing, being a new prospect from a Jewish neighborhood. One of the plangent laments of British promoters (as of their colleagues in New York and Chicago) is that there are few Jewish fighters nowadays, even though the Jewish fight fan has been a mainstay of the London ring since the days of Daniel Mendoza and Dutch Sam, whose exploits filled the years between 1788 and 1814. Mendoza and Dutch Sam proved that, pound for pound, they had the qualities their age admired, and they did more to establish the Jew on the English scene than any other two historical figures.

Booty, a muscular, balding young man of intellectual appearance, looks more like a college physical-education teacher than a prizefighter. I had seen him fight once before, in another London arena, and had noted that he is easily dazed by a fairly hard punch, although he reacts with courage. In the other corner, Woolard, thick-necked



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and heavy-muscled, had a well-worn, lustreless fighter's face that reflected more concussion than ambition.

When the sharpshooter on my right said "Four to one Booty, Ginger. 'Ow about it?," I thought that for once Ginger might have a chance. But Ginger was cautious now, and held out for 9–2.

"All right, you can 'ave it," the other said magnanimously—and hurriedly—as the bell rang. He sounded like a man buying a ticket for a train that he will have to run for.

Booty, encouraged by his faction—"Let 'im 'ave it, Dennis. 'E's useless!"—stalked Woolard for ten seconds or so. He then hit him a one-two—left to the face and right cross to the left ear—in proper Amateur-Boxing-Association-Playing-Fields-of-Eton style. Woolard retreated, and Booty hit him with an almost professional left hook to the body, dropping his shoulder as he did so.

"I doubt whether Woolard styes a round," said the fellow who had laid the odds.

"I doubt whether *Booty* styes a round!" Ginger cried loyally, although his man hadn't struck a blow.

So it went for the first round and the first two minutes of the second, with Booty hitting and Woolard receiving or accidentally and narrowly averting. Booty was that uncomfortable object to contemplate—a visibly thinking boxer. After every punch, he paused to select the next one, and while he usually made the correct choice, each time he paused, he left Woolard an interval for recuperation. Then, toward the end of the second round, Woolard—although I would have laid 50–1 against the possibility—did some thinking on his own account. Just as the Bethnal Green Thinking Machine, after doing the one-two and, completing a run-through of what he knew about simple addition, was starting "three," Woolard said to himself, "Two and a half," and threw a right hand to the jaw inside the wide left hook.

Down went Booty, and up jumped Ginger, shouting, "'E's 'ad it! Stop that fight, ref! 'E's lible to suffer a permnent injury!"

But Booty, who is game enough, got up on weak legs at the count of nine, and Woolard lost him in the few remaining seconds of the round. In the third, Booty—piqued and a bit out of his head—went in to slug, and so did Woolard. It was a good round, and Ginger, so solicitous of Booty's health a moment before, now shouted to the

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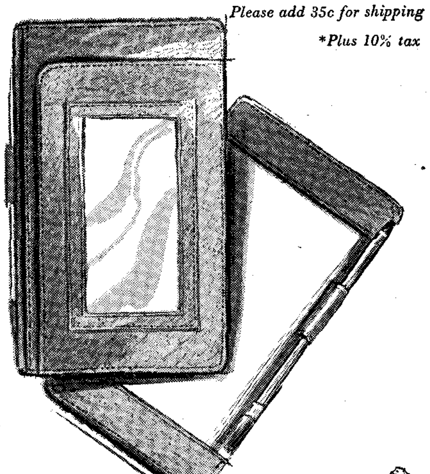

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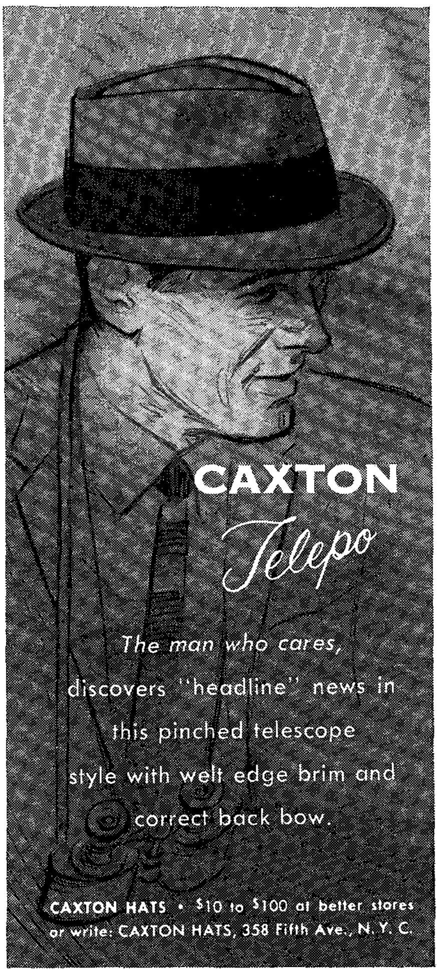

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ref to "brike 'em" when he thought Booty was hanging on. By the end of the round, the original positions were reëstablished. Woolard was again resigned to his fate.

At the end of the fourth round, Woolard's seconds summoned the referee to their corner to have him look at their man's left eye, which was apparently bloodshot. The master of ceremonies, who wore a dinner jacket, then entered the ring and announced, "Woolard retires, hon haccount hof han hinjured heye!"

Ginger, who by my unofficial, unsolicited count was now seven quid down, was painful for a tender bloke like me to regard. He had seen the near-realization of the short-ender's dream, which is all that most short-enders ever get to see. This is harder to bear than fiasco, because the short-ender pre-savors a delicious triumph over the forces of conformity, and when his horse fades out in the last fifty yards, he is overwhelmed by a sense that all organized society is against him.

GINGER was discouraged; for the first time that evening, as the main bout came on, he successfully resisted the predatory blandishments. "Terry Spinks," my program read. "West Ham. Former Amateur Fly-wt champion of Gt. Britain vs. Ivan McCready, Belfast, Ireland's best Fly-wt since Rinty Monaghan."

To cries of "Spinks, two to one on!" and even "Threes, Ginger! Come on, 'ave a go," Ginger replied only with a hurt smile. "They must tike me for a proper mugg," he said to me. "Spinks is terrific."

The jockey-prizefighter—long-legged, long-armed, and short-waisted, but with a wide chest and shoulders—stood a good four inches taller than his opponent, a short, dumpy figure hooded in towels and draped in an oversize maroon bathrobe that touched the floor. Before McCready's handlers peeled these wrappings off him, he suggested a bouncy little peasant woman. When they uncovered him, though, they displayed a big, powerful torso, short, strong arms, and short, thick legs, rounded like birch logs. Present-day Irish boxers, although not remarkable technically, have a tradition of hard physical workouts—running thousands of miles on the road and jumping rope millions of times—and they often win bouts on sheer condition. North and south of the border alike, Ireland is an ascetic country.

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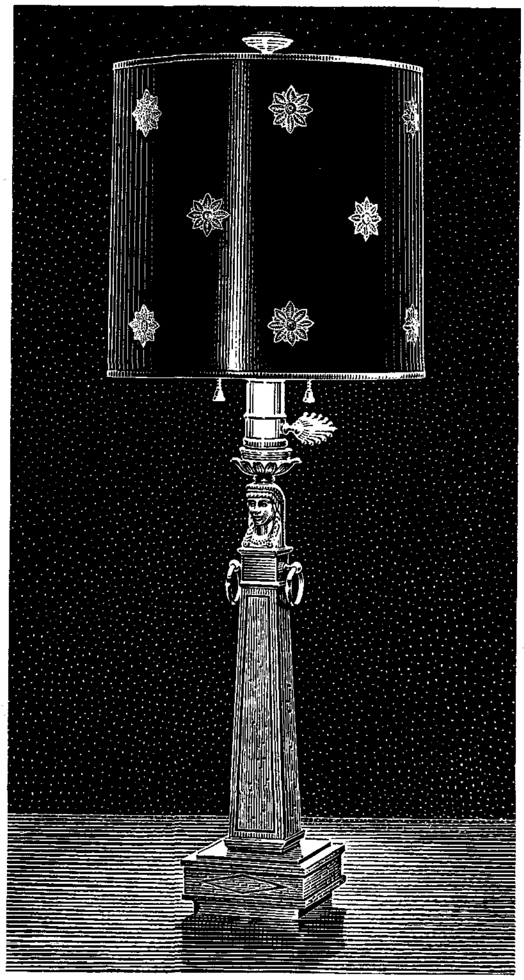

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pre-adolescents—were equal in weight, at eight stone two (114 pounds). Each had the advantages inherent in his particular construction. When the gamblers around me saw the grand shape McCready was in, they offered no more threes on Spinks, and some of them even began taking the odds. " 'E's trined up in grite shipe," one of them said. "Look at the legs on 'im." But Ginger, suspecting a lure, said scornfully, "They always pick 'im midgets"—by " 'im" meaning Spinks.

The Shoreditchers who had put their stakes on McCready immediately became Irish patriots.

"Up, Paddy!" one of them shouted. "You can do 'im!" McCready, who has a wide, flat Celtic face with small features, looked distrustful.

In the first round, McCready showed little to encourage the short-enders. He moved toward Spinks, as a man with arms like his must if he is to land at all, but the Cockney boy circled around him easily, flicking a long left jab in his face and immobilizing the short arms whenever the Ulsterman got near him. Once or twice, in these close encounters, Spinks utilized the leverage of his longer arms to shoot in uppercuts. There was nothing but confidence in his half-sulky, half-joking street boy's face. McCready went in for solemnity and concentration, and occasionally, growing impatient, he brandished his cocked right hand as if he held a stick in it.

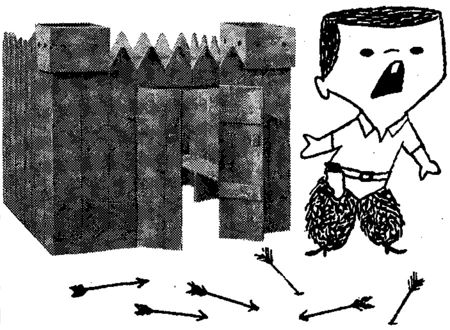
At the end of the round, the gamblers were again chirping threes and fours, and Ginger was smiling proudly because he had not been had.

"The Paddy is 'opeless," the fellow on my right said. "The ref is entitled to stop this, yer know. It's no contest."

The second round was much the same, but the Ulster boy's tirelessness and composure made some impression, as did Spinks' evident eagerness to stay out of his way, except for stabbing him with lefts. " 'E respects 'im, you know," a fellow who had taken McCready on the short end of 5–2 said in a faintly hopeful tone, but he refused somebody's proposal that he take fours for another quid. McCready, when he came back to his corner, which was mine, was breathing as normally as if he'd been strolling through a park, and although long years of practice have proved me a complete failure in reading the Irish face, I thought I detected a confident and treacherous expression in his left eye.

Until what will go down in official history as nine seconds before the end

"PAW!
Them Redskins
Just Got Maw!"



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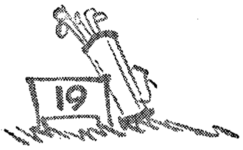
of the third round, the match followed the same pattern. At that point, it is possible that the versatile Master Spinks let his thoughts wander to the picking of a long shot for the Autumn Double, which is a parlay on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Handicaps, the last of the season's important races. At any rate, he got into a position on the rail—as they call the ropes in his other trade—that was hard to back out of, and when McCready threw his ninety-sixth right hand of the evening over the young Arcaro's left, the jockey didn't pull his head back far enough. Down he went, dreamily rolling, so that the following horses would not step on him.

The referee, bending low over Spinks, shouted the numbers into his ear, but the boy was galloping two horses on Newmarket Downs, like the Roman Riders in the circus. Then a bell, inaudible to me, whispered, or so I was later informed, and Spinks' seconds were in the ring, carrying him to his corner, while McCready came dancing back to mine. "Nobody 'eard the bell!" the fellow who had bet on McCready shouted. But it seemed at that moment a quibble; I would have laid odds myself that if Spinks came to in time for the next round he wouldn't last it out. The fellow I felt sorry for was Ginger. "I could 'ave 'ad fours," he moaned miserably.

It is a grand thing to be nineteen years old. In the minute between the third and fourth rounds, Spinks recuperated sufficiently to come out boxing, and within a minute more he was fighting, which he found it necessary to do in order to live. McCready, sure now that he could hurt him, was in after him, Irish-wild, throwing strong lefts to the body as well as rights at the small, artistically swaying head behind the tormenting left hand. The referee gave Spinks a couple of precious seconds by stopping McCready to warn him about roughness, and the crowd howled. But Spinks did the rest himself. In close, he came down on a head-and-shoulder level with the little strong man, pulling his wasp waist back out of the way and pounding from underneath with uppercuts. When McCready smashed into the Cockney's body, he looked as though he might break it, but McCready was not the only boy in good condition. McCready won the round, by a shade, but Spinks survived.

The rest of the fight was a corker, even in the interludes when Spinks went into his jab-and-dance routine, because the crowd now had a sense of the dan-



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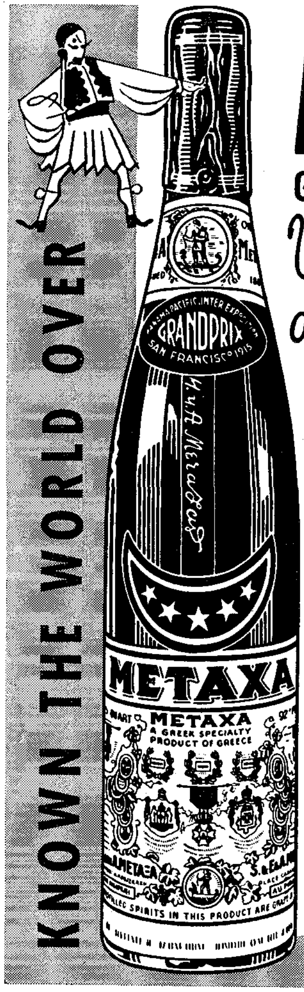

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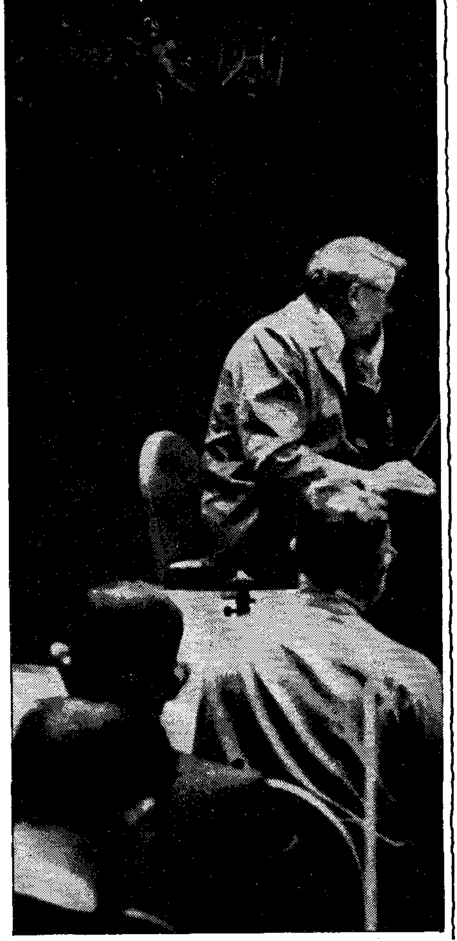

ger he was warding off. I thought it an even thing at the end of the seventh, with McCready much stronger but Spinks doing at least as much damage. Spinks, although he may never be a great fighter, has many of the characteristics that go to make one, and among these is the ability to spurt for a limited period even when tired. The English have a racing term for it; they say that a horse can or cannot "accelerate." And in the last round, McCready, though better fitted to go on for another half hour, simply could not fight as fast as Spinks for three minutes, and Spinks won the decision. He had certainly been out for more than a second after the referee heard the inaudible bell. " 'E 'ad plenty of 'elp," the man who had bet on McCready said. Looking at it another way, you might say that a boy who can fight five tough rounds and win after being knocked out is a prime bit of stuff, as the immortal Pierce Egan—the ibn-Khaldun of the London Prize Ring—would have had it.

After the master of ceremonies announced the result, a loud jingling noise began, and continued for a couple of minutes, as a great shower of half-crowns and florins—worth thirty-five cents and twenty-eight cents apiece, respectively—descended upon the ring, shied in from all corners of the hall by spectators appreciative of the battle. This is a custom surviving from a time when fighters met exclusively for side bets, and all the loser got for his work was the silver offering. Nowadays, I am informed, the fighters usually split the silver bonus, if any. On this occasion, though, after the seconds, the referee, the master of ceremonies, and other trustworthy persons had gathered the coins in towels, the m.c. announced that it was the wish of Spinks that all the silver be handed over to McCready. The papers next day called it a generous gesture, and it certainly was a gracious return for a punch in the jaw.

The happiest man in the hall, perhaps, was Ginger. He felt and articulated the inner satisfaction of an Anonymous Alcoholic who has just turned down a Christmas bottle of distinguished ninety-five per cent neutral spirits and five per cent aged bourbon whiskey. "Thought I was a muggins, did they?" he said. "Offerin' me fours on a dead cert like that!" Ginger could take it or leave it alone.

UNFORTUNATELY, there was still another fight on the card—"8 (3 min.) Rounds Feather-weight Contest

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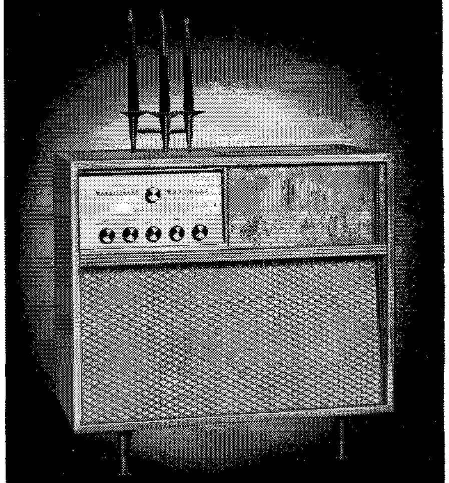

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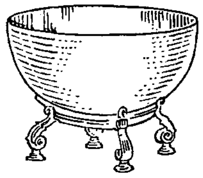

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at 9–2. George Carroll, Covent Garden, Has Won 21 out of 22 contests, vs. Johnny Howard, Holloway. KO'd Arthur Devlin." The two featherweights, muscular fellows of a hundred and twenty-eight pounds each, looked like heavies to eyes adjusted to the flyweights of the previous fight.

Covent Garden market porters have been considered good prize-ring material since 1746, when Richard Mills, known as the Onion Boy, beat a celebrated pugilist named Edward Hunt. I don't suppose that the Shoreditch punters knew about the Onion Boy, but they seemed to think that a fellow who had lost only one fight in twenty-two should do. "Two to one on!" the betting man to the right of me shouted. Somebody cried, "Done!" But Ginger was adamant, strong in his new power to say no.

The bell sounded, and the two toy huskies moved toward each other. There were more cries of "Two to one," and I, watching the fighters now, wondered if Ginger had held out.

I had not long to watch. Howard, the short-end fighter, who looked like a Charles Atlas correspondence-school strong man, hit the Covent Garden porter a single tremendous punch and knocked him stiff in one minute of the first round. It was the first time that evening that a boxer had upset the odds.

The man at my right was embarrassed. "I was bettin' two to one on *'im*—'Oward—that won it," he yelled to the man who had taken his offer. "It's a crossed bet. I didn't mention no boxers' nymes."

I turned to Ginger and asked, "Did you have the winner?" But Ginger had suffered the short-ender's ultimate disaster—to neglect a long shot and see him come in. "I didn't 'ave 'im," he said. "I was greedy. I was witing for five to two."

I bade Ginger good night, but he was too crushed to respond. The last thing I heard him say was "I could of won ite pounds." —A. J. LIEBLING

•

INSIDE STORY

Within the thorax it is dark;
Inside the skull it's Stygian.
Sans traffic lights, the leucocytes
Somehow avoid collision.

Within the convoluted gloom,
Beneath the bone that muffles
The noisy rout (not quite kept out),
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—WILLIAM J. MURPHY

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FOOTBALL

Mixed Green Salad

THE barometer was 29.6 and rising, and though the sky was dour, the air was like wine—Pouilly Fuissé, well iced, said my host, a Brown man who knows—on the day, a fortnight past, when football returned to this part of the world. Brown was entertaining Columbia at Providence, and it was also, because of the recent acquisition of some heavy artillery, entertaining the notion of knocking Columbia into a very small cocked hat. This is the first Columbia eleven in twenty-seven years not coached by Lou Little, who is now in retirement, full of honors, and quite a few New Yorkers, full of curiosity about how the new coach (Buff Donelli), the new quarterback (Dick Donelli), and a rather hollow shell of a team would face up to the impossible task of dealing with Brown, were impelled to go have a look. Ivy League football can be a picturesque gypsy, though. Brown was generous to a fault, such as fumbling the ball away; Columbia gratefully took advantage of all such large favors; and Pegoraro, a Columbia fullback hitherto unknown to anyone, ended the merriment by kicking a field goal from a plainly preposterous angle and sending his team home a winner, 23–20.

That same afternoon, Yale, which was last year's Ivy League champion by a thumping number of touchdowns, had no trouble at all beating an old neighbor, Connecticut, 27–0. A week later, though, bumbling and butterfingered Brown came up fast at the very end to nip Yale at the wire, 21–20. There are a few unfamiliar faces along the current Yale picket line, but it is hard to believe that there are enough to explain all this. And Columbia's luck turned stone cold; Princeton, which had had hell's own time with a by no means superlative Rutgers the week before (Princeton 7, Rutgers 0), simply plowed Columbia under, 47–6, using a cast of characters most of whom could be recognized only by those who had kept a close eye on the doings of the Princeton freshman team in 1956.

SOME fairly purple conclusions about Princeton's strength have been drawn by witnesses and non-witnesses of its activities against Columbia. These conclusions leave out of consideration Columbia's nearly perpetual dilemma—one good quarterback, two good pass receivers, a reasonably wiry line, and just about no replacements for anyone. The minute Princeton unwound that line, which happened to be the minute the game started, the entire Columbia method of operation came apart. After that, it didn't matter what third-, fourth-, or fifth-stringer Princeton put into play. (Columbia counts itself fortunate if it has second-stringers to fill in with.) Two conclusions that are as safe and sane as any conclusions can be are that Princeton, which has been in search of a top-grade center for a couple of seasons, has the right man in the sophomore Szvetecz, and that all the finery of Princeton's trick ball-palming isn't worth a damn unless it is varied, as it was on Saturday, by the straight-as-an-arrow line-bucking of someone like Tiley. There is no deception about Tiley's running, unless it is its swiftness; when he moves, he does not, like most plunging fullbacks, just lumber along. He had to sit out some of his team's important games at the end of last season, his collarbone encased in a plaster cast, but last Saturday he was as terrifying as ever with those smashes, fifteen yards at a try, through the helpless Columbia line and backfield.

ASIAN flu is getting its hand in. Several minor institutions that seem to go doggedly along recruiting their football squads solely from their undergraduate bodies have just given up, for the moment, and it is sad to think that now we will never know how such classics as Colorado Mines vs. Westminster and Indiana Teachers vs. Edinboro Teachers would have come out. Even the flu could not disturb the tenor of Oklahoma's way, though. The last time Oklahoma lost a game was, at a hasty guess, on September 7, 1492. On Saturday, reporting fifteen of its housewreckers on the sick list, it took on Iowa State and coasted to a 40–14 victory. Even the handicap system that makes for a modicum of equality between polo teams would have no effect on Oklahoma.

—J. W. L.

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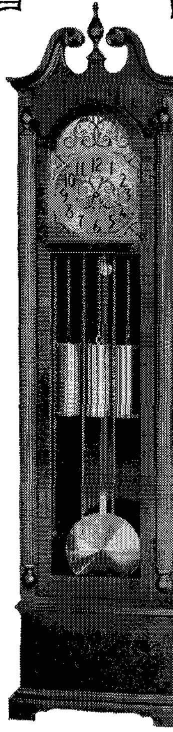

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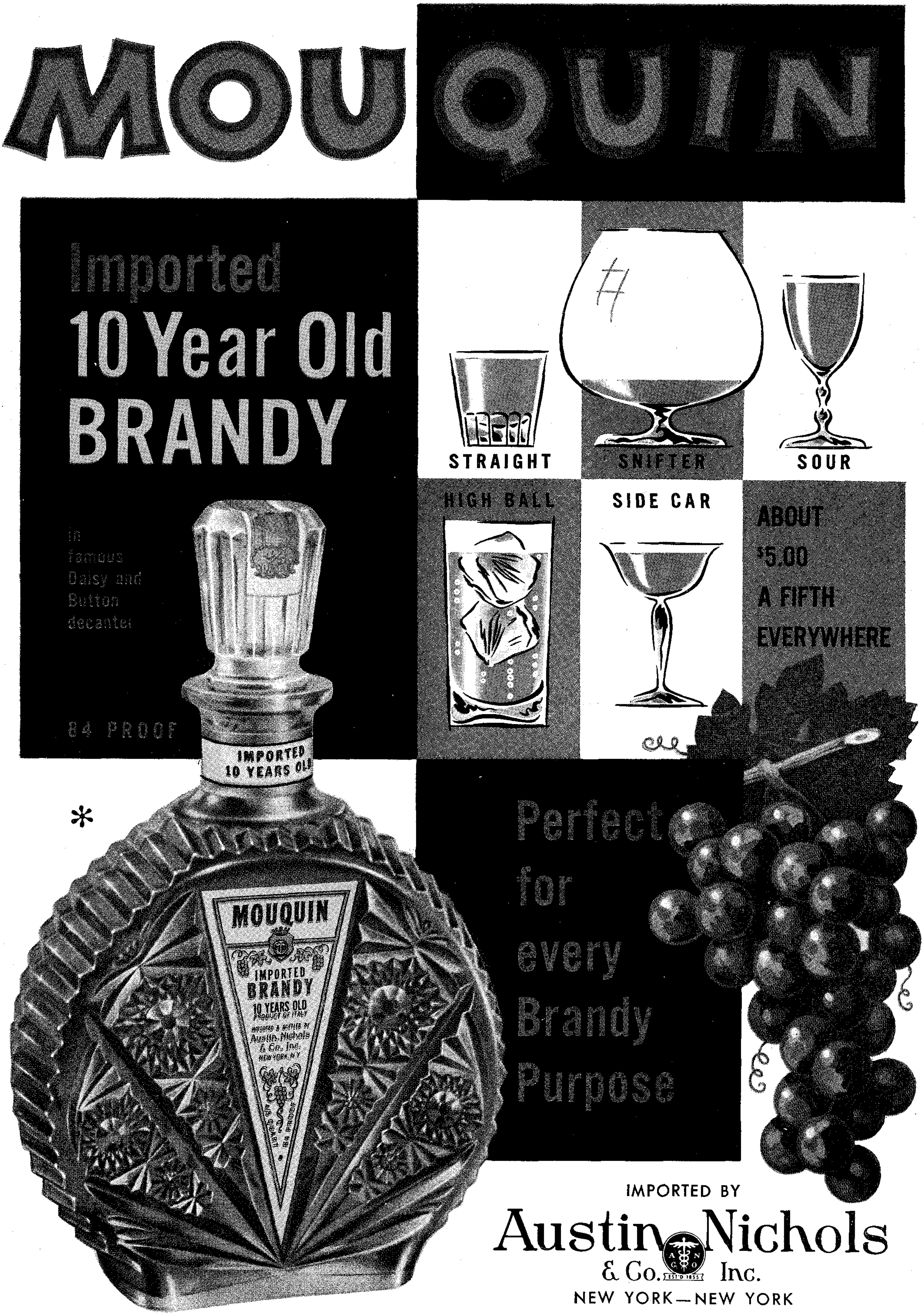
A Walk Through Rotterdam

EVERYONE says Rotterdam is the one city in Europe that has turned the disasters of war and occupation into a triumph. For once, everyone is right. Rotterdam was—after Warsaw—the first victim of the Nazi policy of extermination bombing, almost three years before the Allied powers adopted the same military policies. In the blitz of May, 1940, the Germans in a few minutes wiped out the historic triangular core of Rotterdam, along with many acres to the east and west of it—in all, some twenty-eight million square feet. This included twenty-five thousand homes, twenty-three hundred stores, two thousand factories and workshops, sixty-two schools, and thirteen hospitals. The nations were not yet conditioned to complacently accepting the possible extermination of the human race by nuclear warfare, so Rotterdam's sudden destruction was a traumatic experience. One consequence of this injury—and nobody would dare to think that in any sense it was a compensation—was a coöperation that has made bold urban planning and building on a large scale possible. A week after the German assault, the citizens of Rotterdam decided to pool the land in the center of the city and to replan the whole quarter. The municipal authorities respected property interests as a basis for compensation, but they wiped out old property lines. The fact that the war lasted so long had its ironic advantages, for it enabled better second thoughts to make over the rather timid and old-fashioned plan that was first put forward. Under the new planning director, Dr. Cornelius van Traa, Rotterdam is not merely replanning its interior district but is dispersing its population in nearby subcenters—not an easy job in the Netherlands, where the cities are close together, the population is dense, and good agricultural land is precious.

Before the war, Rotterdam was a somewhat bedraggled cosmopolitan version of a typical Dutch town, boasting an ancient church; a rather handsome modern fish market; a thriving port; an ancestral native son, Erasmus; and J. J. P. Oud, one of the early leaders of modern architecture. The church, battered by the blitz, is now under reconstruction; the port, vengefully ruined by the Nazis in their hour of defeat, has been restored; Oud, who renounced the purism of the twenties before Le Corbusier did, is at work again; and Erasmus, that lonely, smiling humanist, is still ensconced in the heart of the city, among tough traders and shipbuilders whose spirit seems closer to a boisterous Rabelais.

Though in 1940 inner Rotterdam still had a few pleasant canals, lined with grassy banks and offering occasional vistas, from a bridge, of gardens embowered in poplars and willows, all as idyllic as Oxford's Cherwell above Magdalen Bridge, the city had become unpleasantly overcrowded and grimy. Rotterdam spreads along the broad estuary of the Nieuwe Maas, which forms its southern border. Its blasted center is bounded on the north and east by the railway that leads from the new Central Station, which is at the northeast corner, and on the west by the remains of an old residential, hotel, and business quarter. The German demolition was a brutal remedy, but a wholesale slum clearance was long overdue, as in London and Berlin. This central area is bisected, north to south, by the Coolsingel, a canal long ago filled in and paved to form a broad business avenue, which stretches between the railroad line that partly encircles the old city and the river port. On the east side of the Coolsingel stand the Town Hall, the Central Post Office, and the new Bourse. Thanks perhaps to their ponderous masonry as well as their position, the first two buildings were practically unscathed by the blitz, and so was the Atlanta Hotel, on the opposite side of the Coolsingel. But the rebuilding of central Rotterdam might have been more felicitous if these survivors could have been rebuilt on other sites. Apart from these buildings and a few trees, whose miraculous escape has given them the sentimental value of shrines, the area was reduced to rubble. Another survivor stood at the southern end of the Coolsingel, toward the harbor—the Beehive department store. This building, the work of the Dutch modern architect Willem Dudok, was hailed, when it opened, as the last word in modern design, because of its striking use of the continuous glass window. But even in 1932, when I saw it first, the



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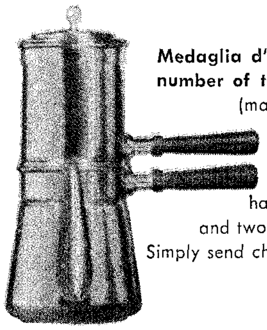

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windows had been largely covered, since the store had found that exposure to sunlight and air ruined certain merchandise. The Beehive survived the blitz, but it did not survive the replanning. Dudok's work is slated for demolition, to permit the straightening of the Coolsingel, and a new Beehive, designed on quite opposite lines, with almost no windows, has already arisen across from the Bourse, in the midst of a new shopping area.

By now, enough building has been done to suggest the texture and the outlines of the reconstruction. This job of replanning has a positive and a negative side. The positive side is conceiving the best possible building types and the best possible grouping of functions to further the life of the community. The negative task is the avoidance of congestion and strangulation through the increase in vehicular traffic as a result of inept planning and greedy overbuilding, like what is now so merrily taking place on our own Park Avenue. In this respect, Rotterdam has made some notable departures; one is to reverse the process of specializing and separating urban functions, which has steadily increased the distance and the volume of vehicular transportation between the places where people work and the places where they eat, sleep, reproduce, and relax. Though the Coolsingel is the principal axis of Rotterdam's business quarter, whose office buildings, some high, some low, march right down to the harbor, the planners have built apartment houses in the neighborhood, many within easy walking distance; from afar, it is hard to tell whether a group of buildings ten to fourteen stories high are offices or apartments. Only thirty-one per cent of the area is now occupied by buildings, as opposed to fifty-five per cent before, but—American banks and insurance companies take note—the property values are twice as high. The density of the dwelling areas in central Rotterdam—eighty to a hundred people an acre—compares happily with the density of four hundred people an acre that Le Corbusier, in his apartment housing, considers reasonable.

This mingling of dwellings and business buildings anticipated similar proposals of the London County Council for the rebuilding of the inner areas of London. Meanwhile, our own public authorities and private enterprisers, lacking a blitz, have been gutting out the hotels and the apartment houses of our midtown area in a last desperate effort, which has excellent prospects for

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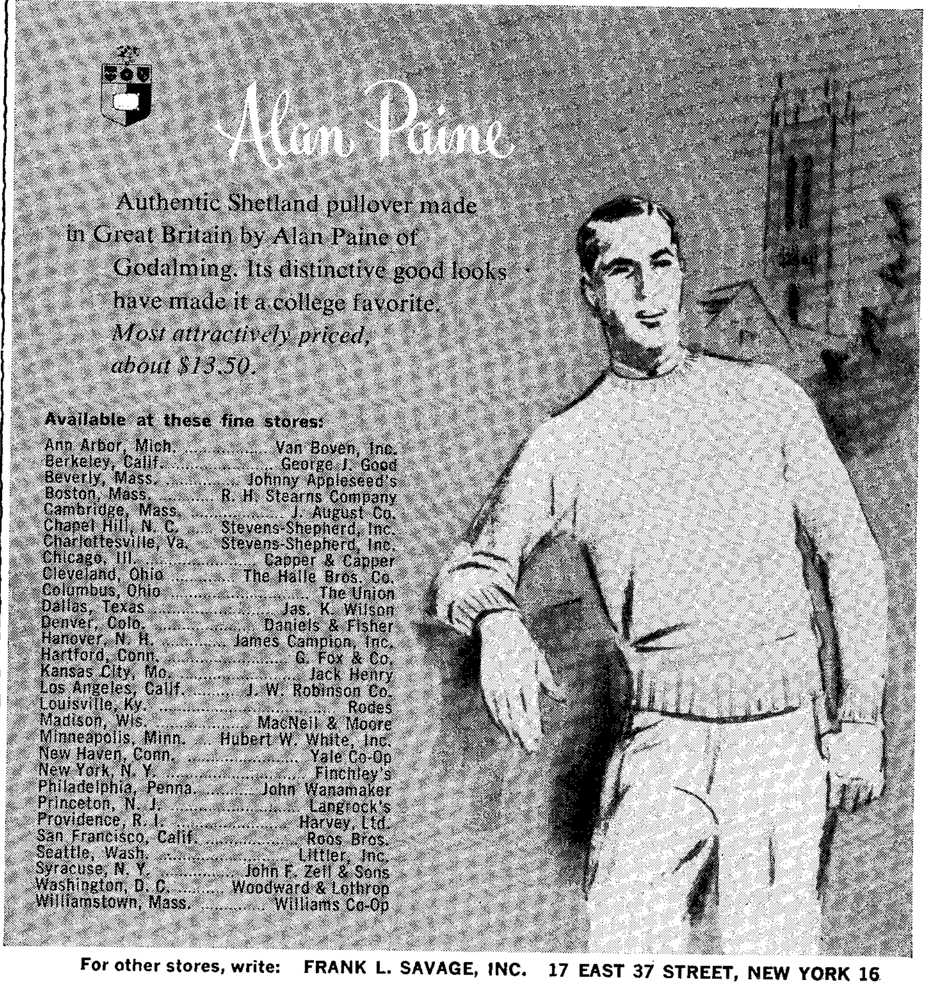

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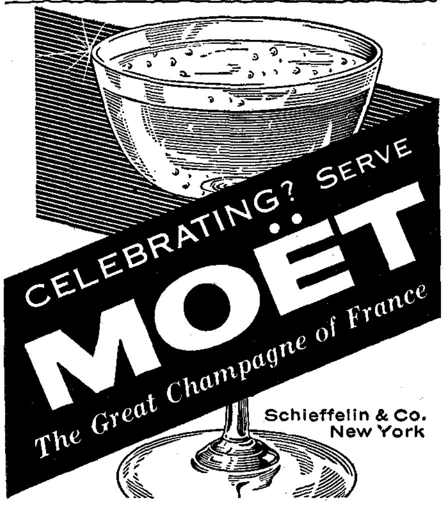

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success, to bring wheeled traffic to a complete standstill. The planners of Rotterdam realize that the principle of single-use zoning, reserving large areas severally and exclusively for industry, business, multi-family apartment buildings, or single family houses, will have to be *modified*; certain urban functions must be isolated, since no one can live comfortably next to a steelworks or a printing plant, but certain others must be combined again, not higgledy-piggledy but with a firm sense of their needs and interrelationships.

Unfortunately, Rotterdam's planners have taken only a partial step toward improving pedestrian movement to the center of the city and thus easing the pressure on the transportation system. Apart from the new shopping mall, their main improvement has been to greatly widen the sidewalks around the conventional-size midtown blocks. What is needed, however, is a throwing together of these small blocks into much larger superblocks almost completely shut away from traffic but traversed in all directions by pedestrians. The new buildings should be insulated from traffic streets, setting up domestic precincts—or "*cités*," as they call them in Paris—that turn their backs to the noise and stir of traffic and create little pools of domestic silence and order, open—up to a point—only to local delivery wagons.

Two stereotypes, one old and one new, still curb the imaginations of planners. The old stereotype is the street and blockfront, lined on both sides with a continuous palisade of buildings, a usage going back to the archetypal cities of Mesopotamia and India. The new stereotype is the monumental slab, high and shallow, though freestanding on all sides, as the ideal unit for apartments or offices. In Rotterdam, these two stereotypes are combined in the new housing quarter—nine-story slab apartment houses, whose ground plan forms an L, grouped in small blocks, plus a row of low houses that turns the L into a right-angled U. Despite the balconies, the spacious windows, and the open spaces, the result is a little forbidding, for the small inner court formed by the U is dominated by the high slabs and the pedestrian is dwarfed. The new dwellings in Rotterdam have even more hygienic virtues than the buildings in a New York Housing Authority's superblock, but they have not, it seems to me, achieved the right scale, the right layout, or the right combination of forms in buildings and open spaces to create the fresh urban pattern one would like to see in

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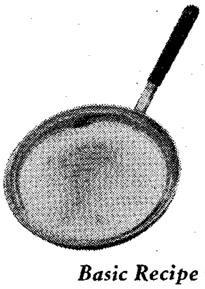

every new central development. Row houses and a series of slab skyscrapers are not the answer.

THE achievement of a fresh form is not a mere external matter to be determined by a new system of construction, or by calculations of the most economic height for an elevator installation or of the distances between buildings necessary to permit sunlight to enter the lowest floor. These factors should all be subservient to the daily contents of modern living and to the effort to find a comprehensive form for these contents. The open space in a residential quarter should be treated as a series of outdoor rooms, complementary to the indoor space, planned to add color to indoor tasks and give a focus, as well as a background, to outdoor activities. Hence the need for an intimate scale, which a rank of high buildings destroys. In turn, the public and private indoor space should not fit human activities into a rigid structure but should fit the structure to the purposes it serves. So far, the only residential buildings that truly respect the contents of living are suburban houses; too often, modern architecture ceases to be humane or efficient when it leaves the open spaces and gardens of the suburb. This failure to achieve a new form for an urban residential quarter is as evident in the British New Towns, which started from scratch, as it is in the rebuilding of the most congested metropolis. In Rotterdam, it is all the more conspicuous because of the successful design of the Lijnbaan, a mall that runs north to south, parallel to the Coolsingel and a bit to the west of it. The Lijnbaan, by the way, is part of the new shopping area.

The basic feature of this area is its treatment of pedestrian traffic, not merely to lessen the congestion of cars, buses, and trolleys but to make daily life more enjoyable to that forgotten man, the pedestrian, whose life and limb are equally endangered by careless drivers and by sheer muscular atrophy. Pedestrians, as the satiric authors of "The Little Golden Calf" remind us, should be loved; they make up the greater part of humanity. Yet their natural freedom of movement is progressively confined, while the car, which pedestrians invented, is invited everywhere. In America, we have pushed the elimination of the pedestrian to its ultimate conclusion—the drive-in market, the drive-in movie theatre, and the drive-in bank. The Lijnbaan has moved in the opposite direction. You can pass freely through it

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without once being nuzzled by a motorcar. In planning it, the architects have made a dramatic contribution to the modern city, for they have shown that the advantages we associate in America with the suburban or regional shopping center may also be made available in the heart of a metropolis.

On the south, the Lijnbaan terminates in the Binnenweg, a street, running west to east, that has been widened at this point to make a small square. Here the larger stores are grouped, with sidewalks in front of them broad enough not merely to accommodate showcases but to tempt shoppers to loiter, without impeding the flow of traffic. The Lijnbaan itself, on the other hand, is dedicated to small specialty shops, plus an occasional café or restaurant or tourist office, like the Fifth Avenue approach to Rockefeller Center. The planners had proposed to set these little shops in a series of new streets, parallel to the Coolsingel, with shops on the ground floor and three floors of flats above. But the architects persuaded the shopkeepers to make a bolder move and establish a special thoroughfare of their own, a pedestrian mall, separated from both street-bound pedestrians and vehicles.

As in similar English shopping malls in Coventry and the New Town of Crawley, the architects of the Lijnbaan had to break down a prejudice shopkeepers have clung to for two centuries, ever since the periodic weekly function of marketing, concentrated in a compact market place, gave way to the daily process of "shopping" in stores that stretched indefinitely along an avenue. This prejudice had substance in the days of the "carriage trade," when fashionable ladies went forth in coaches to visit shops just to kill time, and the placing of transportation systems on these same avenues completed the tieup between wheeled traffic and sales. So intent were merchants on ignoring the pedestrian during the last hundred years that in most American cities shade trees on shopping avenues were slaughtered to make them more amenable to rapid transit. But the long shopping thoroughfare never achieved an unqualified victory. The most successful specialty-shopping streets are short and narrow, like Old Bond Street in London and the Kalverstraat in Amsterdam, and sometimes, as in the latter case, reserved for the pedestrian. During the nineteenth century, a whole series of glass-covered shopping arcades were built, from the Burlington Arcade off Piccadilly to the more monumental Galleria in Milan. The architects of the

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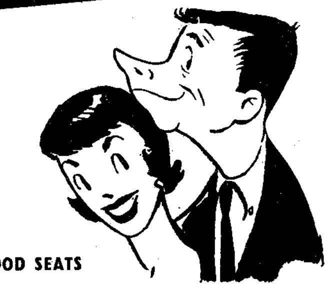
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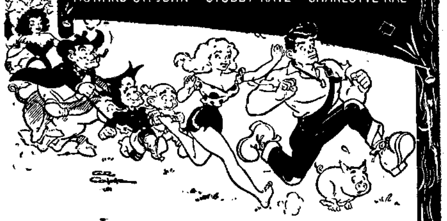
PRICES: Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; 1st Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75 Mats. Wed. & Sat.. Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; 1st Balc. $3.60, 3.00; 2nd Balc. 2.30, 1.75 (Tax Incl.) Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and suggest alternate dates.
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VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
WITH EDWARD ANDREWS
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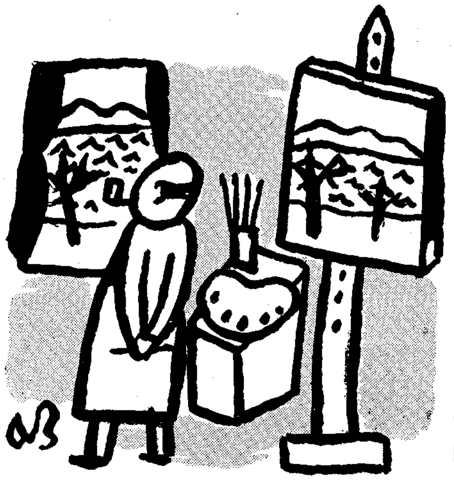
Lijnbaan carried this tradition further; though they rejected the glass arcade, they have provided a covered way for shoppers, as on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris and in many medieval arcades, but by cantilevering the overhang of the arcade, they eliminated obstructive columns. They wisely favored the narrow street over the open market place, following the principle, first practiced in medieval Venice, of completely separating movement on foot from other modes of traffic. But the feature that distinguishes our own suburban shopping centers was not forgotten; space has been set aside nearby for a big car park, which also serves the neighboring concert hall and the movie theatres.

The Lijnbaan forms an inverted L, the corner of which abuts on the plaza that runs west from the City Hall, while the long arm, which extends toward the department stores on the Binnenweg, is interrupted—perhaps unnecessarily—by a cross street. (The short arm of the L is, in a way, a continuation of the plaza.) Access streets behind the shops provide for deliveries. All the buildings are uniform in height (two stories), though some of the shops have several levels, and no high building overshadows the area. The shops form a continuous front, with display windows on the ground level and panels of three windows, separated by vertical fins set in a dark wood frame, above. A wide overhang along the shop fronts, unpunctuated by any posts except the flagpoles that edge it at intervals, provides a covered way, and it is joined here and there by covered crosswalks. One might question the use of the dark wood sheathing above the concrete frames of the shops, and the sometimes raucous lettering of the shop signs, but the effect of the Lijnbaan is warm, lively, almost gay: the daylight, the waving flags, the delicate acacia trees, the rectangular flower beds,



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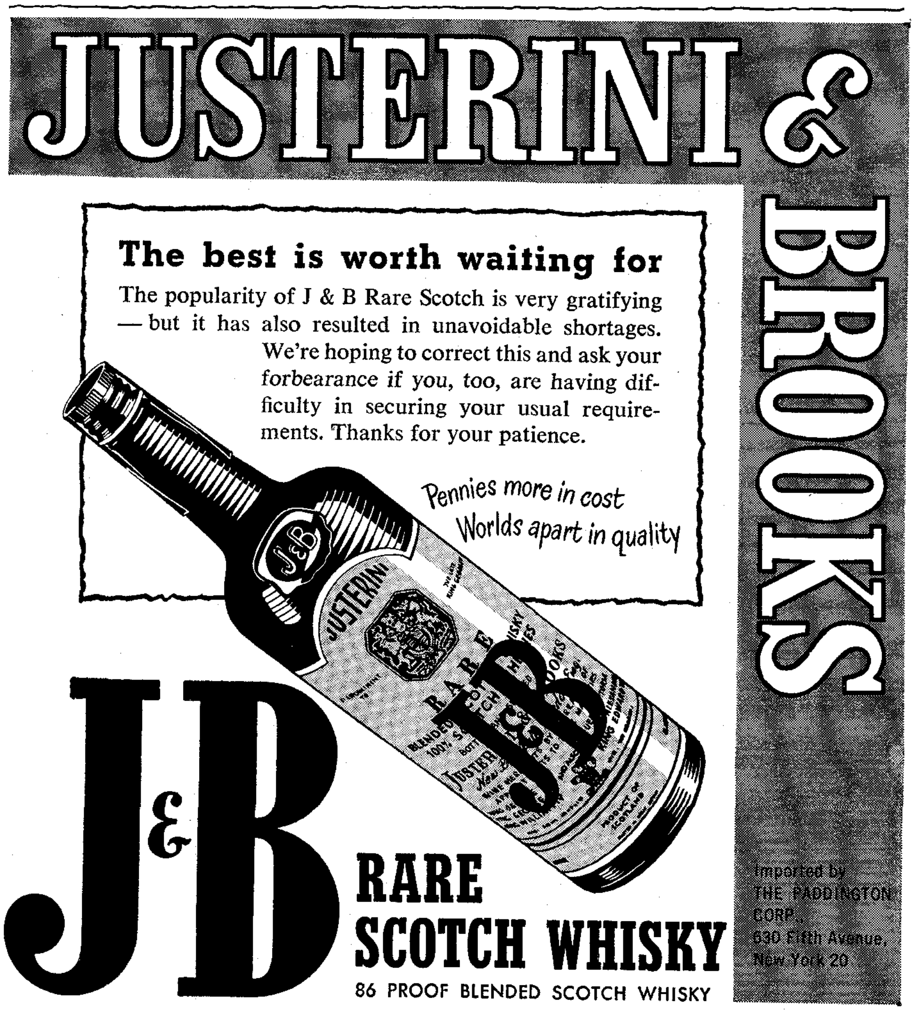

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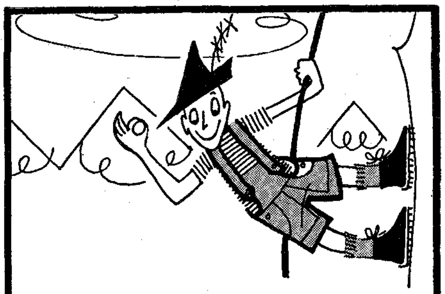
the occasional benches, even a glass-enclosed café area plump in the middle of the mall—and, not least, the human figures, moving in and out between the shadows of the covered way and the open sunlight, in an area that is entirely their own. The unity and harmony of all this delight the eye, with just the right combination of the artful and the natural, the intimate detail and the clear over-all pattern.

Through sedulous respect for the human scale and for pedestrian movement—the mall is only about fifty feet wide from window to window—these modest means have produced magnificent effects. Nothing in this whole composition depends upon hugeness, upon acrobatic technological exploits, or upon costly materials. Here is a sound urban form that could be adapted anywhere. The plan might be carried through, with great ease and happy effect, in the back alleys and minor streets of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. In addition, the Lijnbaan gains from the blessed absence of mechanical noises, carbon-monoxide poisoning, gasoline stench, impatient waits at traffic lights, and any sense of congestion even when the mall is thronged with people. Because of the fullest exploitation of the entire methodology of shopping—not just buying but inspecting, daydreaming, ruminating, eating, drinking, meeting people, stretching one's legs—this is a more convincing modern urban form than has yet been produced in residential quarters. Merely being *in* the Lijnbaan is a pleasure, even if there is no shopping to be done. That fact is attested to by the pedestrians who use it to get from one part of the business area to another. So pervasive and ingratiating is it that the one major error of the sponsors and designers may turn out to be their failure to provide enough eating places; it is only in such an insulated and protected place that the traditional delights of the outdoor café, now ruined by constant assaults on nose, eyes, and ears, can become real again.

THE shops and department stores in the rest of the shopping area front on streets in the conventional fashion, but the planners have still not forgotten the pedestrian, for there are wide sidewalks here, too. Big stone troughs are filled in spring with peonies, marigolds, pansies, and geraniums that enchant the eye; colored tiles and mosaics have been used to relieve the sometimes dry façades. Even the bolder use of sculpture on blank building walls, like the gay abstractions in high relief



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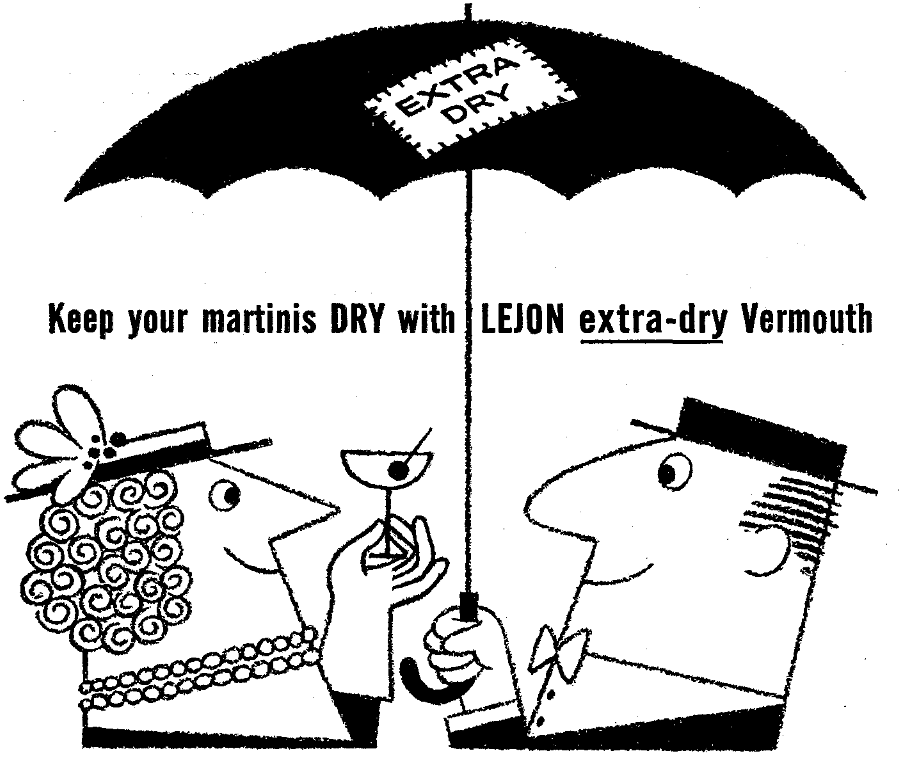
on the Thalia Theatre, which closes the north end of the Lijnbaan, makes sense when one approaches it from a distance on foot; indeed, the whole area invites outdoor sculpture, though not enough sculptors know how to take advantage of such an opportunity. In addition to the homely aesthetic touches visible all through the town—of contrasting textures in paving, tiled ornament, flowers, and avenues of trees—there are more striking exploitations of the possibilities opened by a daring plan. For one, there is the superb monumental sculpture in steel and stone and bronze, the work of Naum Gabo, that stands outside the new Beehive, and there is Ossip Zadkine's moving symbolic statue of Rotterdam's ordeal, which occupies in solitude the great plaza by the waterfront.

The effect of this urban transformation is one of untrammelled confidence and of energy sufficiently released from purely sordid calculations to create art. Except in the Bourse, there is no effort in the new buildings toward the Palatial or the Monumental or the Showy. Even the five-story Beehive, on a prominent corner of the Coolsingel, has a certain reticence. Its show windows are overhung by a flat façade almost entirely sheathed in travertine stone, cut in hexagons on the Coolsingel side, and pierced (above the ground floor) by narrow vertical windows—mere oblong slits, chiefly for a gay lighting effect at night—as well as by three large horizontal openings. Why the architect abandoned the symbolic hexagon, the classic form of the beehive, for the oblong on the flanking façades, I cannot fathom; this seems to come under the rhetorical sin of the meaningless variation. But this shell, severe to the point of emptiness, has some obvious merits, for it is a studious attempt to find the right form for a building visited by large crowds and ventilated and lighted by artificial means. The three horizontal openings, one for a loggia at the top, two for restaurant windows below, give some outlook to the patrons. There is perhaps a psychological need for such breaks, but the effect of these sudden black oblongs is so disturbing and seems so arbitrary that one wishes the architect had lessened the breaches by perhaps carrying the hexagon motifs clear across the openings in the form of a grille, to give some feeling of surface continuity. Happily, the building serves as a foil to Gabo's statue, whose dynamism gains by contrast with the static façade.

At the rear of this foursquare structure, facing north, the architect Marcel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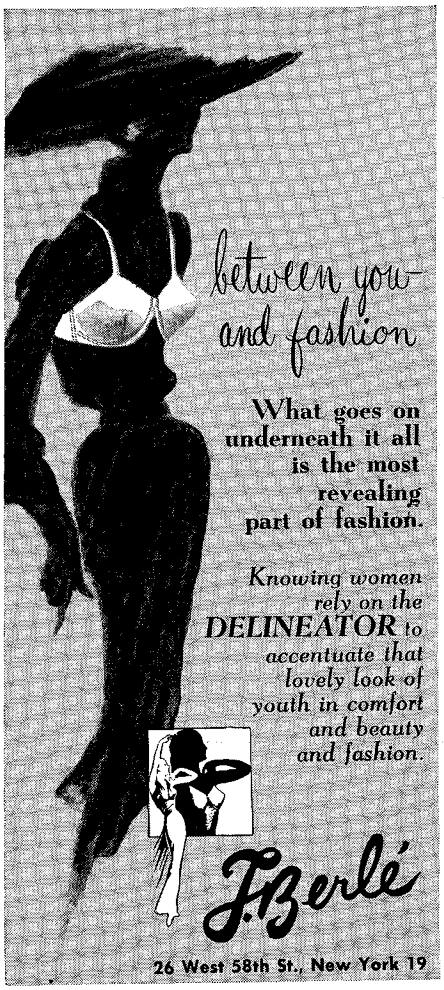
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Breuer has produced one of the best office-building façades I have seen anywhere. By using a sort of valance of opaque glass in the upper part of the windows, he has achieved a maximum of useful light with a minimum of glare. A solution equally integral has still to be found for façades exposed to the sun, but Breuer has made a step in the right direction to rescue modern buildings from the dust-collecting Venetian blind and the icicle-collecting *brise-soleil*, or external sun screen.

But it is by its spirited, resourceful planning as a whole, not by this or that individual building, that Rotterdam makes a profound impression. Here again it is true that the whole is greater, and certainly more significant, than the parts. Already some of the mistakes that originally were made have been digested; inquiry by Rotterdam housing authorities disclosed, for example, that the inmates of the tall apartment houses, at least those with families, would have preferred low buildings. As a result, a new course is being set. As far as I know, the work of the London County Council alone is Rotterdam's rival in the quality of its thinking and the extent of its postwar reconstruction of a devastated area.

—Lewis Mumford

•

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Our desk isn't piled so high that we don't know what "indiscrete" means. It means "compact," "homogeneous." Ah, there, Vassar! Ah, there, Butler!

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

His [Shakespeare's] genuine critics, from Ben Jonson to Mr. Frank Harris, have always kept as far on this side idolatry as I.—*G. B. Shaw in his preface to "Three Plays for Puritans," 1900.*

. . . [Jonson] praised Shakespeare to the utmost stretch of his powers of eulogy: in fact, notwithstanding his disclaimer, he did not stop "this side idolatry."—*G. B. Shaw in his preface to "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," 1910.*

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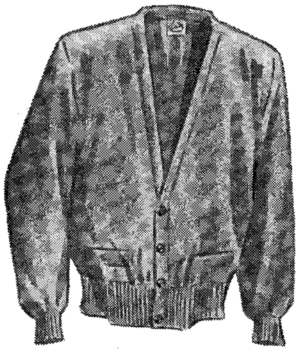

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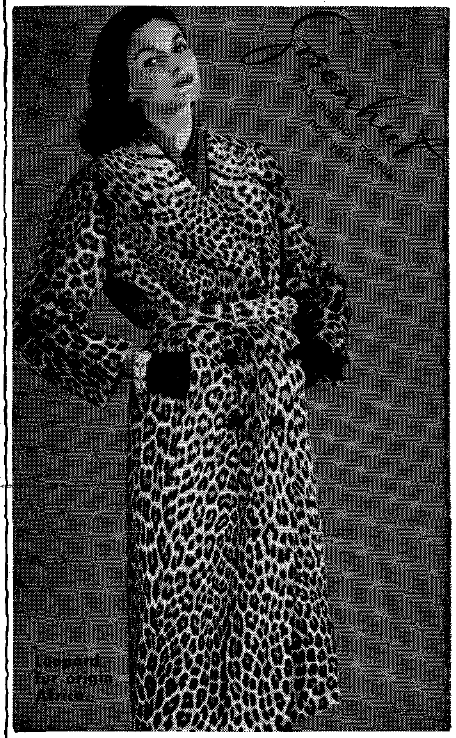

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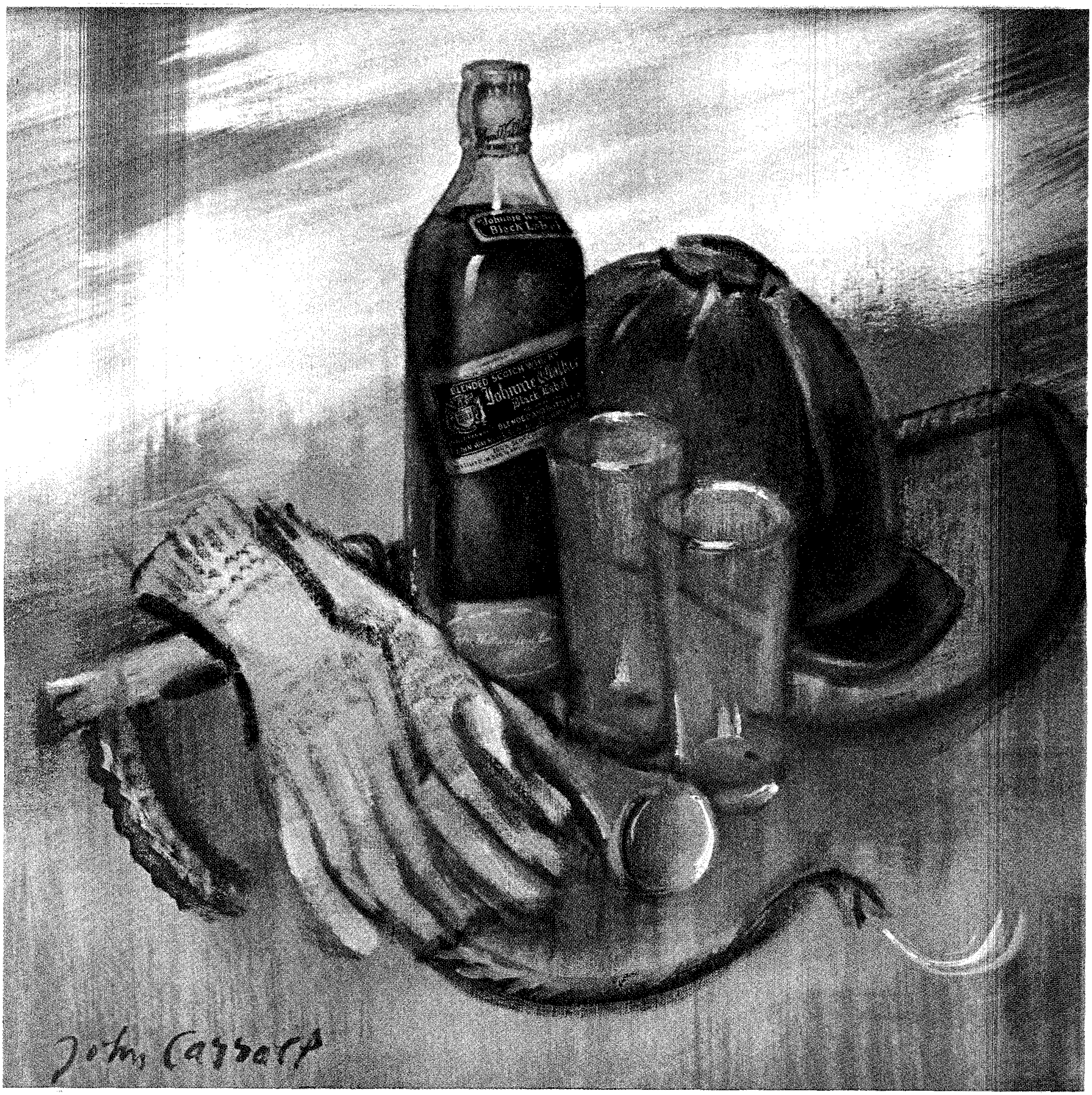

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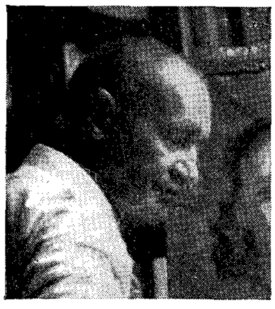

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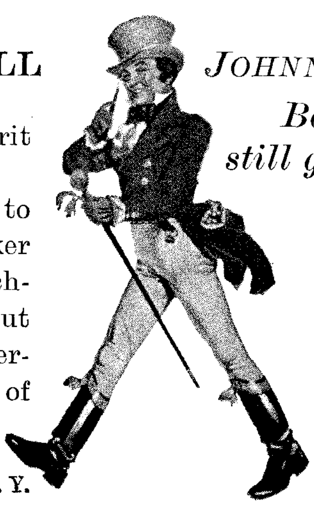

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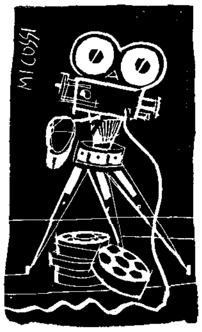
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Look, Ma, I'm Not Dancing



WHAT with entertainers of the calibre of Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, and Kay Kendall kicking up their heels, "Les Girls," allegedly a song-and-dance affair, ought to be full of good stuff. But as it happens, the dances, invented by Jack Cole, and the music and lyrics, invented by Cole Porter, never quite manage to overcome the beat, beat, beat of the dialogue, which, even for a movie musical comedy, is extraordinarily long-winded and simple-minded. In fact, I'm not at all sure that anything could have rescued this movie once the plot had set in. Mr. Kelly, I must say, shows some of his commendable agility in a romp with Miss Gaynor toward the close of the film, but I don't think that the choreography—the dance has to do with some leather-jacketed types whose leader happens upon a supple waitress in a Parisian bistro—is really worth all the hours of sitting around and hoping that something will happen.

As written by John Patrick, who based his script on a story by Vera Caspary, "Les Girls" concerns a trio of cuties (Miss Gaynor, Miss Kendall, and Taina Elg) who once worked with Mr. Kelly in a variety act in Paris and other Continental points. As the movie opens, the time is the present, and we are asked to believe that Miss Kendall has married a lord, has written an autobiography, and is being sued for libel by her co-worker, Miss Elg, who has done pretty well for herself in the marital line, too. Miss Kendall's story is that Miss Elg was beside herself with love for Mr. Kelly, while Miss Elg's story is that it was Miss Kendall who was crazy about him. Finally, we hear Mr. Kelly's story, which is that neither girl meant anything to him, because he was actually solid for Miss Gaynor. All this, presented in flashbacks from a courtroom in London, takes a good deal of palaver to get across, leaving mighty little time for Mr. Kelly and his colleagues to break loose with a song or a dance. As part of the monkeyshines, Miss Kendall does a drunk routine, and Mr. Kelly does a similar trifle as a fake victim of a cardiac condition. They are not very funny—both overact up to the eyeballs—but then, the idea behind the business wasn't very funny in the first place.

"THE BABY AND THE BATTLESHIP," an English film, is about some sailors who somehow find themselves at sea with a baby that one of them has been minding for a pal in Italy. Much is made of the male's inability to handle an infant, and much is also made of the sailors' maneuvers to keep the baby out of sight. While the gag is strung out far too long, there are quite a few amiable moments. John Mills heads the cast, but the baby, a really handsome sort, takes the honors.

"PERRI," one of those Walt Disney nature films, has to do with a female squirrel. She has a hard time avoiding being eaten by a marten, and is very clever about running up and down trees. She loves a male squirrel called Porro. Some of this, as you might gather, is pretty hard to take, and that goes for a narrative in verse that accompanies Perri's acrobatics. However, the photography is laudable.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The quickest refueling, a technique practised by the wisest, comes from asking questions. And it is not the first question but the sixth or seventh in the connected series that makes the answerer really yield nuggety information. (Of course, the answerer might refuel by switching to questioner, later.) One of the most skilled at this technique is a pretty New York woman who bats her blue eyes at dinner partners and asks, with seduction in her voice, "What is your gross tonnage?" She has been at it for years, and she never seems to meet a bore.—*Vogue.*

No, but has she ever refueled in the air?

•

HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION OF THE MONTH
(OR, THE PLUCK OF THE BRITISH)

[*Hilary Corke in Encounter*]

After months of near drought, there is now a spate of really good fiction, and I wish I had the space to discuss some other books at the same length as these. But as it is, I can do no more than recommend:

THE SACRIFICE. By Adèle Wiseman (Gollancz. 15s.). I did not care myself for the fetidly Hebraic atmosphere of this chronicle; the creeds and prejudices of older-generation East European Jewry, here extravagantly praised (whatever is, is right), seem to me, however sincerely held, peculiarly unattractive.

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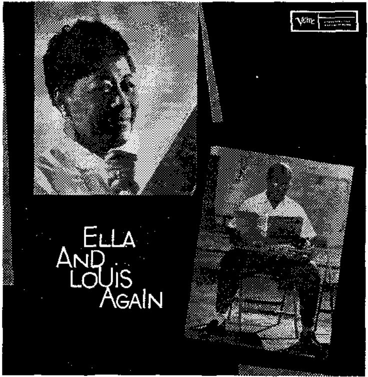

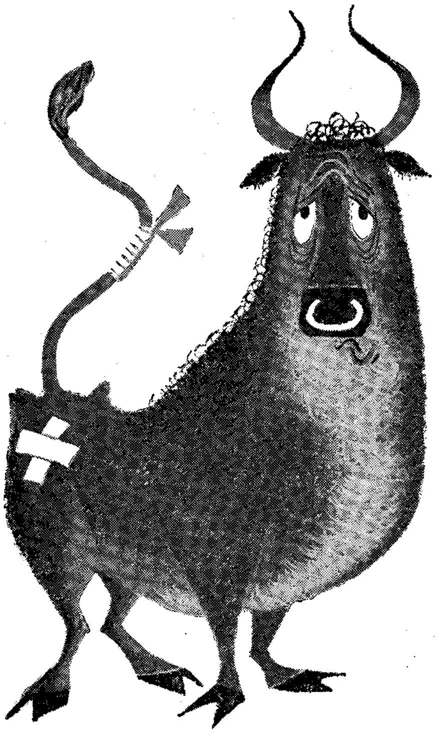

The Sacking of Bull Duram

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I ONCE tried to sell a black-and-red tooled-leather letter case—a folder I used for holding writing paper and envelopes—that had the name William Ewart Gladstone in gold on the front. I failed to do so because of a set of circumstances involving an antique dealer called Ah Vicar, a ring that had belonged to my great-great-great-grandmother, and two Lhasa terriers.

The letter case was given to me by my father, a Church of England clergyman. He had got it one summer when, an undergraduate at Cambridge, he took a job as secretary to the former Prime Minister. Although Mr. Gladstone had long since retired from public office, he spent a good deal of time travelling about the country in a private railroad coach, receiving addresses of welcome and making speeches. Copies of the welcoming addresses were always presented to him, encased in beautiful leather covers. It was Mr. Gladstone's custom, as soon as he was out of sight of his hosts, to fling the addresses away, and my father's to catch them before they touched ground. He discarded the contents and made a collection of the covers.

His job that summer was varied. When, much later, I asked him what achievement in his life he felt proudest of, he replied that although he did not think he felt proud of any of them, the one that had given him the most satisfaction was teaching Mrs. Gladstone to ride a bicycle. According to my father, Mr. Gladstone had been convinced that his wife, who was advanced in years when she decided to become a bicyclist, could never learn the trick. My father was convinced that she could. At the cost of considerable mental strain and many hours' trotting beside the wobbling Mrs. Gladstone, my father proved his point, and proving a point to the Grand Old Man of the Liberal Party—never, even in his old age, an easy man to convert—certainly was a satisfaction to remember.

Most of Mr. Gladstone's address covers were eventually thrown away, but one particularly fine one, with a watered-silk lining, was a convenient size for holding writing paper and envelopes, and my father gave it to me for this purpose when I was a little girl. It was some while afterward that I tried to sell it. I am very glad now that I didn't succeed, but at the time I was upset. I needed the money to buy feed for my guinea pig, and Ah Vicar, the antique dealer, had agreed to buy the cover, on condition that my mother sell him my great-great-great-grandmother's ring. His price for the two items together was fifty pounds five shillings—fifty pounds for my mother and five shillings for me.

Ah Vicar was not the antique dealer's real name. My parents and I called him that because it was his unvarying greeting to my father, who was a rector, and not a vicar. "Ah, Vicar, there you are!" he would cry, as if my father's presence in his own parish were a source of recurrent amazement.

Ah Vicar didn't live in our remote Derbyshire village. He had a shop, with a bedroom and kitchen over it, in Manston, the nearest market town. I was extremely fond of him—chiefly, I think, because of his looks. He was a thin scarecrow of a man, and he had a bird-like face, long and narrow, with a beaky nose and large, protuberant eyes. He usually wore a tattered raincoat, from which the belt swung loose, and his appearance would have been depressing if it had not been for the gaiety of his spirits. He always behaved as if he were about to strike a bargain that would bring him immense financial gain, and as if his meagre existence alone above the Manston shop were a mere temporary inconvenience. I understood that Ah Vicar had been married several times and that all his wives had left him on account of his frugality and his cheerfulness—a combination of qualities they apparently found inimical to the married state. But if Ah Vicar's temperament was unsuitable for matrimony, it was ideal for antiques. Nothing was too old, too worn, or too battered for his enthusiasm; I have never known a man more enthralled with his work than Ah Vicar was with his.

Unfortunately, I didn't see as much of Ah Vicar as I would have liked. Whenever I went to Manston, I called at his shop, but as often as not it would be closed, because he had gone to a sale or an auction. However, I was sure of seeing him at least once a year, when our village held its annual Antique Show.

THE Antique Show was my mother's idea, originally. The year I was ten, she was president of the local branch of the Women's Institute. As the organization was short of funds, my mother suggested that, to raise money, each member contribute an objet d'art from her home to an exhibition, which could be held in the village school on a Saturday afternoon. There would be an admission charge of sixpence per person, and since the school was available free, after hours, for community projects, the Institute couldn't lose.

The Antique Show turned out to be a tremendous and continuing success. Several of our villagers were descended from servants of great men, and the small gifts that these ancestors had at one time or another received from their masters were now treasured heirlooms. In the first show, there were two silver teaspoons that had belonged to Lord Nelson, a note in the Duke of Wellington's handwriting, a pair of Napoleonic fowling pieces, and an astonishing array of fine china—Wedgwood and Minton and Coalport. My mother arranged all the objects on long tables, covered with white cloths, in the largest classroom of the school. Contributions came not only from Women's Institute members but from almost every family in the neighborhood of the village. No one wanted to be left out.

When the show opened, my father, who had not supposed that such a wealth of beautiful things existed in our village, became alarmed because no insurance had been taken out; it had not occurred to my mother to carry any. No one else worried, though, and in all the years the show was held the only protection it had was the school padlock.

To begin with, most exhibitors brought in several treasures. Later, they became less prodigal and more competitive; the aim then was to show something different each year. This suited my mother, who had the problem of space to consider. Contributions were grouped according to ownership, rather than kind—a system that lent the show a pleasant air of spontaneity. One seemed less to be attending an exhibition than to have stumbled upon the belongings of a person of catholic taste who was in the process of moving.

The exhibits from the rectory were always selected at the last minute, because my mother liked, if she could, to contribute something the show was short of—glass if there wasn't much glass, silver or china if one of these was lacking. She could usually do this, because we had a great deal of antique material to draw upon. Our relatives habitually stored with us at the rectory such of their possessions as they did not currently need, always making the generous proviso that we were to use any of them as we might wish.

I think my father rather liked having the spare family property heaped about him, though his attitude toward it was not at all possessive. He did not even

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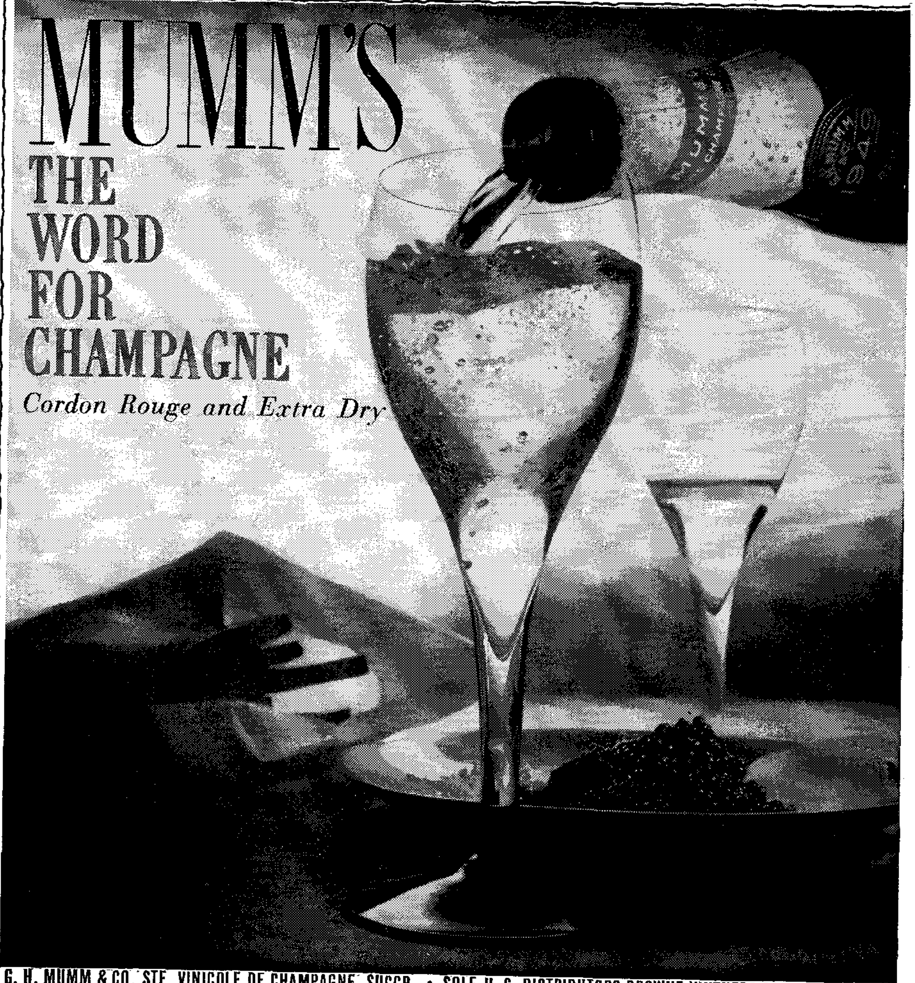

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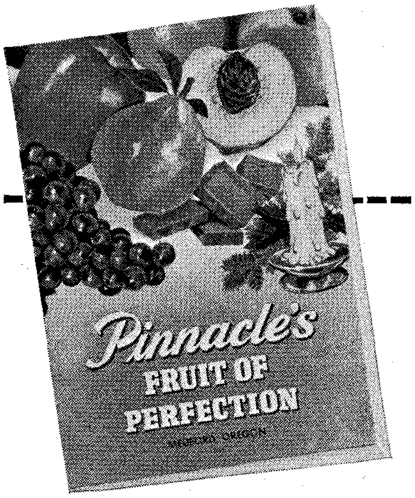

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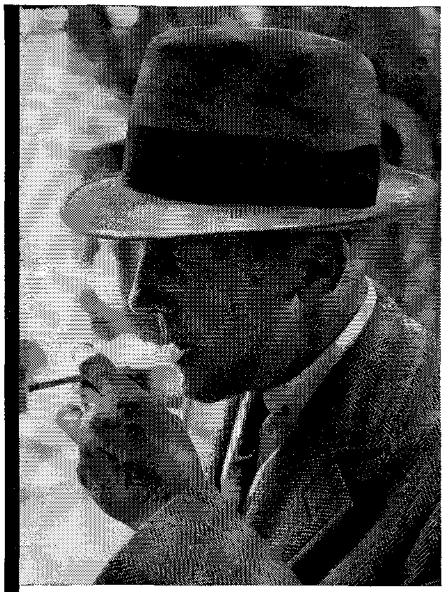
have much regard for the heirlooms he himself had inherited, such as my great-great-great-grandmother's ring. This ring was a gold band encircled by a tiny plait of auburn hair and covered with glass, and, though clumsy-looking, chipped, and not valuable, it was interesting, in that it was supposed to have been given to my great-great-great-grandmother by Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV. The plait of hair was believed to have been the Queen's. My great-great-great-grandmother was wearing this ring when Sir Thomas Lawrence painted her portrait, and the hair beneath the glass band shows up quite clearly in the picture. And yet when my father noticed the ring in my mother's jewelry box one morning, he suggested that since it was broken and she did not wear it, she should throw it away.

Actually, the ring wasn't badly damaged. A little piece of the glass had cracked off and some of the hair was sticking out. When my mother seemed shocked at the idea of throwing the ring away, my father offered to mend it for her. He had been an engineer before he was ordained, and he was clever with his hands. He did a very neat job; when he brought it back to us, we saw that the hair inside was arranged evenly and the chip soldered so well that the join hardly showed. I noticed, however, that although my mother said she was delighted with his handiwork, she still didn't wear the ring. Perhaps she found it too heavy. To judge by the portrait, my great-great-great-grandmother must have been a much larger woman.

At the next Antique Show, I exhibited my Gladstone letter case, and alongside it on the table (there was a shortage of jewelry that year) my mother placed my great-great-great-grandmother's ring. The show hadn't been open long before Ah Vicar appeared. Though the objets d'art were not ostensibly for sale, I asked him what he would give me for my Gladstone case, and after looking at it and at the ring he made his magnificent offer.

I went at once to find my mother, and I wasn't surprised when she said that, subject to my father's approval, she would be willing to sell the ring. Although it had seemed wrong to her to throw it away, she felt differently about selling it. She had recently embarked upon a course of flying lessons, which she was financing herself, and this may have influenced her thinking.

I am sure that my mother and I



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thought we had told my father what we were exhibiting at the Antique Show, but apparently we had not. We had been particularly busy before the show that year, because we'd had to ship two Lhasa terriers to India. These dogs—their names were Bella and Donna—belonged to one of my aunts, and they had been left in our care while their owner took her family to Bombay and settled into a house there. The Lhasas were beautifully trained, extremely handsome lion-colored dogs, but in spite of this and of the fact that they were said to be very intelligent, I was not sorry to see them go. They owned pedigrees of great length and distinction, and all the time they stayed with us they behaved as if they knew this. They treated us, with the possible exception of my father, as if we were not the sort they had expected to have to mix with, even in a boarding house. (The faint approval they accorded my father met with small success, however; he never even learned to tell them apart.)

My father missed the first hour of the Antique Show, because he was seeing Bella and Donna off in their crate. He arrived just as my mother and I had finished telling Ah Vicar that it was he who had done the fine repair work on my great-great-great-grandmother's ring. When Ah Vicar saw my father, he cried "Ah, Vicar, there you are!" and proceeded to extoll his craftsmanship.

My father was not a man who easily became annoyed, but when, in the next few minutes, he learned of the proposed sale, he became very much annoyed indeed. He said that under no circumstances might the ring be sold, and when I foolishly inquired whether his remarks applied to my Gladstone letter case also, my father replied that they did—which was, I suppose, only what I deserved for raising the matter at so inauspicious a moment.

My mother, who never seemed to notice disappointments, however large they might be, said no more, but when I was out of my father's hearing, I said quite a lot; I thought I had been most unfairly treated. My mother tried to console me by pointing out that my father had always found Ah Vicar a tiresome man to deal with and that perhaps he was further distressed today at having had to say goodbye to Bella and Donna.

Later, when we were at home and my father had finished his second cup of afternoon tea, he relaxed, apologized for his irritation, and explained it. It seemed that when, several weeks before,

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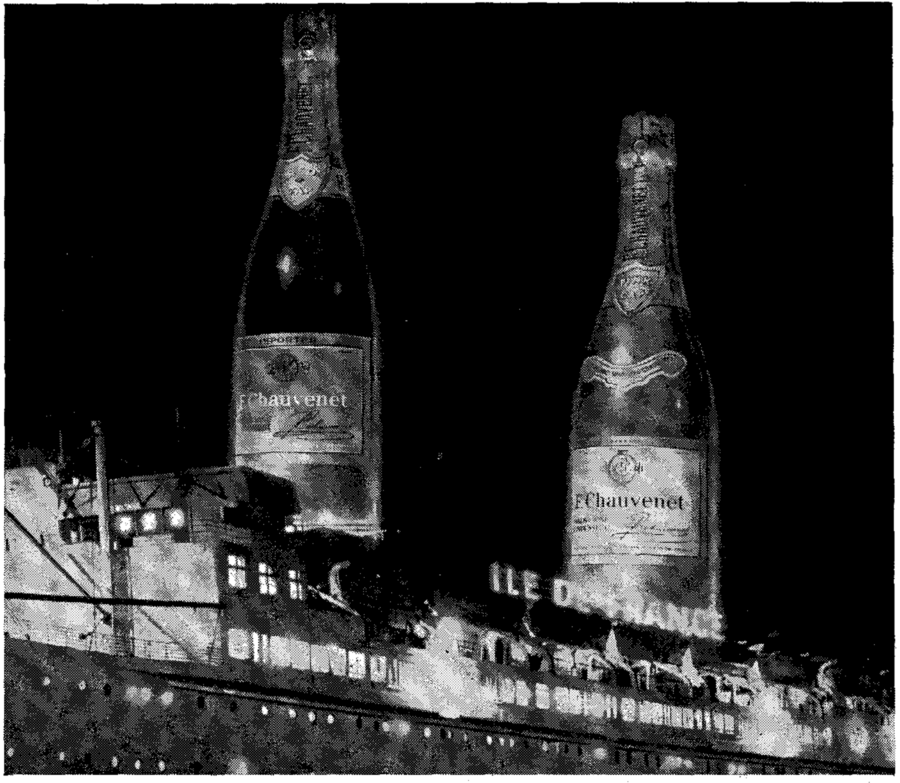

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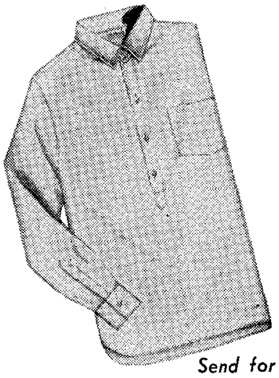

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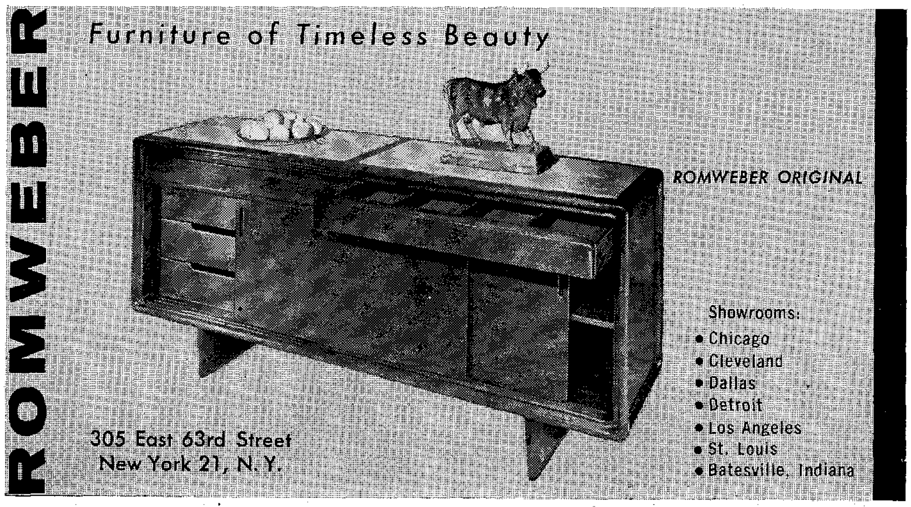

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he began his work on my great-great-great-grandmother's ring, he had found that to mend it he had to take it apart. In doing so, he had dropped Queen Caroline's hair into a box of wood shavings that were almost the same color. Instead of wasting time on the nearly hopeless job of looking for it, he had tweaked a few strands out of the coat of either Bella or Donna, whichever happened to be sitting closer to him. Clamping these in a vise, he had plaited a tiny pigtail, which he then put into the ring. He had meant to tell us about this at the time, he said, but he had forgotten, and he had been annoyed and embarrassed to find that he might have to do so in front of Ah Vicar, who would have been frightfully shocked.

My father considered it deceitful to sell a ring that was supposed to contain the hair of the late Queen Caroline when in fact it contained that of either Bella or Donna. I thought at the time that my father was being too fussy, but I am glad now that he behaved as he did. My mother still doesn't care for my great-great-great-grandmother's ring, but I have become quite attached to Mr. Gladstone's letter case.

—Joyce Warren

•

Yucca Flat, Nev., Sept. 2—(INS)—One hundred crack army troops and a team of social scientists subjected themselves to the fury of a nuclear explosion today to test how the human nervous system can take the shock of atomic warfare....

Minutes after the searing fireball blenched its orange mass over the pre-dawn sky, the men and the scientists went to work.

The soldiers began doing the kind of tasks that military men are asked to perform in time of warfare. They assembled and reassembled their rifles, they advanced into a simulated mine field, they crawled under barbed wire and tossed grenades at imaginary targets....

While they performed these military commands the scientists—psychologists, physiologists, statisticians and socialists—busily gave them a series of tests to determine whether their physical and mental reactions were normal.—*San Antonio (Texas) Light.*

Socialists? In Yucca Flat?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Green Bay (Wis.) Press-Gazette*]

Brockton, Mass. (UP)—Little Donald's all right, but how about the television set? Twice in one day tiny Donald Reed was taken to Brockton Hospital but nothing was found wrong with him.

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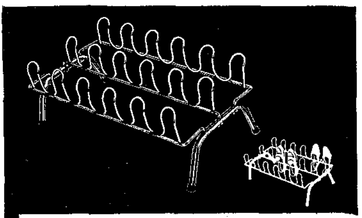
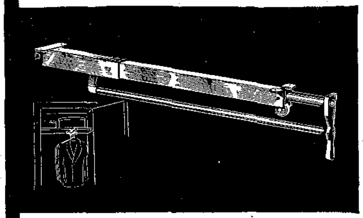
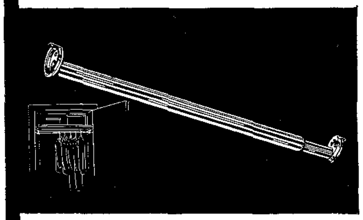
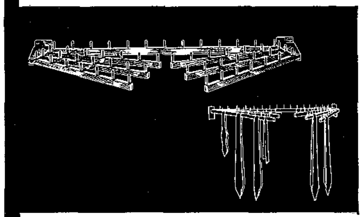
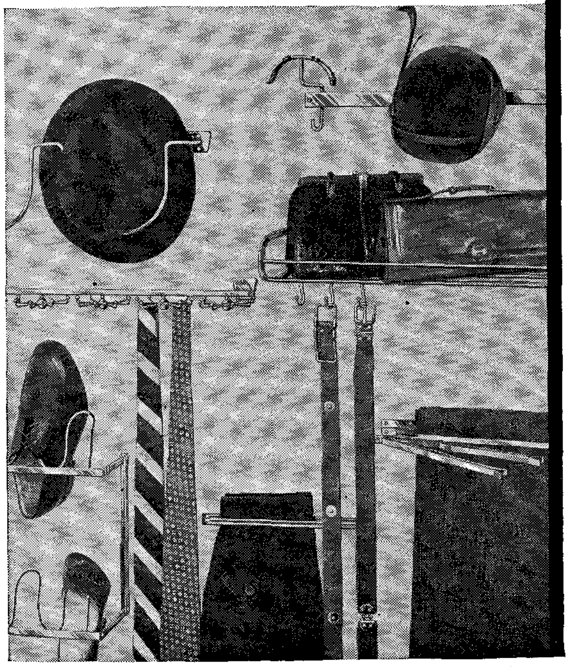

K-V 724 Shoe Rack


K-V 1 Clothing Carrier


K-V 2 Extension Rod


K-V 780 Tie Selector



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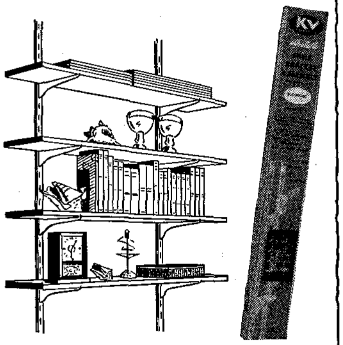

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BOOKS

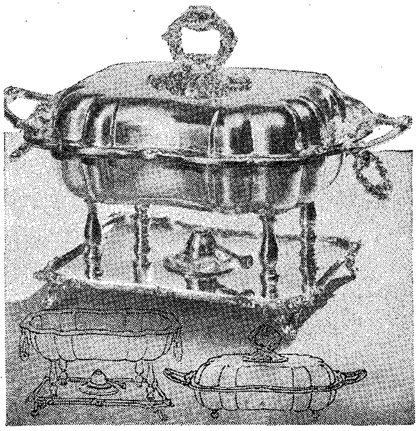
Fairy Tale Reversed

THOSE who are shocked not only by the disclosures in "Leftover Life to Kill" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) but by its temper and style as a whole should try to imagine how tiresome and truly shocking it would have been if it had been written out of a cold, not a warm and generous, nature, if a trace of apology or calculation or concealment had been involved. In this book, at once a memoir of her dead poet husband and an account of her desperate attempts to face up to the prospect of life without him, Caitlin Thomas puts herself down without extenuation as a childish woman and as a bearer of the terrifying Irish qualities of violence and rakishness. But she is neither a slut nor a fool; there is a conflict here that could not exist except in a woman who is conscious of her immaturity—who longs to grow up, be sensible to some degree, and find her place in the world. The basic good sense and the ability to discriminate are there, although often almost savagely repressed.

Innocence and violence are terrible things. The severe rituals imposed on adolescents in practically every tribe known to anthropology insist on two basic dicta: *Grow up* and *Calm down*. In maturity, it is necessary, mankind has discovered, to suppress outbursts of strong emotion—joy, rage, grief—that may, in their irrationality, disturb the general peace. The Greeks came to fear those who threw themselves against the will of the gods. The grave choruses of the tragedies continually warn, caution, and seek to make reasonable the man or woman in the throes of whatever overweening passion; the gods are sure to punish such pride. Yet it is true, and always has been, that innocence of heart and violence of feeling are necessary in any kind of superior achievement; the arts cannot exist without them. Caitlin Thomas here proves herself to be one of those rare individuals who have been able to keep hold of these dangerous qualities, in a pure state and to a highly operative degree, into the years when most people have lost them for good. This fact strikes the reader on the first page of her book. She immediately leaps into a state of "pure uncompromising abandon," and we are swept into it with her. And we at once believe what she says and keep on believing in spite of every obstacle she puts in our way. It takes foresight to lie, and Mrs. Thomas seems never to have heard of foresight.

She has at moments the aplomb and daring, the almost insolence in dealing with atmosphere and facts, of the born writer. She is always sentient, wound up, nervously attentive; she is sometimes sharply witty and broadly humorous. Her epithets crackle and sparkle; she moves into the most forbidding territory with ease; she jumps barriers and tears down walls. With a child's heedlessness and headstrong courage, although she may know herself to be in the wrong, she sticks to her guns. Her despair rarely degenerates into self-pity. She is able to put first things first, and to mix successfully time present and time past, in what finally turns out to be a well-constructed book.

She calls it a confession, but is it one? Confession implies a sense of guilt, and to Mrs. Thomas it is God and life who are guilty, not harassed human beings. It is, rather, a headlong descriptive analysis of herself and other people. Dylan Thomas, man and poet, is here for the first time seen very nearly complete—his dour origins, his deadly faults, his nearly as deadly virtues, his poet's compulsions, his hidden yearning for respectability, his household rules of behavior (no children at meals; the family *endimanché* whenever possible), his consistent flight from reality, his



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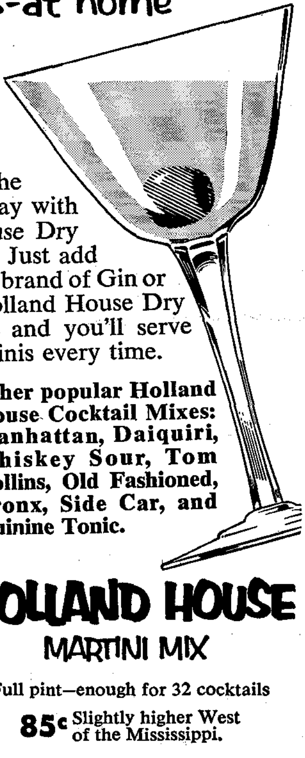

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ungovernable plunge toward death. The relationship between this man and wife, whose tutelary goddesses were certainly the Furies, falls into place in a line or a phrase: "He said he loved me. . . . I believed him, and still do . . . my all-in-Dylan world. . . . He would flood me with a contempt of words; there is no fury like the weak, against the weak." Then there is America and the Americans, treated with alternate appreciation (for hospitality and generosity) and dislike ("the indistinguishable waves of gush"). Here is "the Killer, *poetry reading*"—*the* murderous (for him) money-maker into which Thomas finally threw himself with frenzy, thereby arousing his wife's latent desire to be appreciated in her own right. After Dylan's death, the inhabitants of Wales and the natives of the island of Elba come into view (with few exceptions, totally repellent). Caitlin Thomas—brought up in Ireland as a "guerrilla lady," improvident but not completely impractical; the wife of an extraordinary man whose excesses and even triumphs filled her with presentiments of disaster; a grief-stricken widow; a passionate mother; and, finally, a woman newly in love—appears throughout, combining all these roles with many characteristics of an outrageous and exhibitionist child. We are not spared one detail of the background or foreground, and we are treated to insights of the most cruel and penetrating kind. Everything is presented raw and quivering. All this took some doing. It is remarkable, under the circumstances, that it was done at all, and with so little querulousness and contempt.

For the child, a fairy tale goes forward from darkness to light. The deformed stranger becomes the radiant prince, and the ugly duckling turns into a swan. For the grownup *manqué*, the story always unrolls in reverse. The kind, reliable, masculinely protective friend becomes a rogue; the happily remembered place, freedom's own, becomes a prison; and the hero or heroine is forced step by step from a position of some dignity and worth toward the status of the victim or the culprit. Caitlin Thomas's experiences on the island of Elba—a place so weighted, to begin with, with associations of detention and exile—bear many signs of a paranoiac nightmare come true. She returned to a scene where she and Dylan had once spent an "unspoiled" holiday. Time had passed; things had changed. She found ugliness and restriction where she had hoped for beauty and peace. The hotelkeeper, once her

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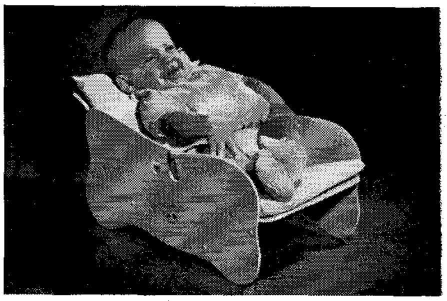

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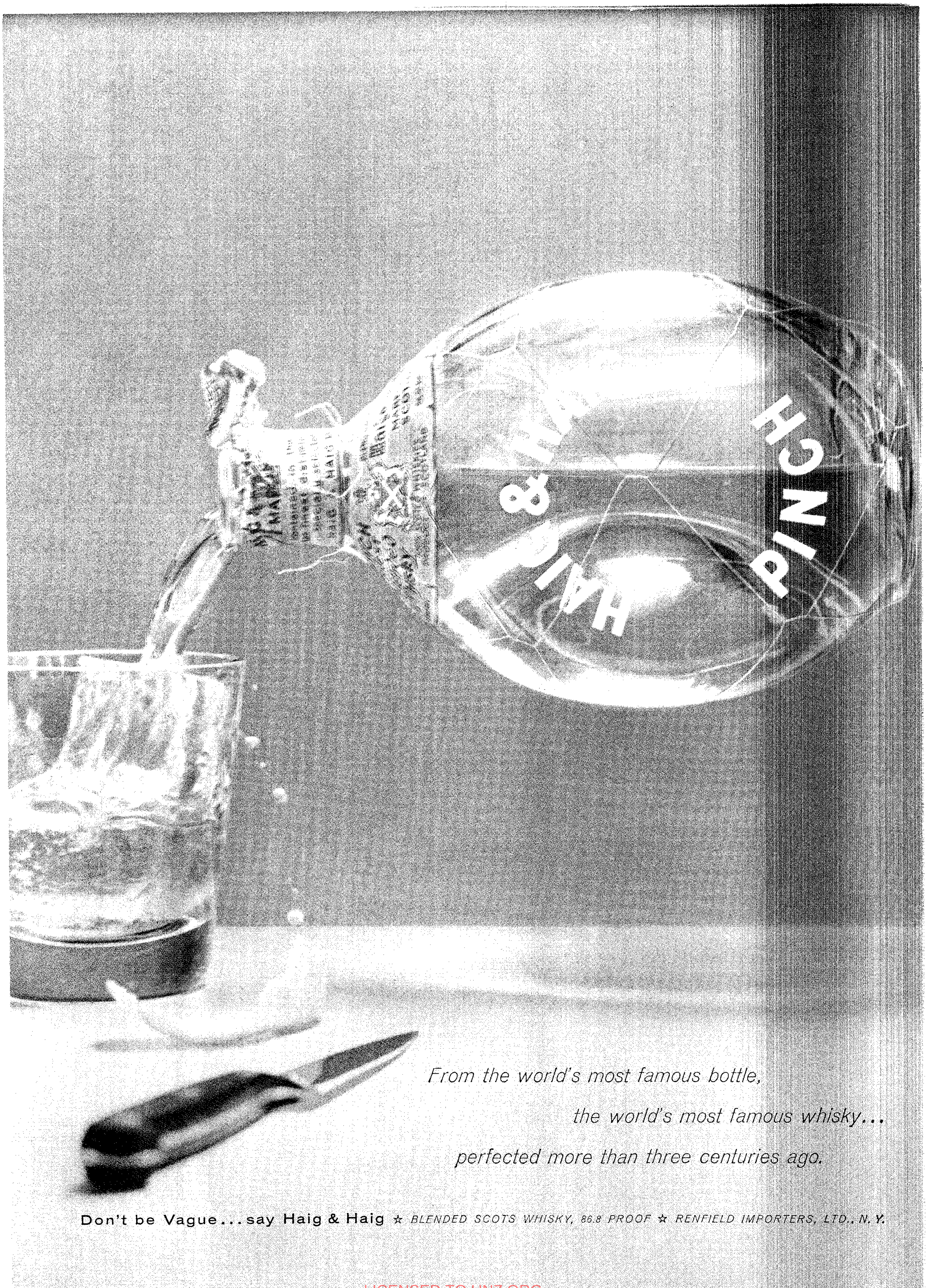

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friend, becomes a tyrant; the lovely young boy to whom she loses her heart remains a playmate more than a lover. She is frozen by the winter climate; the sea rejects her; the very ground of the town and its environs becomes a difficult terrain, like the impeding surfaces we walk over in bad dreams; the mines in the district become "the cemetery of the earth;" and, worst of all, the endlessly attentive, endlessly suspicious natives become an audience of adversaries. The story that works itself out of this has little true drama in it, since it could be controlled only by attempts either to rebel against it or to wipe it out of consciousness. Situations keep lapsing into travesty and the grotesque, and the heroine finally flees the sought haven that had consistently rejected her. At the end of Mrs. Thomas's recital, it is hard not to feel that a little good sense or a drop of loving-kindness might have changed the outcome. But events seem to order themselves in this nightmare fashion for anyone who tries to face down life in general or his own destiny in particular. It would be a fine thing if Mrs. Thomas should go on to write another book, in which she tries not to kill life but to resurrect it. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WOMAN OF MY LIFE, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking). There are no illustrations in this novel, but the pleasures it provides are all visual. The author's descriptions of rooms and people, shopwindows and streets in Paris, each of them done in a few vivid lines of prose, will surely outlast in any reader's memory the story itself—a rather disturbing one about a French duke and his troubles, principally with women, which Mr. Bemelmans offers us as if it were a box of chocolates.

THE BIG BOXCAR, by Alfred Maund (Houghton Mifflin). This is an exceptional little book. Written with unfailing and wholly unpretentious perceptiveness, it concerns seven people—five Negro men, a Negro woman, and a white man—who, while fleeing the South, are accidentally thrown together in an empty boxcar headed for Birmingham, Alabama. By common consent, each of the Negroes tells a story that must deal with a white man and that in most cases turns out to be autobiographical. All the stories are morality tales, and some are al-

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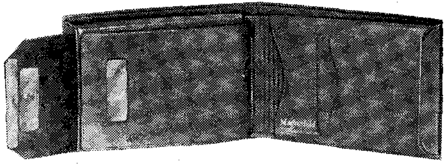

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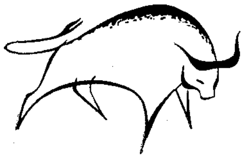

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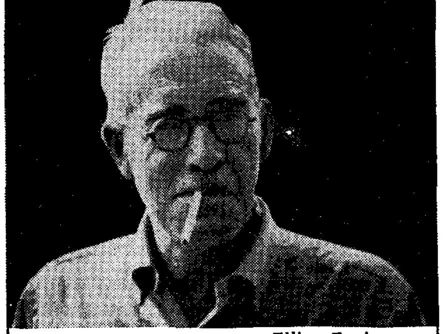

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most fables—one has to do with an indomitable talking dog, and another with a janitor who sprouts three new and ungovernable heads after smoking a marijuana cigarette. In all of them, white men are decisively, if subtly, bested. Then the white man tells a tale, and it provides a kind of dam for the others; it proves, with considerable eloquence, that in the end trouble recognizes no color. None of the stories is in any way vindictive, for Mr. Maund, though treating of such things as murder, rape, and arson, writes in an easy, unvarying dialect that is often funny and that tends to reduce the most sombre episodes to straight, unemotional fact.

Seventy Times Seven, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan). The curiously absent-minded story of a middle-aged Englishwoman who is accused by an old friend of having once done something terrible to him and who tries, mostly by freewheeling reminiscence, to figure out what it could have been. Miss Stern is too expert an entertainer ever to be really dull, but she has allowed herself here to become so preoccupied with her heroine's own preoccupation with cruelty and guilt that she barely takes the time to introduce some of the other characters to us, or to brief us on the reasons for their behavior, and the suspense grows more bearable every step of the way.

On the Line, by Harvey Swados (Little, Brown). A soft, worried account of the various troubles that beset nine men symbolically chained to an assembly line in an automobile plant somewhere in New York State.

GENERAL

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples: The Age of Revolution, by Winston S. Churchill (Dodd, Mead). In Volume III of his great work, Sir Winston moves vigorously into the arena of modern history, taking up four epochal upheavals that changed the Western world: the Revolution of 1688, which unseated the last Catholic king of England; the American Revolution; the French Revolution; and the Napoleonic Wars. The period covered—something over a hundred years—saw the first of a series of what the author quite rightly calls "world wars;" it saw fierce rivalries between nationalisms, and at the same time the unloosing of an ex-

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF The New Yorker, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1957. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, S. B. Botsford, 243 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editor, William Shawn, 1150 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, New Jersey. Business Manager, None. 2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Gardner Botsford, 240 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Stephen B. Botsford, 243 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Raymond B. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Peter F. Fleischmann, 120 East End Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.; Raoul H. Fleischmann, 131 East 66th Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Leila Gibbon and Peter F. Fleischmann, Trustees, 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Jane Grant, c/o The Fiduciary Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Geoffrey T. Hellman, 228 East 61st Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Kingsley & Co., Box 491, Church Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., 42 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Jeanne B. Price, 20 Salem Road, Chappaqua, N. Y.; Vivian M. Samuels, 433 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.; E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, N. J.; R. Hawley Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Katharine S. White, North Brooklin, Me. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above was 297,047. E. R. Spaulding, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1957. (Seal). James V. Nazzaro. (Commission expires March 30, 1958.)

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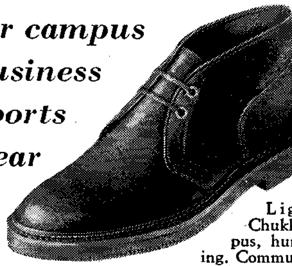

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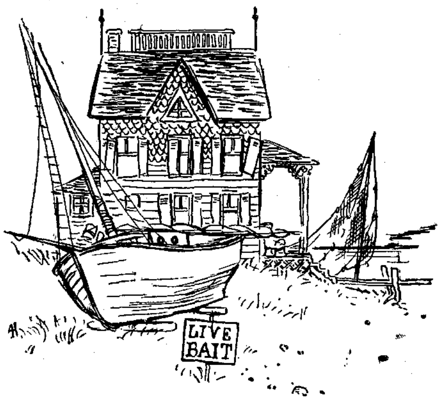
plosive, supranational set of ideas about justice, social conscience, and the rights of man. As is his custom, Sir Winston treats history as a ceaseless interplay between large, inarticulate forces and the personalities of individual men, and in this book, with Marlborough, the two Pitts, Washington, Talleyrand, Nelson, and Napoleon to deal with, he has a cast of characters fully worthy of his talents. His narrative style maintains its old majestic flow, and his expository passages, such as the chapter on the American Constitution, are fresh and masterly. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE TERRORISTS, by Robert Payne (Funk & Wagnalls). A study of four revolutionaries who terrorized Russia in the years of the last czars. They are Sergey Nechayev, sometimes known as the Nechayev Monster, who wrote "The Revolutionary Catechism," a manifesto that carried the chilling message "Our task is terrible, total, and merciless destruction" and that was a kind of unholy Bible to Stalin; Zhelyabov, who was the leader of the little outfit that killed Alexander II; Sazonov, who blew up Count Von Plehve, Minister of the Interior; and the dreamy-eyed Kaliayev, who did the same for Grand Duke Sergius. These were implacably dedicated and—except for Nechayev—idealistic men (their disciples, the Social Revolutionaries, were shot out of hand when the strictly professional Bolsheviks took over), and Mr. Payne's book goes a long way toward explaining what made them what they were—again except for Nechayev, who is past human understanding. Portraits.

JOHNSTOWN: THE DAY THE DAM BROKE, by Richard O'Connor (Lippincott). Literary reconstruction of famous calamities is becoming quite a popular activity. This one is a workmanlike job on the Johnstown Flood, beginning with an almost



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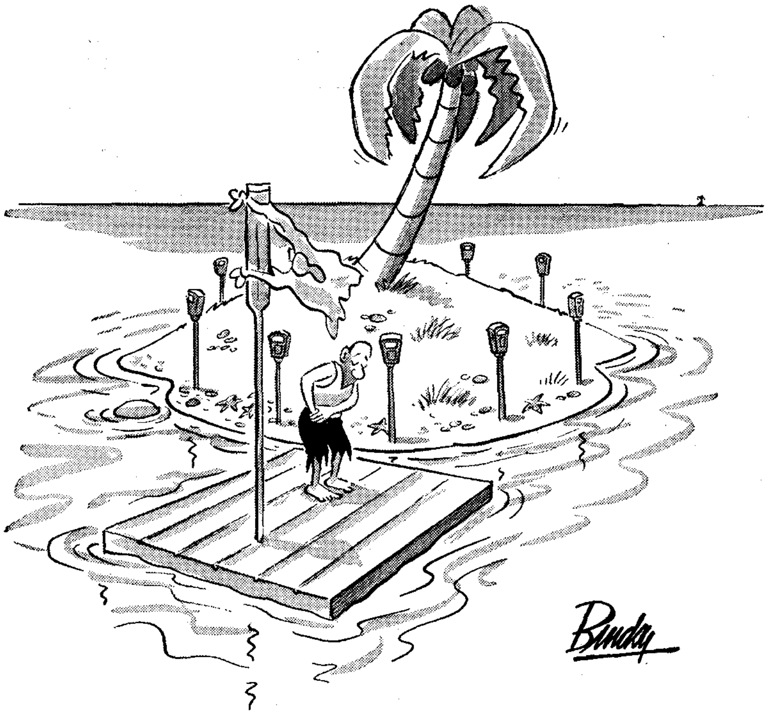

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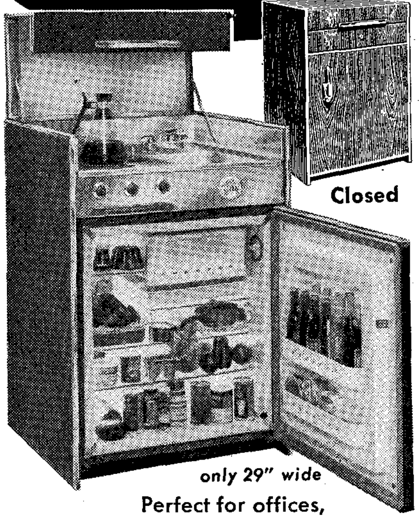

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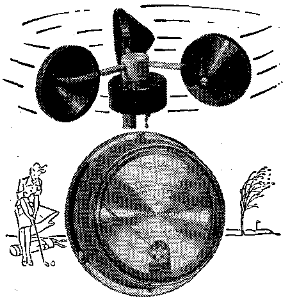

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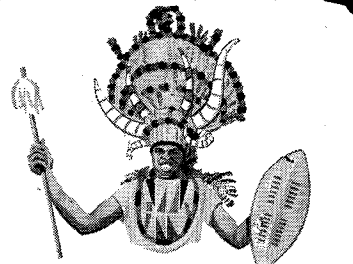
hour-by-hour account of the events of the afternoon of May 31, 1889, when the great dam at South Fork burst and sent twenty million tons of water cascading down the Conemaugh Valley to kill the city of Johnstown and its sister boroughs. The bare facts of the disaster are still harrowing: between two and three thousand persons were destroyed in a very short time as the column of water bombarded the town with woodworking and flour mills; a complete wireworks and two hundred reels of steel cable; thirty-three locomotives, eighteen passenger cars, and three hundred and fifteen freight cars; and hundreds of smashed houses, hotels, and business buildings. And after the flood came fire. Mr. O'Connor tells this apocalyptic tale with restraint, leaning heavily on the stories of survivors, some of them highly articulate. Altogether, he makes it clear that one of the salient aspects of the Johnstown Flood was the very middle-class quality of the disaster. Illustrations.

FULLNESS OF DAYS, by Lord Halifax (Dodd, Mead). A decorous memoir, befitting a man who has always been a model of decorum. Lord Halifax first tells us here about his upbringing in a succession of great family houses in Yorkshire and Devonshire, his days at Eton and Oxford, his early years in Parliament, his friendships, his foxhunting, and his family. Then the narrative begins to brush with momentous events: Gandhi's civil-disobedience campaign, when Halifax was Viceroy of India; the rise of Hitler, when Halifax was a high member of Neville Chamberlain's Cabinet; and, of course, Munich, when Halifax was Chamberlain's Foreign Minister. The book goes on, in a pleasantly modulated drone, to describe Halifax's wartime ambassadorship in Washington and his ruminative retirement, but the most interesting part of it, naturally, is the passage on Munich, for Halifax has been condemned as one of the architects of appeasement. In effect, he has this to say: If he had not been in the Government, he might have opposed the Munich agreement, but those who did criticize it were criticizing the wrong thing at the wrong time; the time for Britain to have acted, he says, was when Hitler marched into the Rhineland, but few Englishmen were ready to act then, and by 1938, the only thing that Britain could do was to give the Nazi



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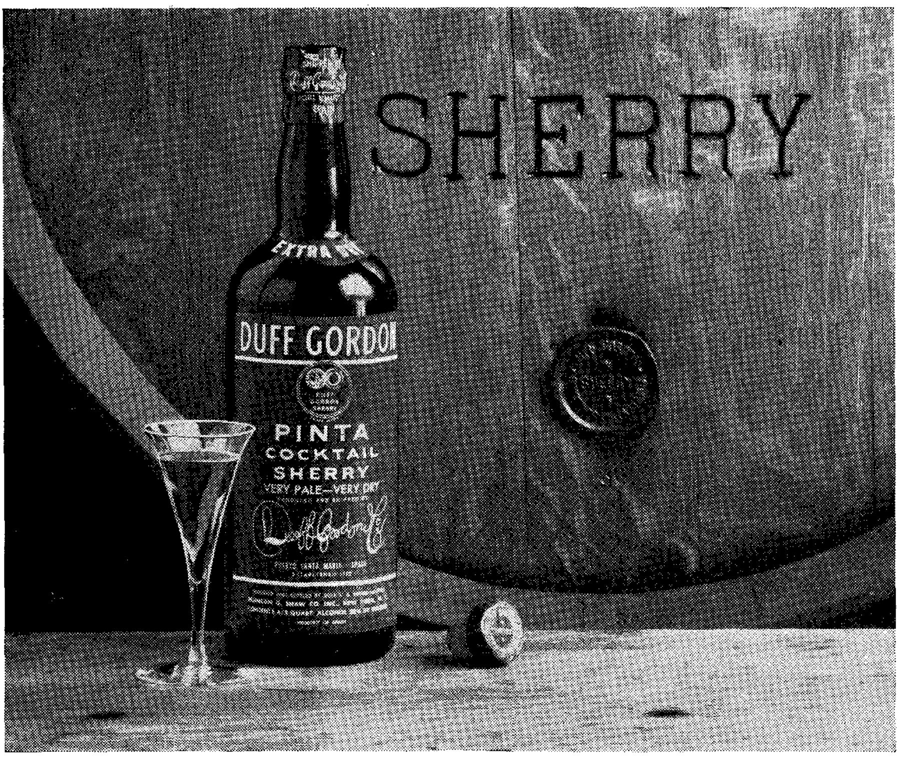
dictator what he wanted in small doses and hope for the best.

CUSTER'S FALL, by David Humphreys Miller (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The already pretty tattered Custer legend, as seen from the Indian side. Over the last twenty-odd years, the author has interviewed seventy-one "hostile" survivors of the Battle of the Little Big Horn—Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes—and he here tells their story of that hot afternoon of June 25, 1876, when George Armstrong Custer and his entire command were wiped out. The book is written with a keen sense of the fateful moment. (After Custer's force had been sighted by the enemy, he observed his Indian scouts solemnly dressing their hair, and angrily asked them why. Half Yellow Face replied, "Because you and I are going home today—by a trail that is strange to both of us.") History has been cracking down on Custer—it is now remembered that he was virtually running for President when he made his grandstand play on the Little Big Horn—and Mr. Miller does nothing to restore the fallen idol. Indeed, the author gives some credence to the Indians' story that the General committed suicide when he saw that his position was hopeless. All in all, a good book, illustrated with the author's own drawings.

CHRISTIAN DIOR AND I, by Christian Dior, translated by Antonia Fraser (Dutton). This book, whose somewhat schizoid title attempts to distinguish between the dress label and the man, is part self-portrait, part success story, and part guided tour of the workrooms at 30 Avenue Montaigne. As an autobiographer, M. Dior is perhaps more ingratiating than revealing, although by setting down his preferences in food, art, and entertainment he draws an acceptable likeness, and his account of his overnight rise to international celebrity, while familiar, is told with easy humor and a nice sense of proportion. The heart of his book, however, is the intimate and expertly detailed view he provides us of the evolution of an idea from its conception to its ephemeral materialization as a masterpiece of *haute couture*. Photographs.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY, by Kendal Burt and James Leasor (Random House). There is by now a library shelf of stories by men who escaped from Axis prisons in the last war; this is about a German Luft-



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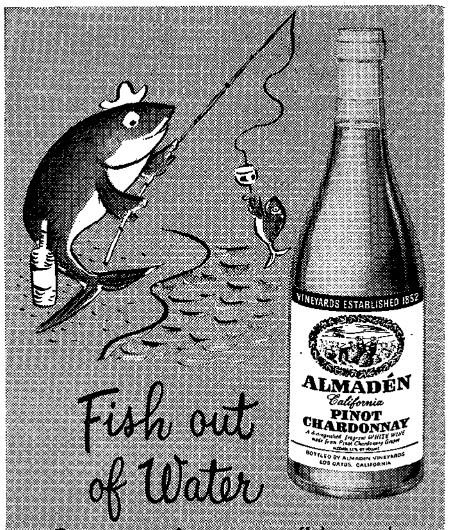

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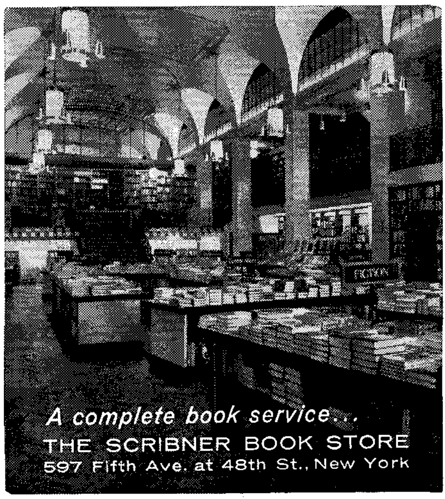

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waffe pilot who escaped from a British P.W. camp—Franz von Werra, a south German baron of dubious antecedents, and a self-proclaimed ace, who won the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross on the strength of a gigantic whopper, and who was shot down over England in 1940. Von Werra broke out three times—twice from officers' camps in England and once from a prison train in Canada, and it was the last one that he made stick. He got to New York in January of 1941, where he was fêted by the noisy pro-German faction; he then slipped out of the technical custody of the German Consulate and, via Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, returned to Germany. His value to the Germans was his knowledge of R.A.F. interrogation techniques, in which he was highly experienced, and his familiarity with methods of escape. He was rewarded by his masters, but he did not long enjoy his fame; he crashed on a routine flight, as a consequence of his incurable carelessness. The story, told by two English journalists, is exciting, even though one cannot exactly identify oneself with the hero. Photographs.

ANTARCTIC HAZARD, by Ross Cockrill (Philosophical Library). Eight months on a British-owned but largely Norwegian-manned floating whale factory. Like R. B. Robertson, whose recent "Of Whales and Men" Mr. Cockrill's narrative generally resembles, the author is a Scot, a medical scientist, and a newcomer to whaling. His book is agreeably literate, genial in tone, and, especially in his discussion of the diseases of whales (remarkably few), quite instructive. Photographs and an endpaper map.

BETTINA, by Arthur Helps and Elizabeth Jane Howard (Reynal). Bettina Brentano, a member of a rich Frankfurt mercantile family, was born in 1785 and died in 1859. Her life thus spanned the German Romantic movement, and, being pretty, witty, fiercely eccentric, and gifted in all the arts, she made it her business to epitomize the period's feverish ideals and lionize their principal purveyors. Goethe, upon whose tomboy creation Mignon she consciously modelled herself, became one of her intimates. ("I threw my arms round his neck," she wrote of their first meeting. "He took me on his knee and embraced me; it was peaceful and I forgot the whole world.") So

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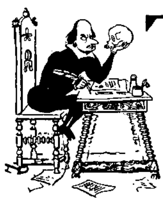

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did Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Hölderlin, Rumohr, and Mme. de Staël. To all of them, and many others (including her husband, the novelist Achim von Arnim), she wrote innumerable letters of polished sensibility, and in this book her voluminous correspondence has been collected, arranged, and fitted with brief transitional bridges to form an engaging, though not particularly revealing, self-portrait. Illustrated with contemporary drawings, engravings, and portraits.

THE COMPLEAT IMBIBER, edited by Cyril Ray (Rinehart). Thirty-eight more or less jocular essays in praise of drink (mostly wine) and related subjects (food, bars, glasses, festive songs), all of which originally appeared in the house journal of the British distillers W. A. Gilbey, Ltd. The authors include such celebrated entertainers as John Betjeman, Nancy Mitford, Louis Golding, Margery Allingham, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Raymond Postgate, Marghanita Laski, and Kenneth Tynan, but with few exceptions—notably, a long, no-nonsense memoir on the delights of wine by Mr. Postgate, a history of prohibition in the United States by Robert A. Haeger, and a lively study of drink in popular music by Humphrey Lyttelton—their contributions fall somewhat short of exportable entertainment. Illustrated with drawings and cartoons by numerous hands.

ON THE POETRY OF KEATS, by E. C. Pettet (Cambridge). Keats's poetry, during the last fifty years, has been subjected to several extremes of evaluation and analysis by critics working from a base of anti-Romanticism; Middleton Murry, insisting that Keats transcended his age, placed him close to Shakespeare, while others have put him in Neoplatonic or metaphysical categories. Mr. Pettet, after examining the entire body of Keats's work (poetry and letters) with scholarly care and insight, comes to the conclusion that the poetry must be regarded as belonging to a historical time and place, and that although much of the poet's thought goes beyond Romanticism, he remains a Romantic. It is a pleasure to find one's attention directed, moreover, to the beauties of Keats's language and to the largeness of his imagination. An invaluable addition to Keatsian studies.

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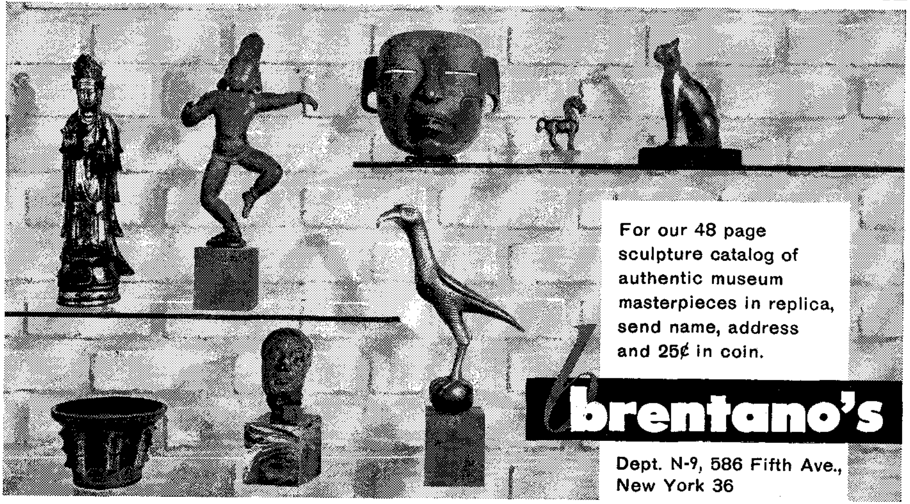

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by John Buchanan-Brown (Dutton). A series of tiny essays in the form of letters to a young lady Maurois saw at the theatre. A few are informative, a few are amusing, but most are vulgar and shabby pseudo-sophistication, and Maurois, who is capable of such aphorisms as "Success in this world goes to those who know how to be bored," sounds like a penny-whistle La Rochefoucauld indeed.

SPAIN: ROMANESQUE PAINTINGS, with a preface by Walter W. S. Cook, and an introduction by Juan Ainaud (New York Graphic Society-UNESCO). Another volume in the lengthening Unesco World Art series, and, like its predecessors, generously large and handsomely designed and printed. Interest in the Romanesque is on the rise, but not a great deal is yet known about the Spanish works of the period—from the eleventh century to the beginning of the thirteenth—and many of the experts' hypotheses about the artists concerned, their derivations, and so on, lack complete corroboration. Mr. Ainaud's introduction covers the field glancingly, yet with erudition; its one fault is that in its haste it almost neglects specific discussion of the paintings reproduced. The thirty-two reproductions, all full page and in color, are notable for their fidelity to the sombre tonalities and gaunt, angular design of Romanesque art; the volume also continues this series' happy habit of including a few photographs of the ancient churches that the frescoes adorn.

NOTE: "Stop, Miss!," a collection of cartoons by Whitney Darrow, Jr., all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House. . . . Coward-McCann has published "It Happened in New York," by M. R. Werner, a volume of seven historical reports, of which three first appeared in this magazine.

•

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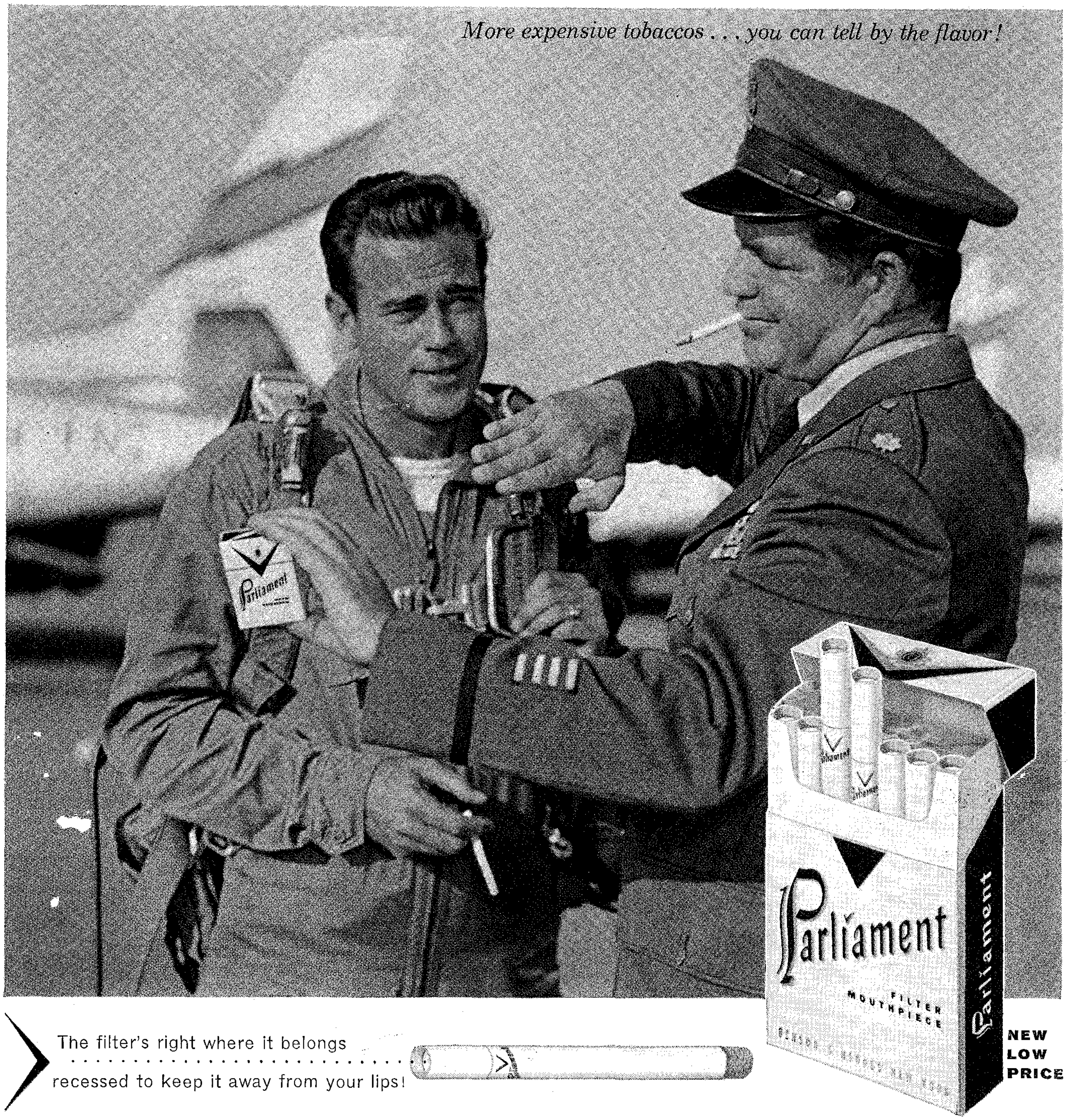
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